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No · 55

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN



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In one phrase, the whole world has come to recognize Chrysler as the *world's lowest-priced producer of quality cars in the four great price classes.*

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XIV

July 1928

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

FOR AUGUST

(Out July 25th)

SERVING THE GENTRY

By John Armstrong

Mr. Armstrong, some time a waiter in New York, will make his bow in this issue. His subject will be one lying strictly within the bounds of his professional experience. He will describe, from a waiter's standpoint, the parties which now go on nightly in the great hotels of the metropolis. And he will tell what the attendant waiters, head-waiters and other functionaries get out of them, and how.

THE GIDEONS

By W. C. Crosby

This article was announced for the present month, but was crowded out. Meanwhile it has been embellished and improved. It deals with the consecrated drummers who supply all the hotels of America with Bibles.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ENSEMBLE

By Duff Gilfond

Pictures in full color of some of the notable men of the present Congress.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER

By Ethel Brown

What it means to be the daughter of a Baptist parson in a Christian town, surrounded for twenty-four hours a day by his customers.

THE DAWN OF A NEW SCIENCE

By Arlington J. Stone

How laboratory methods are being applied, in the great universities, to the problems of the investment securities, pants and beauty shop professions.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR

By A. F. Van Bibber

Specifications for a happy life by one who says he has it. A charming article, with constructive touches.

"Americana" grows better and better as civilization develops in the Republic. The August instalment will be full of masterpieces.

If You Join The Guild Now You Can Still Save Money

"JOINING the Guild" means only this: that you agree to accept twelve chosen books in the next year for one annual subscription fee (about half the total retail value of the twelve books) as they are issued from month to month. The books are chosen from the *advance* lists of our best known publishers by Carl Van Doren and an eminent group of assistants. They are delivered to you by your postman, all carriage charges prepaid.

You do not know what the books are going to be but you know from past Guild selections how *good* they will be. Each one will be bound differently yet each will be unmistakably a *Guild* book, bearing the Guild imprint and differing distinctively from the ordinary trade binding of the same book which you will see everywhere.

The Guild editions will never be on sale in the stores but trade editions of each Guild title will in all probability be on best seller lists everywhere. Some of the past selections which have made the Guild so many friends (the membership is already more than 45,000), are TRISTRAM, TRADER HORN, CIRCUS PARADE, THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND-WAGON, BLACK MAJESTY and BAD GIRL.

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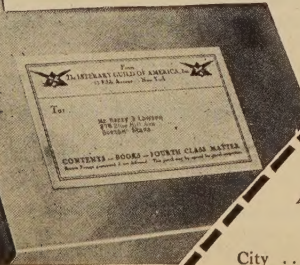
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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

MARCHING ALONG. *Recollections of Men, Women and Music.*

By John Philip Sousa. Hale, Cushman & Flint
\$5 8½ x 6; 383 pp. Boston

Mr. Sousa has long sought recreation from the pains of music by writing novels and verse, and so his recollections show a practised hand, and are far better written than is common with such things. He describes his musical education, his first efforts at composition, his long services as director of the Marine Band, and his many tours as the head of his own organization. He is full of anecdotes, and not a few of them are new and amusing. Unluckily, he says relatively little about his music, and not much more about his actual band. Its make-up differs from that of most other bands, and it would have been interesting to hear him upon his reasons for making it different. But what he has to say upon that subject is very little. His book is illustrated, and at the end there is a bibliography of all his writings, musical and otherwise. From this it appears that three of his marches are called "The Gridiron Club," "Pride of Pittsburgh" and "Nobles of the Mystic Shrine."

THE "ALSO RANS." *Men Who Missed the Presidency.*
By Don C. Seitz. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company

\$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 356 pp. New York

Mr. Seitz considers only eighteen of the men who aspired to the Presidency, but for one reason or another failed to win it. They are Aaron Burr, William H. Crawford, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Lewis Cass, Daniel Webster, Winfield Scott, John C. Fremont, Stephen A. Douglas, William H. Seward, George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour, Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden, Winfield Scott Hancock, James G. Blaine, Benjamin F. Butler and William Jennings Bryan. There is nothing new in fact or fresh in point of view in the discussion of these men, and the writing throughout could be very much better. Mr. Seitz leaves out Charles E. Hughes, James M. Cox and John W. Davis "because they still flourish as able and interesting citizens, each continuing to make his own place in the affairs of the nation. It has not been deemed seemly to reexhibit them in their retirement from party leadership."

THE TRAINING OF AN AMERICAN. *The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, 1855-1913.*

By Burton J. Hendrick. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$5 9¾ x 6¾; 444 pp. Boston

Mr. Hendrick has probably done a disservice to the

memory of his patron saint by writing this book, for despite all the adulation in it, Page emerges from it a befuddled and hollow man, full of a vague enthusiasm but devoid of insight. His student days at Randolph-Macon and at the Johns Hopkins reveal nothing extraordinary. Immediately thereafter he plunged into daily journalism, and worked for several Southern and New York papers. Then began his long career as magazine editor, first of the *Forum* and later of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It forms the subject of the greater part of this biography. Page was not a great editor. His literary tastes were puerile, and he had no courage. He once said, "I should never let one line of destructive criticism get in between the covers of any printed thing that I controlled." His two prime requisites in MSS. were "a line of hopefulness" and a "constructive" tone. On one occasion he turned down an article by E. L. Godkin, editor of the *Evening Post*, discussing American democracy, because it was "so pessimistic." He deplored the Ingersoll-Judge Black debate on Christianity in the *North American Review*. He thought it was "not reverent." He could never rid himself of the feeling that Poe was, in the main, "a degrading influence." The two Southern poets whom he really loved were Sidney Lanier and Henry Timrod. In the world of public affairs, Page was a great supporter of the Spanish-American War, and not even the arguments of Charles Eliot Norton could make him change his mind. He discovered Mary Johnston, and in 1913 was made Ambassador to England, for which post his work in the United States, says Mr. Hendrick, had been "an inspiring preparation."

ANATOLE FRANCE ABROAD.

By Jean Jacques Brousseau. Robert M. McBride & Company
\$5 8½ x 5½; 388 pp. New York

M. Brousseau, who was France's secretary for eight years, will be remembered for his "Anatole France Himself," published several years ago. In the present volume he is mainly concerned with the Master's ill-starred lecture trip to South America. France fell in love on that voyage, and his adventures with the lady fill the chronicle with piquant episodes. It is, perhaps, largely true, but there are some stretchers.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS E. WATSON.

By William W. Brewton. Published by the Author
\$3.50 9 x 6; 408 pp. Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Brewton's admiration for Watson goes back to boyhood; in 1913, at the age of twenty-one, he

Continued on page viii

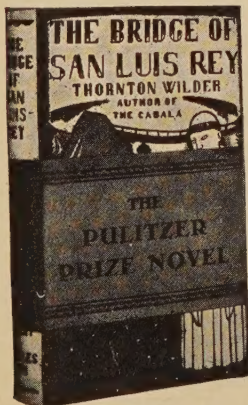


An Indian Journey

By Waldemar Bonsels

Waldemar Bonsels, having spent over a year in India has written a book which gets close to the heart of that country, at the same time pervaded with the mystery and terror which exotic jungles exert upon Western minds.

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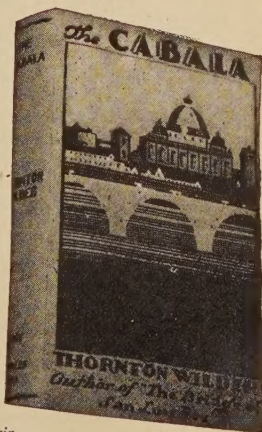
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The style, the scene, the point of view of the Cabala is very much under the Aldous Huxley manner. This is not cited as a fault. To write something like Huxley is a considerable achievement. But to write the "Bridge" is better.

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A vivid and very personal experience. We recommend that when you have finished the "Bridge" you search out the Cabala and read that too.

Vanity Fair



ALBERT & CHARLES BONI—66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
PUBLISHERS OF CREATIVE ART
A Magazine of Fine and Applied Art

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

formally dedicated himself to the task of writing his hero's life. After Watson's death "all his private papers—rich beyond measure—were put at the exclusive use of the man who had dreamed." The result is a biography that is mainly encomiastic, but does not lack sharply critical touches. Watson, indeed, was a man whose virtues were almost as exaggerated as his defects. He had a great lust for knowledge, he had moral courage of a sort that is rare among politicians, and he was always his own man. Not infrequently his violent passions led him into absurdity, as when he staggered the Senate with charges that scores of American soldiers had been hanged in France without trial. But on the whole, his influence in his own State of Georgia was for the good, and its scalawag politicians had sound reason to fear him. His historical works, which Mr. Brewton praises, do not seem likely to survive. They are immensely eloquent, but suffer from the author's characteristic lack of sober judgment.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, 1727–1927.

*Edited by F. E. Brash.**The Williams & Wilkins Company*

\$5

9¾ x 6¼; 351 pp.

Baltimore

The thirteen essays which constitute this volume were prepared at the request of the History of Science Society, and the book is the first of a series that it proposes to print. It is published to mark the two-hundredth anniversary of Newton's death, and is a year behind time. Among the contributors are Dr. Dayton C. Miller, of the Case School, on Newton's contributions to optics; Dr. George David Birkhoff, of Harvard, on the relation between his researches into gravitation and modern ideas of relativity; Dr. William Wallace Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, on his influence upon the development of astrophysics; Dr. Florian Cajori, of the University of California, on the reasons which induced him to delay announcing his discovery of the law of gravitation; Dr. Lyman C. Newell, of Boston University, on his contributions to chemistry; and Professor G. S. Brett, of Toronto, on his religious ideas. The papers, as is inevitable in such a collection, vary greatly in merit, but taken as a whole they constitute an interesting and valuable contribution to Newtoniana. The book lacks an index.

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC.

*By George Wycherley.**The Bobbs-Merrill Company*

\$5

9¾ x 6¼; 444 pp.

Indianapolis

The twenty-two buccaneers Mr. Wycherley portrays are the more prominent and picturesque of the

Englishmen who preyed upon the Spaniards along the coasts of the three Americas from the Sixteenth to the Eighteenth Century. They include such well-known artists of piracy as Sir Francis Drake, Thomas Cavendish, Bloodthirsty Morgan, the Sabbath-observing Captain Richard Sawkins, Ambrose Cowley, William Dampier, Woodes Rogers, John Clipperton, George Shelvocke and George Anson. On the whole, the sketches are competently done, but they would be more interesting if Mr. Wycherley were not so indignant about his subjects, and did not stop, here and there, to point out a Sunday-school moral in their careers. There are many excellent illustrations.

HENRY CLAY FRICK.

*By George Harvey.**Charles Scribner's Sons*

\$5

9½ x 6¼; 382 pp.

New York

Colonel Harvey has consulted the documentary sources, and organized his facts clearly. Beginning with Frick's forebears in the towns of Switzerland and the Palatinate, he describes his boyhood, his entrance into the coke business, the attempt to assassinate him, his politics, and the rise of the United States Steel Corporation. But Frick as a dominating and forceful personality never materializes, and his career as it is here set forth makes dull reading. The book has many illustrations and an index, but lacks a bibliography.

KIT CARSON. *The Happy Warrior of the Old West.**By Stanley Vestal.**The Houghton Mifflin Company*

\$3.50

8¾ x 5½; 297 pp.

Boston

Mr. Vestal has handled the confusing mass of material about Kit Carson in a highly competent manner. He traces his career as greenhorn, mountain man, plainsman, pathfinder, soldier and ranger, and reveals him as "small, bandy-legged, blue-eyed and sandy-haired," full of aggression and hearty fellowship, yet uncommunicative, superstitious and somewhat sentimental. A sound performance. There is an interesting map of the Old West and a statement of sources, but unfortunately an index is lacking.

THE SCIENCES

FOIBLES OF INSECTS & MEN.

*By William Morton Wheeler.**Alfred A. Knopf*

\$6

9¾ x 6¼; 229 pp.

New York

Dr. Wheeler's authority as an entomologist, especially on the subject of ants, is no less acknowledged than his charm as a writer. He is, indeed, one of the few first-rate scientists now on exhibition in the world who knows how to make technical papers

Continued on page x

Uncle Sam—Highbrow or Babbitt?

WHAT does the swift rise of the Book-of-the-Month Club signify? The obvious explanation, that more Americans want to read the best new books than do, and that this potential demand has not previously been satisfactorily catered to, has usually been overlooked. Few people realize that for many years a beggarly two or three hundred thousand individuals in this country, habitual book-readers, have kept all our book-publishers, book-sellers and authors alive.

A frequent explanation of the rise of the Club is that the American is a boob anyhow, and that the Club is supported by lazy-minded people who want some authorities to chaperone them in their reading. This, of course, is absurd. The most cursory inquiry into the Club's method of operation would show that its members exercise a far more intelligent discrimination among the new books than those who buy their books in other ways.

The truth is that, far from consisting of border-line literates, the Club's list of members really reads like a Who's Who. The most eminent individuals, in every line of endeavor—education, government, law, science, industry and social life; the most intelligent group in each of thousands of communities, large and small—it is this type of perspicacious book-reader that has taken advantage of the conveniences it provides.

The phenomenal rise of the Club is, in reality, due to a combination of two factors—one psychological, the other economic. The first is the more interesting, and the least recognized: it has to do with the attitude of intelligent people toward book-reading. The reading of a book is in the nature of a rite. It is seldom a time-killing operation, like the reading of a magazine, or a newspaper. The best thought of humankind has always

THE most significant event in the book world in recent years has been the rise of the Book-of-the-Month Club to a membership of over 85,000 in two years. This article, by one of its executives, gives some surprising reasons for the club's growth.

been, and still is, distilled within the covers of our books. So, people seldom approach a new book lightly. Anticipation is always keen and expectation high. In addition, in this swift age, people have not so much time for reading as formerly, and this fact makes them regard as all the more precious those leisure moments when they "feel just like a book," and curl up to one, expectantly.

And because expectation is so high, the swing to disappointment, when it happens, is all the greater. There is nobody so bitter as the person who has been induced to read a book that he can't abide. And, unfortunately, disappointment follows far too frequently.

It follows because of an economic fact: *there are so many new books published*, thousands of them! No thoughtful person would change this situation, but one result of it is unquestioned: the person who can only read comparatively few books, say from ten to twenty-five a year, is completely confused by this wealth of offering. Everybody reads books on the recommendation of someone else: of a reviewer, a book-clerk, a friend, or the publisher himself, through his advertising. And too often, the recommendations are found by the reader to be either biased,

or irresponsible and careless.

Even when you are sure, from a review you have read or from the favorable comment of a friend, that a certain book will be to your taste—frequently you *overlook* getting it, through busyness or procrastination. One always has to go to some trouble to get a book that one wants. The result is that there are few of us, who have not, time and again, *missed important new books we were really keen to read!*

The Book-of-the-Month Club has grown so swiftly because it is the first attempt ever made to meet these difficulties of the book-reader, psychological and economic, in a sensible and adequate way. The plan of operation is simplicity itself. Indeed, the first question the intelligent person asks, when the plan is explained, is not, "Why should I join this club?"—but "Why in the world should I *not* take advantage of all these conveniences, since they cost me nothing?" For the system keeps you authoritatively informed about *all* the important new books, (not merely a few), automatically insures you against *missing* those you decide you want, and it also completely protects you in your book purchases, *by a guarantee against dissatisfaction.*

There is no space here to describe exactly how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. If you are interested, send the coupon below for a booklet which explains its methods in full detail.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
218 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

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Please send me a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

as interesting, as the saying goes, as novels. In the highly learned and amusing introduction to the present collection of his scattered papers, and in the first paper following, on "The Physiognomy of Insects," he is at his best. Here the widest sort of exact knowledge is combined with a pawky humor, and the result is reading that is genuinely exhilarating. Among the other contents of the volume are two papers that provoked a great deal of discussion when they were first published: "The Organization of Research" and "The Dry-Rot of Our Academic Biology." They have lost nothing in pungency by the passage of a few years. The book is elaborately illustrated, mainly by the author, and there is an adequate index.

CREATION BY EVOLUTION.

Edited by Frances Mason. The Macmillan Company
\$5 8½ x 5½; 392 pp. New York

A series of essays in defense of the evolutionary hypothesis, by various American and English scientists. Dr. David Starr Jordan writes on the meaning of evolution, Dr. George H. Parker of Harvard on the evidence offered by vestigial organs, Dr. E. G. Conklin of Princeton on the relations of evolution to embryology, Dr. Francis A. Bather of London on the evidences of paleontology, Dr. William Morton Wheeler on the evolution of the ants, Dr. Frederic B. Loomis on the evolution of the horse and the elephant, Dr. W. K. Gregory of Columbia on the lineage of man, Dr. C. Lloyd Morgan on the evolution of the brain, and so on. The authors are all of high authority, and the facts they present are overwhelmingly persuasive. Naturally, there is a certain amount of duplication. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn provides a foreword and Sir Charles Scott Sherrington, former president of the British Royal Society, an introduction. Useful bibliographies follow the various essays, and there is a full index.

SNAPSHOTS OF SCIENCE.

By Edwin E. Slosson. The Century Company
\$2 7¾ x 5; 299 pp. New York

The seventy-nine short chapters of this book are reprinted in part from *Collier's Weekly* and in part from the series of newspaper articles sent out by Science Service, of which the author is director. Practically all the physical sciences are dealt with, and there are also excursions into mathematics and psychology. A few of the chapter headings will show the range of the book: "The Liquefaction of Coal," "Rotors and Sails," "The Green Ray," "Artificial Food,"

"How Big Can a Star Be?," "Two Thousand Times Sweeter Than Sugar" and "The Elimination of the Male." At the end there are excellent suggestions for further reading. The volume has a good index.

CHILDBIRTH.

By William George Lee. The University of Chicago Press
\$3 9 x 6; 300 pp. Chicago

Dr. Lee, who was chief of the obstetrical staff at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, died in 1927, leaving this work practically completed. The final revision has been made by his widow, herself a graduate in medicine. The book describes the process of birth in human beings in a clear and scientific manner, and was planned "for the physicians, the nurse, the beginning student in obstetrics, and the mother herself." It shows clearly how little medical science has done to relieve the hazards and agonies of an everyday physiological process. Much has been achieved in that direction, true enough, but a vastly greater amount remains to be done. There are excellent schematic illustrations by Mrs. Ruth S. B. Lee, and a good index.

THE FINE ARTS

MONSIEUR CROCHE, THE DILETTANTE HATER.

By Claude Debussy. The Viking Press
\$2 7½ x 5; 212 pp. New York

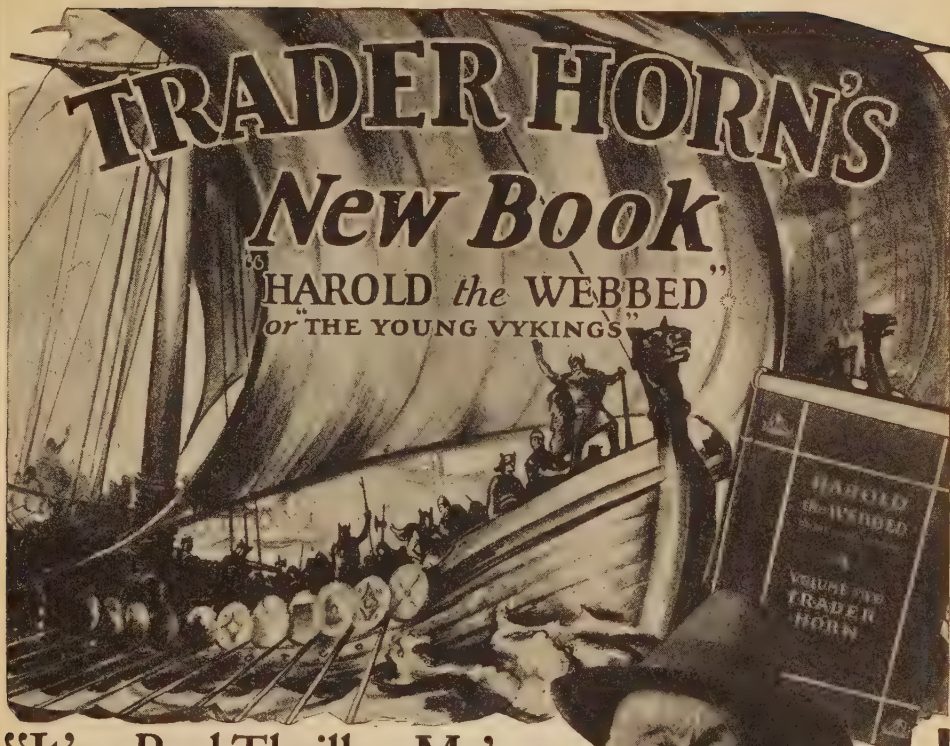
Debussy was in intermittent practise as a music critic between 1901 and 1914. He wrote for *Gil Blas*, the *Revue Blanche*, *Musica* and other journals. Unfortunately, his criticism shows nothing of the quality that appears in the work of Schumann, Berlioz and Wagner. It is, in the main, superficial and trivial, and only too often it is defaced by a puerile facetiousness. In his discussion of such men as César Franck, Richard Strauss and Vincent D'Indy he says little that is not obvious.

A SIMPLE GUIDE TO PICTURES AND PAINTING.

By Margaret H. Bulley. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$3 8¾ x 5½; 240 pp. New York

Many introductions to the appreciation of painting have of late been written, and the present book easily takes rank among the best of them. It confines itself to the European Continent, but that is covered comprehensively. The first part of it is a general discussion of the elements of the art of painting, and the second deals with the various schools. There are many excellent reproductions.

Continued on page xii



**"It's a Real Thriller, Ma'am
All About Vyking—
and Julius SEAZER!"**

*More of Those
Priceless "Trader
Hornisms"*

ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN has dipped again into his treasure-chest of remembered romance—and out of its fathomless depths has popped "TRADER HORN, VOLUME TWO," subtitled by Zambesi Jack himself, "Harold the Webbed, or The Young Vikings."

This time it is a thrilling story of dauntless forays and piracies "in the dawn light of England." It is peopled with colorful and palpitating characters, including Julius Caesar himself, Queen Elizabeth, Henry the Eighth and other "hereditary paramours." Best of all, there's a teeming wealth of "Trader Hornisms"—luscious, pungently quotable comments on "so-called" life and letters.

On the story-thread of two Viking lads, playing truant with their father's ship, the old wanderer has strung a

row of many-hued word-pictures.

You see the lusty blond bowmen discharging volleys of arrows from the yards of their Viking ships. You hear the hoarse scream of the Viking seahorns. You see their sulphur arrow flares, signalling across leagues of sea—red for war and green for peace. You live again in the "dawn-light" age of England, when piracy was an honored profession, and women were prized as loot, and carried off with the precious bars of tin and copper.

What would a Trader Horn book be without the author's own explanation of his literary method? Mrs. Lewis, his discoverer and brilliant "Bos-

well," has preserved with amazing fidelity the conversations she had with the excited author after each chapter was finished. They add "salt and pepper" to the book—and some tabasco.

If you have read the Trader's first volume, you will go straight out for "Harold the Webbed." If you haven't yet been charmed by his inimitable "stingo," make his acquaintance now.

You can get *Trader Horn*—or "*Harold the Webbed or The Young Vikings*" at all bookstores. Volume One is \$4.00 and Volume Two, just published, is \$3.50.

"Set down in his own hand by Alfred Aloysius Horn in a Johannesburg lodging-house, and edited by Ethelreda Lewis before the first Trader Horn book was published."

handicap."—from page 95 of Volume 2.

"Elizabeth sure had a gift for piracy, whatever her faults."—from page 100 of Volume 2.

"'Tis better to listen to the dictates of a gentleman under the influence of wine than to fill your ear with the common talk of some feller from nowhere suffering from chronic sobriety."—from page 217 of Volume 2.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

EARLY FLORENTINE ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION.

By *Edgar W. Anthony.* *The Harvard University Press*
\$5 8¾ x 6½; 109 pp. *Cambridge*

In this monograph Mr. Anthony devotes the greater part of his discussion to the Baptistery and the church of San Miniato as the most important examples of early medieval architecture in Florence. He treats each building separately as to its chronology, architectural features and relation to other buildings of the group; and then more particularly traces the development of the incrustated style of decoration used in them, which spread to some extent beyond Florence. A very able piece of work. The book is handsomely printed, and contains a complete bibliography, notes, eighty-two reproductions of photographs and an index.

TRAVEL

OPALS AND GOLD.

By *R. M. Macdonald.* *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
\$4 8¾ x 5¾; 256 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Macdonald, an old prospector, describes molybdenite mining in the Cape York Peninsula, in Northern Australia; opal mining in various Australian fields, pearl-fishing along the coast of Northwestern Australia, gold-seeking in New Guinea, and silver-lead mining in North Queensland. He says that North Queensland is the prospector's paradise. He "knows from experience that most minerals of value exist in that tableland, and if any metallic substance were suddenly to become in demand, which he does not know already, he would go there to look for it with every confidence in his finding it." The prospectors now in the country, he says, are a roving and romantic lot. Once they have scratched the surface of rich earth, they pass on, hoping for still better beyond the sky-rim.

SEEING RUSSIA.

By *E. M. Newman.* *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*
\$5 9¼ x 6; 396 pp. *New York*

Mr. Newman has produced a travel book that is unusual. It is probably the best rapid survey of the history, land and people of Soviet Russia that the prospective visitor can obtain. Mr. Newman is a first-rate reporter. He not only describes what he saw, and that well and accurately; he gives the historical background. And he makes the text the more intelligible with the aid of some 300 reproductions from photographs, some of them completely new to this country.

CRITICISM

ESSAYS AND STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION.

Edited by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon.

The Oxford University Press
\$2.50 8¾ x 5¼; 144 pp. *New York*

These papers greatly resemble the dissertations that candidates for the Ph.D. produce so copiously in the United States—meticulous studies of obscure points in Chaucer, monographs on forgotten and unimportant authors, elaborate investigations of the debt one author owes another, and so on. They are rather better written than the similar stuff done in this country, but they show the same heavy concern with trivial and irrelevant matters. The best paper in the collection is a note on the decay of English by Lord Dunsany. In it there is a sound observation: that what he calls "the withering of sense" in words and phrases is produced "by the conversation of educated people being overheard by the uneducated." Trying to make use of what they thus hear, the uneducated reduce it to imbecility. The volume is the twelfth of a series that began in 1910.

CYCLES OF TASTE.

By *Frank P. Chambers.* *The Harvard University Press*
\$2 7¼ x 5; 139 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

Mr. Chambers sets himself this problem: What had Classical Antiquity to say of its own arts? His answer, reached after a laborious examination of its surviving literature, is that it had very little to say, and that that little showed little æsthetic consciousness. The Greeks of the great age, indeed, were too busy creating works of art to indulge in much speculation about them. Theories had to wait for the relatively sterile later years. So also in Rome. And so in medieval Europe.

ESSAYS

AMERICA CONQUERS DEATH.

By *Milton Waldman.* *William Edwin Rudge*
\$5.50 8¾ x 6; 30 pp. *New York*

This essay was originally printed in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for February, 1927. It here appears in a limited edition of 500 copies, designed by W. A. Dwiggins. Mr. Dwiggins has used color boldly and very charmingly. The title page, in green, lavender, red and black, is extraordinarily effective, and there is a splendid initial in three colors. The experiment of putting all the quotations in red is somewhat less successful, but altogether the book offers a strikingly original and slightly example of modern book-making.

Continued on page xiv

Are you blindly groping for words to fit your thoughts?



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—American Mercury.

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—Forum.

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—Harper's.

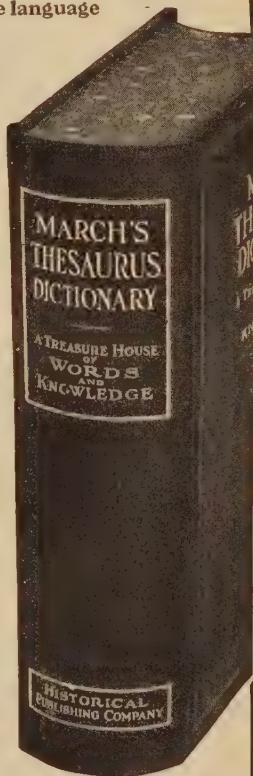
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Continued from page xii

THE SAVOUR OF LIFE.

By Arnold Bennett.

Doubleday, Doran & Company

\$2.50

7½ x 5¼; 313 pp. Garden City, L. I.

A collection of short essays ranging in subject from "A World Champion" (Mickey Walker) and "Doctors and Medicine" to "Russian Fiction" and "Servants." They are only fairly entertaining. Mr. Bennett is at great pains in his preface to state his case against the authorities who argue that a novelist has no right to meddle in public affairs. In spite of his indignation, it is the most readable piece in the book.

LIFE AND THE STUDENT. *Roadside Notes on Human Nature, Society and Letters.*

By Charles Horton Cooley.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$2.50

7½ x 5; 273 pp. New York

This book has a charming informality. Dr. Cooley, who is professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, has written a sequence of observations and reflections on present-day society, human nature and letters that are full of a searching wisdom. In Part I, particularly, there are paragraphs on "The Strategy of the Youth Movement," "The Conservatism of Intelligence," "Automobiles," "Confusion and Continuity," "Traits of Democracy," "Eugenists," "Americanization" and "American Patriotism" that are very shrewd and illuminating. Dr. Cooley writes a clear, pungent English. His book is attractively printed and is equipped with an index of names.

LITERATURE

CATULLUS AND HORACE. *Two Poets in their Environment.*

By Tenney Frank.

Henry Holt & Company

\$3

8½ x 5½; 291 pp. New York

Dr. Frank, professor of Latin at the Johns Hopkins, presents no new biographical material or fresh critical judgments in these two studies, but they are extremely readable. He writes with grace and dignity, and is primarily interested in the two poets' works, not in their lives.

ICONOCLASTES, or, *The Future of Shakespeare.*

By Hubert Griffith.

E. P. Dutton & Company

\$1

6¼ x 4¼; 86 pp. New York

Mr. Griffith argues that the only way of keeping Shakespeare alive is by doing him in modern dress. Otherwise, he thinks, he will become obsolete.

THE HEART OF THOREAU'S JOURNALS.

Edited by Odell Shepard. The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$3

8½ x 5½; 348 pp. New York

It is difficult to imagine how this book could be any

Continued on page xvi

The jolly windings

of a pleasant path

THE SON OF MAN

by Emil Ludwig

THE biographer of Napoleon, the man of war, now gives us the story of the Prince of Peace. Told in the words of a contemporary to whom the tremendous theological consequences of the life he describes were unknown, this book presents for the first time a real and intensely human Jesus. \$3.00

The Road to BUENOS AYRES

by Albert Londres

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Contemporaries of Marco Polo

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BOOJUM!

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Wertebaker

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POEMS IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING

by Samuel Hoffenstein

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GEORGIE MAY

by Maxwell
Bodenheim

THE story of a courtesan living in the underworld of a southern city. This probing of her heart, soul and mind has never been excelled in American fiction—it is a portrait filled with pity and laughter, tears and irony—done without bitterness and with a tolerant understanding. \$2.00

MY LIFE

by Isadora Duncan

THOSE who have lightly picked up the book expecting to relish scandal have left it with a feeling of reverence for the courage, the frankness, the sheer human greatness it reveals. "Full of spirit and color and unquenchable fire—a fascinating and enthralling volume."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Seventh edition, octavo, illustrated. \$5.00

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Continued from page xiv

better. The author states in his preface that it is modeled upon Professor Perry's "The Heart of Emerson's Journals." One need only add that it lives up to that high standard in every way.

THE THEATRE

THREE PLAYS.

By William Archer.

Henry Holt & Company

\$2.50

8 x 5½; 269 pp.

New York

The plays here are all rubbish. One is an historical piece called "Martha Washington" and the other two are poetical dramas of the vintage of 1886. But the book is made worth while by a long and very charming preface by G. Bernard Shaw, in which he sets forth some reminiscences of Archer and tries to analyze the man's curiously reticent character.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVELS ON THE STAGE.

By Henry Adelbert White.

The Yale University Press

\$2.50

9 x 5¾; 259 pp.

New Haven

Scott was a failure as a dramatist; his five attempts in this direction were relegated into the oblivion they deserved almost instantaneously. But his novels were the inspiration of highly successful dramas by other hands. Dr. White examines these dramas very carefully, with especial emphasis on the similarities between their texts and those of the parent novels.

GOING TO PIECES.

By Alexander Woolcott.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$2.50

8¾ x 5½; 256 pp.

New York

Papers on the theatre and drama, chiefly in terms of actors and actresses, and on croquet, Hamilton College, Great Neck, the Four Marx Brothers and other of the author's greater enthusiasms. The title gives a hint of his predilection for puns, examples of which appear in such chapter headings as "Dramas That Boom in the Spring," "Odette, Where Is Thy Sting?," "No Peace Unto the Wicket" and "As Easy As Rolling Off a Travelogue," and in such incidental jocosities as "small Beers," "Guedallas to doughnuts," "Owen Wisteria" and "The Crust of the Golden Girl."

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

HEALTH AND WEALTH. *A Survey of the Economics of World Health.*

By Louis I. Dublin.

Harper & Brothers

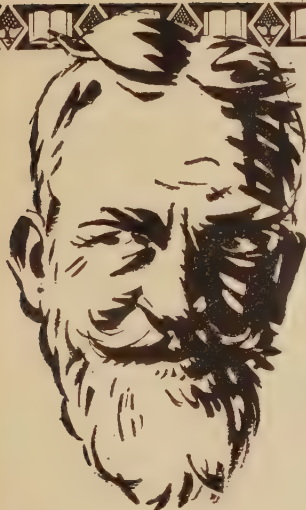
\$3

8¾ x 5¾; 361 pp.

New York

Dr. Dublin is the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. His "Life, Death, and the Negro," which appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September, 1927, will be remembered: it appears

Continued on page xviii



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To Each What She Can Grab
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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

as one of the chapters of the present book. In others he discusses such things as the cost of medical service, the decline in the death-rate from tuberculosis, the apparent increase of cancer, the birth control propaganda, the effect of Prohibition upon the death-rate, and the probable extension of the average span of life hereafter. He believes that the campaign against tuberculosis, by improving environmental conditions, has materially diminished the death-rate—that all of the decline cannot be ascribed to natural selection, as certain biologists suggest. He says that Prohibition, as practically encountered, has not diminished the death-rate, but rather increased it. He argues against the birth control propaganda, and says that there is no danger of over-population in America. Finally, he attempts to construct a hypothetical life table, and finds that the average American's expectation of life at birth, in a few years, will probably be at least 64.75 years. His book is well written and contains much interesting matter. It has a good index.

CHARLES E. RUTHENBERG.

The International Publishers

50 cents

7½ x 5¼; 96 pp.

New York

Ruthenberg, who died on March 2, 1927, and who was accorded the supreme honor in the Bolshevik world of having his ashes buried beneath the Kremlin, was the founder of the Communist party in the United States, and one of the most interesting characters in the history of the American labor movement. As Mr. Jay Lovestone, the author of the introduction to this collection of excerpts from his speeches and writings, points out, he was not a scholar. He was primarily an organizer, and one of amazing ability. That the Communist party is now a problem to the Socialist party is largely due to his work. Of his sincerity there can be no more doubt than there is about the sincerity of Eugene Debs. He went to jail for his ideas more than once.

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC.

Edited by J. B. Condliffe.

The University of Chicago Press

\$3

9½ x 6½; 630 pp.

Chicago

In the Summer of 1927, 137 persons interested in Pacific problems, coming from all parts of the world directly interested in them, gathered in Honolulu to exchange views. The conference was the second of the Institute of Pacific Relations, founded in the Summer of 1925. The institute is an unofficial organization, and is in no way connected with any government. The present book is made up of the discussions at Honolulu last year. There are also reproduced many important documents.

Continued on page xx

The Haldeman-Julius Monthly is printing THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICAN LIFE

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The Notorious Sacco-Vanzetti Case, a post-mortem review in six installments.
Exclusive Interview with Nan Britton and "The President's Daughter," by Fred Bair.
How and Why I Wrote "The President's Daughter," by Nan Britton.

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THE Haldeman-Julius Monthly is rightly called the DEBUNKING magazine—it smashes shams in all fields of human endeavor: business, politics, religion, literature. This magazine is printing the truth—all the facts—for readers who want a periodical that does not mince words or avoid "treading on sensitive toes." Each issue contains 128 pages (the size is $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$), or some 70,000 words—aggregating 20 to 25 articles of a lively, sham-smashing nature. You get 12 such issues in a year's subscription. The general style is in keeping with modern America: light, often humorous, always candid, constantly opposed to bigotry, intolerance, and stupidity of all kinds. The Haldeman-Julius Monthly wages war—with facts and laughter for weapons—against superstitions, shams, hokum: in short, against the unintelligent, the equivocal, the complacent standpatting in American life.

A LIMITED SUPPLY of the May issue (March and April sold out) remains for those who wish to begin their subscriptions with May. It contains the opening installment of the Sacco-Vanzetti series, and two reviews of "The President's Daughter" (by Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe), besides other characteristically Haldeman-Julius Monthly contributions. We will supply this issue as long as it lasts to those who use the blank when subscribing.

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Contents for JULY 1928

How and Why I Wrote "The President's Daughter" (A Personal Statement), by Nan Britton; Shall We Go to the Gutter for Our Knowledge of Sex? by Isaac Goldberg; The Magic in Those Ultra-Violet Rays! by T. S. Harding; Is Republican Government Breaking Down in America? by Clay Fulks; The New Sacco-Vanzetti Evidence, by W. P. Norwin; The Decline and Fall of Poker, by Sanford Jarrell; Some Reasons for Dishonesty in Advertising, by A Newspaper Publicity Director; The Crime of Church Liberalism, by Eric Heath; Evolution of an Agnostic, by John Mason; The Candidates, by E. Haldeman-Julius; Dean Inge, An Honest Churchman, by Louis Adamic; "You're Pretty Bad, America," Says Canada, by Ruben Levin; etc., etc.

Contents for AUGUST or Later

What Fundamentalists Believe and Preach (As Illustrated by the Preaching of John Roach Straton), by L. M. Birkhead; Will Hays, Ignorant and Dishonest, by Louis Adamic; In the Next War, by Sanford Jarrell; The Real Thomas A. Edison, by A. L. Shands; Scientific Soul-Saving, by T. S. Harding; A Soldier's Return, by G. V. Morris; No Tears for Babbitt, by David Warren Ryder; A Dinner With Billy Sunday, by Wm. Bedford; How to Put Punch in Your Personality, by Ballard Brown; The Wonderful West, by P. S. Powell; One of God's Families, by Don Lewis; Immoralities in Public Office, by W. C. Clugston; Public Criticism of Sacco and Vanzetti, by W. P. Norwin; John Wesley, Father of Methodism, by E. Haldeman-Julius; Henry Field, New God in the Middlewest, by M. E. Stanley; etc., etc.

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Continued from page xviii

**PROCEEDINGS OF THE WORLD POPULATION
CONFERENCE.**

Edited by Margaret Sanger. Edward Arnold & Company
\$5 9 x 5 3/4; 383 pp. London

The World Population Conference was held at Geneva August 29—September 3 of last year, and among the delegates were Drs. William H. Welch and Raymond Pearl, of the Johns Hopkins; Dr. E. M. East, of Harvard; Dr. Richard Goldschmidt, director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Biology at Berlin; Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, Julian Huxley, Havelock Ellis, J. Maynard Keynes, Captain G. H. Pitt-Rivers, Sir Bernard Mallet, H. G. Wells and André Siegfried. The subjects mainly discussed were food supplies, fertility, pauperism and immigration. Dr. Pearl's opening address, on the biology of population growth, has since been printed as a book in this country. The other papers vary greatly in authority. Some of them are mere strings of platitudes, but in others there is considerable merit. Mrs. Sanger has done her work of editing very competently, and the volume has value. There is a good index, and also a who's who of the delegates.

ARCHON, or, The Future of Government.

By Hamilton Fyfe. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$1 6 3/4 x 4 3/8; 95 pp. New York

This recent addition to the Today and Tomorrow Series is plainly among the very best of that collection. Mr. Fyfe reviews the various governments in the history of the world, and points out that "governments have had far less influence than most of us think upon the mass of mankind, who are affected far less by political than by economic conditions." Political liberty and despotism, after all, mean very little to the man who is mainly interested in earning a livelihood; there has been poverty under the first, and prosperity under the second. Political changes work no miracles. As to what is the best possible form of government, no one can really say. Historical evidence may be adduced to prove that monarchy, aristocracy or democracy is the best. The truth is, there is no science of government, and there never will be as long as there is no science of human nature. Until then government must be experimental, "a shot more or less in the dark." The spreading conviction, says Mr. Fyfe, that democracy has proved a failure, has little foundation. What the critics say of it is true, but it is also true that it frees us from the fetters imposed by monarchical and aristocratic government. Above all, it makes it impossible for the temporary ruling class "to do very much that it ought not to do." The peoples' will may be unstable, but "it affords better anchorage for sound institutions

Continued on page xxii

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Continued from page xx

than the will of a single governor or the will of a ruling caste. Ignorantly willing, as the mass of electors are, to be deceived, they suffer from their deception in fewer ways than our ancestors did under kings and aristocrats."

THE CHALLENGE: Liquor and Lawlessness vs. Constitutional Government.

By William Gibbs McAdoo. The Century Company
\$2. 7 3/4 x 5 1/2; 305 pp. New York

The papers of a Christian statesman. Dr. McAdoo is convinced that it is only by fidelity to "the religion of Christ and the Ten Commandments" that democracy can hope to survive. We enjoyed a Christian democracy, he says, under the late Woodrow Wilson, but on his retirement from office it was succeeded by a plutocracy. Now "the clarion call of a new crusade of moral and political righteousness rings out in the land." Dr. McAdoo has an elevated, somewhat indignant style, recalling that of the great pulpit orators of his native Georgia. He believes in Prohibition up to and including the neck, and regards every effort to get rid of it, save by very quiet efforts at suasion, as treasonable and against God. He denounces all attempts to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment in ringing terms, and is eloquent against "the crime of Secretary Fall." But he says nothing about the nullification of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in the South, nor does he refer to that unfortunate connection with Mr. Doheny which caused him so much embarrassment in 1924.

STANDING ROOM ONLY?

By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company
\$3. 7 1/2 x 5 1/4; 368 pp. New York

In this collection of essays on the problem of population Dr. Ross makes few new contributions to either theory or fact, but his discussion is always well-informed and sensible. He is strongly in favor of the restriction of immigration, and likewise of birth control. He points out that even within the territory of the United States there are areas of dangerous population pressure—for example, in Porto Rico. The sanitary reforms introduced by the American authorities there have not improved the worldly condition of the natives, but reduced them to beggary, for the reduction of the old high death-rate has not been accompanied by any compensatory decline in the birth-rate. Here, as elsewhere in the world, medieval theological ideas are largely to be blamed for the animal-like spawning of the populace. Dr. Ross's book is heavily documented, and has a good index.

Continued in back advertising section, page xxxiii

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The American MERCURY

July 1928

THE VIRGINIANS ARE COMING AGAIN

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

BABBITT, your tribe is passing away.
This is the end of your infamous day.
The Virginians are coming again.

With your neat little safety-vault boxes,
With your faces like geese and foxes,
You,
Short-legged, short-armed, short-minded men,
Your short-sighted days are over,
Your habits of strutting through clover,
Your movie-thugs, killing off souls and dreams,
Your magazines, drying up healing streams,
Your newspapers, blasting truth and splendor,
Your shysters, ruining progress and glory,—
Babbitt, your story is passing away.
The Virginians are coming again.

All set for the victory, calling the raid,
I see them, the next generation,
Gentlemen, hard-riding, long-legged men,
With horse-whip, dog-whip, gauntlet and braid,
Mutineers, musketeers,
In command
Unafraid:
Great-grandsons of Tidewater, and the bark-cabins,
Bards of the Blue Ridge, in buckskin and boots,
Up from the proudest war-path we have known—
The Virginians are coming again.

The sons of ward-heelers
Threw out the ward-heelers,
The sons of bartenders
Threw out the bartenders,

And made our streets trick-boxes all in a day,
 Kicked out the old pests in a virtuous way.
 The new tribe sold kerosene, gasoline, paraffine.
 Babbitt sold Judas. Babbitt sold Christ.
 Babbitt sold everything under the sun.
 The Moon-Proud consider a trader a hog.
 The Moon-Proud are coming again.

Bartenders were gnomes,
 Pitiful tyrants, hairy baboons.
 But you are no better with saxophone tunes,
 Phonograph tunes, radio tunes,
 Water-power tunes, gasoline tunes, dynamo tunes,
 And pitiful souls like your pitiful tunes,
 And crawling old insolence blocking the road;
 So, Babbitt, your racket is passing away.
 Your sons will be changelings, and burn down your world.
 Fire-eaters, troubadours, conquistadors!
 Your sons will be born, refusing your load,
 Thin-skinned scholars, hard-riding men,
 Poets unharnessed, the moon their abode,
 With the statesman's code, the gentlemen's code,
 With Jefferson's code, Washington's code,
 With Powhatan's code!
 From your own loins, for your fearful defeat
The Virginians are coming again.

Our first Virginians were peasants' children
 But the power of Powhatan reddened their blood,
 Up from the sod came splendor and flood.
 Eating the maize made them more than men,
 Potomac fountains made gods of men.

In your tottering age, not so long from you now,
 The terror will blast, the armies will whirl,
 Cavalier boy beside Cavalier girl,
 In the glory of pride, not the pride of the rich,
 In the glory of statesmanship, not of the ditch.
 The old grand manner, lost no longer:
 Exquisite art born with heart-bleeding song
 Will make you die horribly, raving at wrong.
 You will not know your sons who are true to this soil;
 For Babbitt could never count much beyond ten,
 For Babbitt could never quite comprehend men.
 You will die in your shame, understanding not day.
 Out of your loins, to your utmost confusion
The Virginians are coming again.

Do you think boys and girls that I pass on the street,
 More strong than their fathers, more fair than their fathers,

More clean than their fathers, more wild than their fathers,
More in love than their fathers, deep in thought not their fathers',
Are meat for your schemes diabolically neat?
Do you think that all youth is but grist to your mill
And what you dare plan for them, boys will fulfill?
The next generation is free. You are gone.
Out of your loins, to your utmost confusion
The Virginians are coming again.

Rouse the reader to read it right.
Find a good hill by the full-moon light,
Gather the boys and chant all night:
"The Virginians are coming again!"

Put in rhetoric, whisper and hint,
Put in shadow, murmur and glint;
Jingle and jangle this song like a spur.
Sweep over each tottering bridge with a whirr,
Clearer and faster up Main Street and pike,
Till sparks flare up from the flints that strike.
Leap metrical ditches with bridle let loose.
This song is a war, with an iron-shod use.
Let no musician, with blotter and pad
Set down his pot-hooks to make the song sad.
Find
Your own rhythms
When Robert E. Lee
Gallops once more to the plain from the sea.
Give the rebel yell every river they gain.
Hear Lee's light cavalry rhyme with rain.
In the star-proud, natural fury of men
The Virginians are coming again!

SHANTY IRISH

BY JIM TULLY

Boyhood

SO POVERTY-STRICKEN were my mother's parents that three children had to remain in Ireland long after the others had come to Ohio.

My mother, Biddy Lawler, was a house servant at fifty cents a week before she was twelve years old. Within a year she obtained work with another family at a dollar a week.

My grandmother started a boarding-house when her daughter was fourteen. Mother and daughter took care of fifty laborers, cooked three meals a day, made the beds, cared for several small children, and did the washing beside. In two years they saved fifteen hundred dollars. With this money my grandmother purchased what is still known as the Lawler farm.

Then Biddy Lawler married my father. She moved with him into a log shack in the woods. There they remained three years. Sick with the ague, the mumps, yellow jaundice, and malaria fever, they emerged poorer than on their wedding day. A woman of imagination, my mother had all the moods of April. Married at sixteen, she was dead at thirty-two.

The mother of eight children in as many years, she had an unconscious sense of drama, but of humor, none. Even humor would not have saved her. She was one of those sad women who live by ignorance and die by faith. Fanatically religious, an intense Catholic, she was really, unknowingly, a pagan and a pantheist.

One Spring she made a bed of pansies surrounded with violets. She had a cow to milk, and a husband and several children to look after. She was bearing another

child. A late frost came and shriveled the many-colored heads of the flowers even with the stems. She cried over them as though they were dead children. But, as of everything else which touched her life deeply, she said nothing of the incident.

Her hair was auburn, beautiful, and very long. She wore it in heavy braids which reached to her knees. Her eyes were large, deep brown, and tragically sad. Her mouth was puckered always in a childish pout. The lower portion of her face was too strong for the current conception of beauty.

A strictly moral woman, two shadows hung over her life. Her eldest brother was serving a fifteen-year sentence in the Ohio penitentiary in Columbus as a horse thief, and her sister Moll had "gone wrong." She forgave the brother, and mourned with and for him. Her sister she never forgave.

One Christmas, her relatives, a dozen in all, drove over the snow in a bob-sled to spend the day with her. Moll accompanied them. With her Irish sense of drama my mother stalked to the sled. She called them all by name, beginning with her father and mother, and saying in turn,

"Father, you can get out. Mother, you can get out. Tom, you can get out"—and so on until she came to Aunt Moll. "But Moll—you can't get out! You can never darken my door!"

She turned defiant, and walked into the house, the long auburn braids of her hair swinging like censurs aflame.

A brother followed and pleaded with her. He might as well have talked to a stone on a grave. He pleaded forgiveness on

account of Christ's birthday—it would make her children happy. With mouth set tight, she shook her head.

"You may never see her again," the brother said.

"I never will!" Her mouth went tight again.

My uncle returned to the sled.

He took his seat by Aunt Moll. She was not much over twenty. She was an Irish colleen in type, and her features were regular and beautiful. Her eyes were vivid blue.

Many writers describe the Irish as loquacious in anger. Greater mistake was never made. These twelve, with their wounded pride, sat silent, and stared down the snowy road. The horses started. The bob-sled glided over the road. All were gone.

My mother talked no more that day.

II

We lived in a log house, in and out the windows of which the crows of trouble flew.

My father was a gorilla-built man. His arms were long and crooked. The ends of a carrot-shaped mustache touched his shoulder blades. It gave his mouth the appearance of a ferocity not in his heart. Squat, agile, and muscular, he weighed nearly one hundred and ninety pounds. His shoulders were early stooped, as from carrying the inherited burdens of a thousand dead Irish peasants.

A man of some imagination, he loved the tingle of warm liquor in his blood. He was for fifty years a ditch-digger. The house, built by himself, contained four rooms. In it six children and their parents lived. Relatives visited us for days at a time. I early learned to sleep like a con-tortionist.

We reached our home by a muddy or dusty lane, according to the Ohio season. It was in the centre of a dense woods a half mile from the main road. A deep ditch ran in front of the house. It had been dug by my father. The section in which we lived

was known as the Black Swamp. It was flat for many miles.

The artificial St. Mary's reservoir, ten miles long and seven wide, was not far away. It drained the muddy water of many counties and spawned a pestilence of mosquitos. A soggy muddy basin, the countryside was an ideal section for a ditch-digger. My father had all the poverty, children and work he could manage.

He came from Ireland with his mother when a lad of ten. After seven weeks on the ocean, he was five days reaching Ohio from New York, a distance of eight hundred miles.

He was at heart an agnostic. But his wife relied much on God, and he did not interfere. Aware of the trap in which life had caught him, he bowed to his peasant futility like a gentleman.

He treated his children like unavoidable evils, and deserted them early.

Violating all the rules of health, he was never ill.

He would read by the hour. Whether it helped him mentally, I know not. He was nearsighted, and when reading, he never moved his eyes. A country newspaper, a frayed volume of Shakespeare, or a medical almanac, it moved backward and forward within two inches of his left eye.

He left me in an orphanage for six years. During all that time he did not write to me. He did not come near me. Neither did he help me when I left. When I was a vagrant, he made no comment, gave no advice. When I became known as a writer, he said no word.

He would give his last dollar away—and take another man's last dollar without compunction. He gave his money to the person nearest him at the time.

A wife, six children, two cows, one hog, a blind mare, and a sense of sad humor were my father's possessions. He was always in debt. He was a man whom calamity followed.

Once, while ditching in a nearby field, he saw his house ablaze. The family was away. He ran across the meadow and

rushed up the stairs. He saved a corn-husk mattress. He jumped with it out of the window.

My mother arrived with neighbors soon after. She grabbed a small gilt clock from the mantel. It was all she had of beauty. A farmer threw a large crock of eggs into the yard to save them.

Two cows and Blind Nell were in a small enclosure adjoining the house. The cattle broke through the rails and escaped. Blind Nell remained. She was the delight and wonder of our childhood. A five-acre woods was her Summer home. Totally blind, she could walk through the entire woods without touching shrub or tree. She would leave by the same route and come out at the same place each time.

With tail ablaze, she now stood whimpering, still. My father seized a revolver. I followed him. He crashed a bullet through her skull.

She went to her front knees, as if in prayer for the dying. Her hide was bare as a glove. She twitched once—and was still.

A most amazing Irishman was my father—one devoid of sentimentality. A man without tears, he often seemed one without pity. He patted the forehead of the dead mare, while his house burned to the ground.

Much was said against him. He was called a child deserter, a whore-monger, and a drunkard. The product of people too much given to the vice of slander, he never made an unkind comment on others.

After the fire we lived in an old school-house for two weeks. My father borrowed five dollars. A few neighbors helped us.

Farmers and relatives gathered later to help build our new home. They brought cast-off pieces of furniture for us. They felled trees and hewed them. Oxen dragged them from the woods. Straight trees of smaller size were cut and fitted as rafters.

Then Mother brought her flock home, and life went on as wretchedly as before.

Father had the oxen drag Blind Nell to a spot in the woods.

She was never buried.

III

I early learned, with my brothers, the tricks of the woods. We knew how to go with the wind when tracking rabbits. We used the moss on the trees as a compass, claiming that it was always on the north side of a tree.

We once robbed a quail's nest and placed the eggs under a setting hen. Two of the eggs hatched in a few days. The hen, feeling that her task was done, rose from her nest. No larger than hickory nuts, the two quail followed the hen about the place.

They were a constant grief to Mother. Several times she gave us ten cents each to lose them in the woods. We were careful to see that they found their way back to the barnyard. In a few days, Mother would give us ten cents again. The large red hen would cluck at her two nervous children in utter dismay. At last they went to the woods and returned no more.

When my clothes were fit to wear I went to mass on Sunday with my ragamuffin brothers and sisters. The church was in Glynwood, an Irish village, five miles from St. Mary's. Across the road was a cemetery where rustic wanderers, far from Ireland, were buried. Children, early exhibiting the Irish contempt for death, played tag upon the graves.

Three saloons were close to the church. My father often dallied too long at their bars, and reached his seat in church without reverence in his heart.

Shoes were scarce in my childhood. From early Spring until late Fall I wore them only on Sundays, when I called at the house of God. Barefooted, I ran in the early morning frost to bring the cows from their straw shed in the woods. I would warm my feet where they had lain all night.

The roads in our section were merely wagon tracks through woods and fields. Often, when father drove his oxen to town, I would go along. My bare feet would hang from the wagon and trail in the muddy water.

My father seldom talked to me. There was a restful kindness in his silence. His personality, save on a few dramatic occasions, was negative. My mother's was positive. They lived together peacefully for sixteen years.

The county paid a bounty of one cent each for dead sparrows. I was too young to kill, but my older brothers each owned a sling shot and rifle. I accompanied them to the county commissioner, who lived eight miles from our home.

Down the road we went with our hundred dead strung across the neck of Blind Nell. As though in mourning for the occasion, the old horse walked slowly. As she could not be made to move faster, my brothers jumped off her back and ran ahead.

When we reached the commissioner's house, I rode into the lane like a freckled king delivering a dead feather-ruffled army. The commissioner counted the birds as a miser would pennies. He loomed large to me. His beard was heavy. There were two red spots on his face which it did not cover. A great many pigeons hopped about his barnyard.

He gave us a silver dollar and scolded us for killing the birds. Years later I heard that he had been in love with my mother. She did not want to marry "out of the church."

We would often wander through the woods and tap the sugar-maple trees. Our mother had a reason for the sweetness of the sap:

It was a very hot day in August. Three fairies wandering from Ireland sought rest under the shade of many trees. All would draw in their leaves at the approach of the fairies.

Worn in body and foot-sore, they came at last to a small tree. It had been beaten sideways by the wind. Its leaves became larger than elephants' ears when it saw them approach. They rested under its shade a long, long time. When all was ready for the journey back to Ireland, a heavy wind roared over the meadows and

through the woods. It bent the little tree until its branches touched the ground.

The fairies could hear the tree's heart aching. One branch said to the other, "If we break now we will never be able to give shade to such sweet tired little people again."

The other branch said, "Oh, we can't break—not for ourselves, for that doesn't matter—but suppose we were all wrinkled and dead and someone needed shade on a hot day like this? These little people are so woebegone that we must fight to keep alive for their sake—and the sake of others."

The fairies heard the words. According to my mother, it is the gift of no other fairies in the world but Irish fairies to hear pine trees whisper to birds in the mountains—to hear eagles talk to tigers in the sky. . . . The head fairy said to the others, "I want to be alone for just a little moment."

He waved at a passing cloud. Out of it stepped a beautiful young lady dressed in blue. Her blue eyes danced like the sun on Easter morning. Her skin was whiter even than Mother's. Red roses were in her cheeks. Her dark hair was studded with golden stars. She wore a large cloak with a vivid red lining. She stepped down and talked to the head fairy.

He motioned to the bent little tree. The other fairies heard the beautiful lady say, "How lovely—such a good deed should never die—and just think—those branches thought not of themselves at all, at all!" The three fairies and the beautiful lady looked long and admiringly at the little tree. The beautiful lady threw a kiss to each branch.

Suddenly the tree grew many feet. It became the most shapely tree in Auglaize county. Birds came from all the directions of heaven and sang within its branches. There were orioles green and gold, and eagles—red, purple and blue. The eagles sang like canaries, until many scarlet birds came and took up the song. Then the beautiful lady whispered:

"Give the tree and all its sisters eternal life, and make their blood sweet and warm, and their roots to go deep down into the earth so that no wind only out of the hand of Almighty God can ever make it bow."

A mighty roar was heard in the woods. It was all the other trees complaining.

"We intended to give shade!" they said.

And the beautiful lady called back to them, her voice softer than dew under the feet of the child Jesus:

"I shall not judge you . . . but these little travelers could not find rest under the shade of your intentions. It was a happy chance that I happened to be coming by this way. I have so many worlds in which to see that the flowers grow properly that I have not been over this section in a million years."

She paused, the roses glowing in her cheeks.

"But I shall carry your good intentions to our Heavenly Father—and He will judge you kindly."

She turned to the little fairies:

"Would you like to ride to Ireland with me?" she asked.

"Yes indeed, most beautiful lady," they replied.

A cloud swooped out of the sky. It was more graceful than an eagle on a windy morning.

"We shall be in Ireland in thirty-two minutes," said the beautiful lady.

They waved at the friendly and now beautiful sugar-maple tree, and were lost to sight in a second.

IV

We took our dog Monk with us everywhere. Always in the vanguard of adventure, with his plumed tail ever wagging in joy, his eyes were ever sad.

The priest gave him to my mother when he was a puppy six weeks old. I learned to walk by holding to his side. A thoroughbred collie, he carried himself among Irish peasants as if they were his equals. He associated with no other dogs.

One day Monk ventured too near a rattle-snake. It struck him on the shoulder with enough force to knock him backward. He ran yelping away. Forgetting the snake in our anxiety for the dog, we followed him to the bank of the large ditch which ran in front of the house and circled back through the woods.

Monk hurriedly buried himself in the mud until only his head was exposed. All our coaxing would not make him move. Father told us that it was a dog's way of curing itself of poison. It would require four or five days.

Patiently we waited. Each night before going to sleep I would think of Monk, alone, out in the mud. We carried meat and water to him every day. He would touch nothing, and growled his disapproval if we came too near.

He finally came home with a starved appearance and a limp in his shoulder. The Prodigal Son was not treated with greater kindness.

A culvert six miles away was often our destination. Its roof was a cattle guard made out of steel spikes to keep cattle from wandering on the railroad tracks.

We could tell time by the position of the sun. We knew just when the train passed the crossing. We were literally tattered sun-dials.

We awaited the approaching train in the culvert with Monk. It vibrated over the ground a half mile away and bore down upon us with a terrible roar.

One day we decided to tease Monk. We crawled into the culvert without him. He tried to follow. We would not let him in.

The train roared toward the culvert.

Monk, baffled, ran barking up and down the tracks. We yelled at him. "Get away, Monk! Get away! Get away!!!"

But Monk, feeling that we were in danger, dashed along the rails.

We scampered from the culvert. The whirling dust made it impossible to see or talk for a short time.

At last we regained our voices.

"Monk—Monk!" we yelled.

We could not see him.

"Monk, Monk! Come, Monk! Come, Monk! Nice Monk! Come on! We was only teasin'! Come on, Monk!"

Tom, my older brother, patted his knees and snapped his fingers.

We scanned the tall grasses on each side of the track.

At last Tom said: "Maybe he got mad and run on home, Dogs do that."

To console me, he added: "That's jist about what he did. We'll find him right in the Summer kitchen with Mother."

Tom fell on the ground a short distance further.

"Monk—Monk—Monk! Please look, please, please. We didn't mean it Monk, *please, PLEASE!*"

Monk's eyes were partly open. His body still quivered. He tried to open his eyes. They went shut.

We placed him in an easier position.

He moaned, and moved no more.

We laid him upon a board. Murderers could have felt no worse.

A freight train passed, on its way to St. Mary's. I can still see the engineer, red kerchief about his neck, waving, these thirty years.

"Will we tell Mother and Virginia how it happened?"

Tom, my nine-year-old brother, replied slowly, "Yes—"

A farmer, hauling gravel from the Forty Acre Pond, stopped his team.

He was a shriveled, weather-beaten man with a face the color of burnt brick. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Lost your dog, eh? Oh well—don't you cry—you kin git another one—there's lots o' dogs."

He helped us place Monk in the wagon.

As it stopped in front of the house, Mother and Sister Virginia came to the road.

Monk's mouth was grim in death. His front paws were crossed. We cried over the thoroughbred martyr for the peasant Irish. Red-eyed with weeping, Mother looked at me.

"What will you do?" she asked.

Tom said, "Mother!"

Holding both her hands to her ears, she said: "I know, *I know!*"

Monk's name was never mentioned to Mother again.

We buried him in a far corner of the woods. Three hard maple trees formed a triangle over his grave.

We built a fire upon it, and chanted all we could remember of the Litany for the Dead.

II

Old Hughie

MY GRANDFATHER, Old Hughie Tully, was short and wide, with the strength of a bull.

My grandmother married him after she had inherited twenty acres of Irish ground. With no money to buy horse or plow, they tilled the land with spades. For five years they bent their backs and starved.

The adjoining land was owned by an English lord. They watched his sleek horses furrow his acres with shining plows. They sold the land to him and came to America. That was during the middle of the last century.

Old Hughie was a peddler of Irish

linens and lacés in the South for three years. His wanderings gave him knowledge of and contempt for people. He sent another Irishman to visit the towns ahead of him. It was that man's duty to select a beautiful girl, and to dress her in the best laces and linens. The maiden would saunter forth to church on Sunday. All the other women would be curious to know where she had got such lovely things. She would tell them that she had met a peddler in a town nearby. Hughie would then make his entrance—and do a thriving business. His confederate, meanwhile, would be making arrangements in a town beyond.

"Wimmin are not all vain, indade not!" Old Hughie would say to me. "Some are dumb too."

My childhood was unusual in that it contained no soldier heroes. Old Hughie had two prejudices: he liked neither the Irish nor the Negroes. His dislike of the former was based on general principles; he disliked the latter because he believed that they were the souls of Methodists come back to earth, singed by hell-fire.

Believing this, he had no desire to fight for their freedom. The Civil War was thus deprived of his services.

Once I asked him why he had not been a soldier. A man of nearly eighty then, his body still powerful, his sharp steel-blue eyes looking out from beneath shaggy eyebrows that had faded from red to yellowish gray, he snapped,

"If ye are in a strange nayborhood ye don't take sides. Ireland is me country—an' by the help of God, may I niver see it agin!"

There was an old Irish shrew who did not like him because he drank overmuch at times. She was haggard and worn. Her tongue was sharper than her features.

"The old hag, she said to me yisterday, 'Indade, and if ye were me husband I'd give ye poison.'

"Indade and if I were, I'd take it,' I said right back."

Grandmother Tully was said to have been of better blood than he. The daughter of a country squire, she wrote verses. Old Hughie, who was never without his bottle, would take a swig and exclaim:

"Sich blarney! Makin' words jingle! Indade, ye'd better be washin' the daishes!"

When I showed him my own doggerel, he threw up his hands.

"Oh, me God, me God! Git yerself a shovel like yere father! Let yere grandmother do sich things. It's not for the likes of a brawny boy like ye."

When rheumatism had forced him to live on the sparse bounty of his children, he evolved a method that would keep an active mind from getting into a rut.

He would leave the house each morning at seven o'clock. It was the hour the saloons opened. There were twenty-six of them in St. Mary's. Old Hughie knew them all, and all the bartenders in the place.

Many of them were Germans. Auglaize county was settled by Irish and German peasants. They were always at war. Grandfather was the ambassador of love. Not for such a man were the squabbles of peasants! He would lean his two-hundred-pound, five-foot-four body on the bar and pour soothing oil on the troubled waters—for a glass of whiskey.

He was never really a cadger. He simply traded wit for drink. If wit were not needed, he gave consolation and advice. He had worn out several pedler's packs and many shovels. Thus equipped, he knew how to run the country, a neighbor's farm, and all affairs with women.

Every week he trimmed his black and white beard and mustache to within a half-inch of his face. He had never been to a dentist—had never lost a tooth. His teeth were large and even. He had retired at seventy.

There was only one Negro in the town of St. Mary's. In spite of his avowed prejudice, Old Hughie was his bosom friend. The Negro spent his money freely at the bar.

"Indade an' indade," Old Hughie often said to him, "a colored gentleman is better than the Irish. I know—for I'm one o' thim."

Often, on the Negro's day off, the two could be seen walking arm-in-arm from one saloon to the other. My grandfather had a song which would make the darky laugh. He would pound the bar and stamp his feet to keep time, so he thought, with his words. All would listen.

The Lord made a nayger,
He made him in the night,
He made him in sich a hurry,
He forgot to make him white.

Grandfather was one of the first men in Ohio to allow his wife complete freedom. He would not bother her for days at a

time. But when liquor had made him ill he would sit in his large chair and hit the table with his bottle.

"Kath-u-rin, Kath-u-rin!" he would shout.

Grandmother, aged and stooped but vital, with wrinkles in her face deep enough to bury matches, would draw near him, holding a corn-cob pipe in her hand.

"Indade, Kath-u-rin, you know what it is? It's that damned liquor Coffee sells—it'd eat a hole in a pipe."

"Well, it's good for ye—a man yere age—a-lettin' the lick'er soak yere fine brains out! What'll iver become o' ye?"

"Be still, woman, be still, be still! It's more lick'er I want an' not advice."

"Indade, an' ye'll git no more lick'er this day!"

At this insult Grandfather would hurry from the house.

He was unlike most men. Once in the saloon, no one ever heard of his troubles at home. He was a born man about town.

II

He could play a fiddle and sing a ballad. Vagabonds with fiddles would often play in the Ohio saloons of those days. Old Hughie would take the fiddle and help entertain. He had picked up many Negro tunes in the South. I can still hear him chanting with terrific gusto—

I wish I waaz an apple—
An' my yaller gal waaz anither
An' Oh, how happee we would be,
On the tree together!

Oh, how jealous the niggahs would be,
When by my side they spied her!
An' oh, how happee we would be,
All smashed up into cider! . . .

The crowd would buy him many drinks. There was a tacit understanding between the bartenders and Old Hughie that when other people treated the liquor was to be of the best. Whether he drank five hours or ten, he never lost control of his senses. Liquor merely made him more alive and charming. It made him forget the wretched

cottage in which he passed as few hours as possible.

The little yellow fiddle seemed a toy with his immense arms about it. His red flannel undershirt was rolled to the elbows. The great muscles of his forearms bulged like whipcord. His hair, like withered gray wild grass, was in a heap of tangles on his head. The vagabond fiddlers, glad of a recess, entered into the spirit of each song. Old Hughie took all the drinks offered. But when the hat was passed, all the money went to the strolling players.

There was a path reserved at the end of the bar where Hughie's glass and bottle stood. No man ever stood in that path.

The bartender would raise his hand. Many other hands would be raised. Old Hughie was to sing again. With his squat heavy body tense, his head hung low, his lips held tight and firm, he would move toward the bar and pour himself a glass brimful of Three Star Hennessy.

No one ever knew where he learned the many stories he told. But he always had a new one to tell.

"Did ye iver hear of the man who drank too much? Well, he worried his wife till she went to the praist wit' her troubles. 'Father,' she says, 'he drinks like a well—an' no prayers of me own can stop him.'

"'Wait,' says the holy man, 'it is I that will stop him an' put the fear of Almighty God in his heart.'

"So that night he wint to Michael, who was so dhrunk he thought he was the Black Pope.

"'Michael,' says the holy father, 'if the good Lord answers yere prayers will ye quit dhrinkin'?'"

"'Yis,' says Michael. 'I'll be quittin' even if His Mother answers thim.'

"'All right,' says the praist. 'We'll pray to the Blissed Virgin. An' what will ye ask her?' asks the praist.

"'I'll ask her,' says the dhrunken scoundrel, 'for the loan of tin dollars.'

"'All right,' says the holy father, 'go ahead and ask the Holy Mother for tin dollars.'

"Michael knilt on the hard road with the praist at his side.

"Swate Virgin, Mither of a Man without min," he said, 'may the prayer of a poor bedraggled soul wantin' the loan of tin dollars float up to Ye and into the corridors of Heaven. It is only tin dollars I would be havin' an' it's me first chance to iver git so much money out of a woman.'

"The praist felt in his coat pocket. There was only four dollars. He put the four dollars in Michael's coat pocket.

"Feel in yere pocket, Michael," says the praist, 'an' see if yere prayers be not answered.'

"Michael felt in his pocket and drew out four dollars.

"Did She give ye the tin?" asked the praist.

"No, begorra," says Michael. 'She owes me six dollars yit.'

"Well, She'll pay that aisy," says the holy father. 'Just remember it, an' lo an' behold, some day the Blessed Mither will remember it too—an' pay you in the gold She scrapes off the stars on Aister Sunday.'"

The old man chuckled.

"Michael got dhrunk on the four dollars. The woman hurried to the praist agin. The good man waited for Michael to come home late at night. A white sheet was about the holy father's head as he stood behind a tree in the road. As Michael came along singin',

"It's the purties goddamn country that iver yit
was seen . . .

Where they're hangin' min an' wimen for the
wearin' o' the green!

"Who should step right out but a ghost from behind the trae!

"Michael shivered at first, but was afraid to run, so he became brave.

"An' who may ye be?" he asked, his taith rattlin' like stones in his mouth.

"The ghost answered in a voice dayper than thunder in London.

"I'm *Jasus Christ!*"

"Michael was relieved right away, away.

"He held the ghost in his arms. . . .

"Oh, I'm so glad to see Ye!" he said . . . an' he held him close—

"Yere Mither owes me six dollars!" "

III

Save that he had a greater sense of drama, Old Hughie Tully was like a popular novelist. He gave his audience what it wanted.

He often began a story with "Whin I was a piddler in the South—" After these words he would look about in the manner of a man who expected silence. It generally followed. He would then look from his empty glass to the bartender. More liquor was poured.

"You know, gentlemen, when I was a piddler in the South—"

Once, when all were ready for the story, a drunken man entered, with a wooden leg.

"Please, gentlemen," he pleaded, "be so kind as to contribute money toward the expense of another wooden leg. I lost my leg at the battle of Bull Run, a holdin' back the rebel hordes from the fair valleys of the North."

Old Hughie looked sternly at the newcomer. The intrusion was unwelcome.

"Who is the gentleman?" he asked.

"Oh, some hobo. They're always drunk," said his friend John Crasby.

Old Hughie began again. "Whin I was a piddler in the South." But the voice of the stranger rose higher: "Gentlemen, will you help an old man who lost a leg in humblin' his country's pride? I was the fastest runner at the battle of Bull Run, gentlemen. It was me that got General Jackson the name of Stonewall, gentlemen. He was gallopin' like hell on his horse, with General Lee's daughter holdin' to him, and I came dashin' by. General Lee yells out, 'That Yank's goin' so fast he makes Jackson look like a stone wall.'"

Grandfather Tully looked at him, with grim wrinkles of laughter about his eyes.

The man's leg was off above the knee.

A piece of wood was fastened to it. It was like no other wooden leg ever made. Worn wood curved around an iron band at the bottom. His upper lip was shaved clean. His jaws were covered with bright red whiskers that hung at least a dozen inches and spread across his breast. His eyes were full of laughter. One forgot his thin upper lip in looking at them. He wore a heavy blue army coat with brass buttons. Several brass medals, half hidden by the whiskers, hung from his left breast. His hair, perhaps once red, was of an indescribable color.

An old army hat was crumpled on his head. Several holes were torn through the crown. He was very tall and very drunk. Whenever he took a step, the wooden leg crashed upon the floor with a resounding thud.

Old Hughie Tully looked away from him, and began once again, "Now, whin I was a piddler in the South—"

The one-legged man faced him.

"Do you live in this town?" he asked.

Old Hughie rubbed his stubby whiskers. He looked slightly perturbed. "Indade, if it plazes yure insolence to know, I do." Then, nettled, he snapped out, "And why did ye ask?"

"Oh, for no reason at all," returned the stranger. "You just looked like a man who *would* live here."

"I look like a bright man—I'd be for sayin'!" flared Old Hughie.

"Well, maybe you do—but you deceive your looks."

"Say, who the livin' hell are you?"

"I'm a soldier, sir, home from the wars." He pulled his whiskers aside. "See these medals? I won them all. I am he that runs. It was my old friend Napoleon who said, 'Give the fools medals.' Strange to say, though I'm a Union soldier, I won mine by getting Jackson a new name. Jefferson Davis said to George Washington that a man who could run like that deserved to be treated well." He laid a nickel on the bar. "Give me a mug of beer, bartender, please."

It was placed before him. He drank it quickly, and rubbed his lower lip.

"See that upper lip?" he said to the bartender, "I was years in learning to get rid of my mustache. It hindered my beer-drinking. At last came wisdom and I had it shaved off. So long does it take us to learn the simple things!"

Old Hughie began once more, "When I was a piddler in the South. . . ."

"But gentlemen, I would speak to you one and all." The one-legged man waved his arms. "I am a wounded veteran, long run home from the wars. May I ask a small collection from this august assembly? I am endeavoring, as becomes the pride of a soldier, to get a new leg. So long as the great heroes of the Civil War lived, I was well supplied with the money for new legs. But now they are all gone. One by one they have joined, unwilling as they may have been, the bivouac of the dead.

"By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray."

"Lord, what a lot of mush!" said Old Hughie. "Maybe he'll be still now. Surely he can't talk after sich fol-de-rol."

The stranger remained pensive, as if living over again the days of his vanished glory. He suddenly drained his mug of beer.

"Whin I was a piddler in the South." Old Hughie looked at his audience. They moved closer. "As I waz sayin', whin I was a pid—"

"Gentlemen who wave flags on the Fourth of July, I—a one-legged soldier—who retreated from Moscow with Napoleon—who has ever been in the forefront in the wars of Humanity—even though in that cause I have become legless—I ask the boon of a new leg."

The swinging doors of the saloon opened and shut.

A group of well-dressed men entered.

They were led by Barney Russell, collector for a Kentucky distillery.

"Bellies to the bar, men!" he called. "Bellies to the bar!"

Instantly all in the place were lined up at the bar for a drink. All took whiskey but the one-legged man. He asked for a large glass of beer. "The nerve of a man like that!" said John Crasby.

"Yis," said Old Hughie, "only a hobo would act so ungrateful." Then he said to the stranger, "What do you mane—dhrinkin' beer on a man who sills whiskey?"

The one-legged man rubbed his upper lip and looked at Grandfather a moment.

"Do you know how Rockyfeller got rich?" he asked quietly.

"No, I do not," replied Old Hughie, nonplussed.

"It was very simple," replied the man. "He tended to his own business."

Old Hughie swallowed twice.

"You are not a man I should pay attention to—I don't even know you."

The bartender filled the glasses a second time.

Russell was busy counting the bills which the saloon-keeper had handed him. Satisfied with the amount, he called, "Fill 'em up again." The glasses were filled the third time.

The one-legged soldier swallowed his beer before Old Hughie and John Crasby raised their glasses. He wiped his shaven upper lip again and turned to Hughie,

"This is what you oughta have—a lip like this—no beer lost. I figured it all out. Eighty-eight barrels of beer stuck to my mustache before I had brains enough to shave it off. It's the little things that count in beer drinking. My father was a brew-master in Poland. I worked in a brewery there until I was forty years old. I learned the beer business from the suds down."

"Was that before you went to the war?" asked Old Hughie.

"It was all during the war," the reply came quickly.

Old Hughie shook his head.

"You know, Stranger," explained the one-legged man, "the drinking of beer is a lost art in this country, or rather it is an art which barbaric whiskey-guzzlers have not learned." He looked hard at Grandfather. "Now, my father, after he returned from Siberia as brew-master to the Czar, explained to me that beer should never be tasted with the tongue—it should be swallowed—"

"Like castor oil," put in Old Hughie.

"Or whiskey—or any other medicine for children," returned the soldier.

"Men should never drink beer," he went on, "out of glasses. Heavy mugs should be used to hold the tongue out of the beer. There's a great art in drinking beer." He felt his chest proudly.

"How about whiskey?" asked Hughie.

"You pour it on the kindling and strike a match to it—"

"G'wan!" But Grandfather's words were stopped in his throat.

"I've never been able to understand," said the stranger, looking straight at him, "how men drink whiskey. One may as well eat matches for breakfast and drink nitro-glycerine."

"Do ye know how Rockyfeller got rich?" Grandfather asked.

"Su—re, in the oil business," the stranger replied.

Grandfather looked crestfallen.

"He had his mind on bigger things than beer-drinkin' anyhow." The one-legged man drained his mug. Then, with one eye closed,

"I just heard a good one."

"What is it?" asked Grandfather.

"It's a riddle."

"Well, go ahead."

"What is it that stands on one leg and barks like a dog?"

Old Hughie thought long and earnestly.

"Give up?" asked the stranger.

"Yis."

"It's a stork."

"But a stork don't bark like a dog," returned Old Hughie peevishly.

"Oh well, I put that in just to make it harder."

"Well, I'll be sint to purgatory for mortal sin!" roared Old Hughie.

The stranger chased a fly from his upper lip and roared in a voice of thunder—

"As I turned down the new cut road
I met old Nick with a devil of a load.
And I said Satan, please do tell,
They're a lot o' whiskey toppers on their way
to Hell."

IV

All laughed. The collector said, "Give that fellow a lot of beer." The bartender placed three mugs in front of him.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," suggested Old Hughie, "I'll dhrink two whiskies to aich mug o' beer ye dhrink an' I'll put ye to slape under the brass railin' here."

The whiskey collector spoke up.

"All right. I'll bet on Hughie an' buy liquor for both."

In a few minutes three mugs had been drained. Then the one-legged man turned to Old Hughie. "Stranger, why are you so rash? Don't you know that my father was a brew-master in France for sixty years?"

"I don't give a damn if he was Quane Victoria's aunt. I'm goin' to dhrink ye unconscious as ye should be—a stranger comin' into groups o' gintlemen an' talkin' about yere damn wooden leg!"

"It's glass for glass," said the bartender. "The man here'll be allowed two minutes more on each drink, Hughie—he's got more to drink."

"Who—me?" asked the one-legged man. "It's even Stephen, as far as I'm concerned—minute for minute—glass for glass. I'll take no unfair advantage of a man. I learned chivalry at Bull Run—every man had a chance there—and they all took it."

"All right, thin," roared Old Hughie. "I'll dhrink three glasses o' whiskey to one of his beer. I'll taich him to brag!"

"My wooden leg is hollow, Stranger—it holds a barrel."

"Oh, an' I don't give a flip o' the praist's

cassock if it holds *two* barrels. If ye got a brain in yere talky head at all I'll make ye dhrunk."

The crowd stood close. More liquor was placed on the bar. Old Hughie was as steady as an iron rod. The stranger began to reel about the saloon. He raised a hand.

"All I ask now, gentlemen, is that you don't give the bout to my whiskey-drinking opponent until you see me lie down and close my eyes for an hour. Was it not the Duke o' Wellington who yelled, 'Don't give up the ship'? I am of the breed. What would my grandfather, who was the greatest brewer of ale in Ireland, think of his son if he lost to a man like that?"

"Niver mind, dhrink yere beer. We'll make up our own lies," grunted Grandfather.

The word quickly spread along Spring street that Old Hughie was trying to put a beer-drinker under the table. The saloon was soon filled. Men stood on chairs and watched.

"We're out of Three Star Hennessy, Hughie. Will Old Taylor do?"

"Shure! I can bate this bum dhrinkin' if I dhrink rat poison."

"Well, that's what ye're dhrinkin', Stranger," said the one-legged man, scraping his wooden leg on the floor.

John Crasby looked into a mug which the stranger placed on the bar. "There's another sup in there yet," he said, lifting it. "Drink it all—no fair leavin' any."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, that was an oversight. Such mistakes are often made by the leading beer-drinkers."

Everybody drank. Even the back yard was filled with men. Many wagers were made. Old Hughie was a two to one favorite.

"But watch this other fellow," said a well-known German beer-drinker from New Bremen, ten miles away. "He was in New Bremen last week. He put the four Hauser boys under the table in six hours."

The stranger, with a mug in each hand, pounded his wooden leg on the floor and yelled,

"Remember what Newton said, gentlemen—give him a lever and he'd roll over the world. The same here, men. Give me a big enough tank and I'll drain the breweries of Egypt. My father wasn't a brew-master in Germany seventy years for nothing."

Old Hughie, like the grim fighter that he was, lost no motion. He seemed to feel that the least effort might tilt his brain. On his face was the expression of a drowning man who tries to keep his chin above water.

His rival staggered about the saloon, talking loudly. He took the battered hat from his head.

"See the holes in this hat, gentlemen?—shot through by whiskey-drinkers after I put 'em under the table!"

"Kape yere eye on him," said Old Hughie. "They're beginnin' to git licked whin they brag."

John Crasby watched the stranger. He examined each mug as it was placed upon the bar.

Hours passed. Still the men drank.

"Let's give them a recess," suggested the collector. "We'll be arrested for drownin' 'em. Is it all right with you, Hughie—and you?" turning to the one-legged man.

Hughie conferred with John Crasby.

"Only fifteen minutes," he said at length. "I don't want to git outa the swing of the drink agin. My brain is in fine fettle now."

It was agreed to suspend hostilities for a quarter of an hour.

The one-legged man stood with his back to the bar, arms outspread. "He'll be fallin' soon," said John Crasby to Hughie.

"I'm afraid not—the dhrunken scallawag! Thir niver was sich a dhrinker since the night o' the big wind in Ireland."

He scratched his head,

"But at any rate—whin I was a piddler in—"

"Gentlemen," shouted the one-legged man, "you have perhaps forgotten my original mission among you. I have come

as a patriot home from the wars—wounded—legless—but not dead. I come among you to obtain money with which to buy a new leg.

"This leg I now wear is much worn and warped with the years. I was not an officer in the army, gentlemen. Officers do not lose their legs in the cause of glory. I fought and died, gentlemen, that all men might be free to escape from the Bull Runs of the soul. My distinguished opponent here perhaps does not understand the emotion that kindles in the heart of the soldier—for did he not call my poem a lot of mush?"

"He'll talk himself under the table," Old Hughie whispered to John Crasby. "It's the talk that makes min dhrunk—it upsits their brain. Now, whin I was a piddler—"

V

"And, gentlemen—hidden away as we are here from the stress and strife of daily life—I would fain say a word about how legs are lost. I too was a soldier in the army of love. I fought under the banner of the noblest young woman in Turkey. She was more beautiful than the wondrous maiden of whom our great drinking companion, Lord Byron Burns, of other days wrote. . . .

"Her overpowering beauty made one feel—
It would not be idolatry to kneel—"

"She loved me as truly as a woman ever loved a man. And she was false. She entered the Sultan's harem against my wishes. She became the Sultan's favorite against her own.

"My old father came from the brewery in Kansas and pleaded with the Sultan. 'The boy has only one wife to give the Sultan,' my father said. 'Please do not make her your favorite.' But it was all to no avail.

"At last I found the Sultan on the top of his building, forty stories up. He was all alone. 'Sult,' I said, 'they will read in

the papers tomorrow that you committed suicide. Even he who doubts will believe it. If he thinks of your fifty wives he will believe that you fell forty stories into the very arms of your women. It is a terrible vengeance I seek—caused by a terrible grief—but desire for women is the graveyard of greater men than yourself. You shall be folded forever in the company of the greatest men that ever lingered among us.'

"Sire," said the Sultan, 'don't be a goddam fool! You take your women too seriously. My business in life is women. A mere jump of forty stories would not kill me—and if I am not out of breath when I fall I will hound you with all the soldiers of civilized Europe and the women-loving children of Ireland. I will chase you over mountain and dale and pin you to the walls of Jerusalem with the bullets of my soldiers.'

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'What is a woman, however beautiful, to a man like the Sultan?' He patted his chest. 'I would bid you be careful, señorita! And besides, this woman you love so devoutly—who is she? Do you remember all the roses in your walk through a garden? Be civilized, my friend! You were intelligent enough to run from Bull Run—then why do you show such crass stupidity here? Ho—ho—ho—ho—because you love a woman! Go careful with murder, my friend—you come from more ignorant shores—there are no murders in Turkey over women—wise men—we make them wear veils—their beauty is that which we men alone may see. In your countries—or at least it was so when I traveled incognito over the realms of women with Edward the Seventh, then the beloved Prince of Wales—the beauty of women is for themselves—they preen before mirrors—and as they preen—in their minds comes the destruction of men. Remember, friend—men were free before mirrors were invented by a man who was insane—''

"The time is up!" shouted Old Hughie.

"Let him finish his tale. We must be

courteous to the stranger within our gates," said the bartender. "Besides, Hughie, have compassion—this man has loved a woman!"

"Thank you! Thank you profoundly," bowed the man with one leg. "You are a greater philosopher than most men who wipe bars."

And then he went on.

"The Sultan weighed six hundred and six pounds. His body was gray and blue, like rubber. But he was twenty feet tall, so he did not seem too heavy.

"Women love a tall man," he continued. 'If a tall man just remains quiet he will pass for Solomon with the smartest woman alive. The reason my realm is one of beauty and joy everlasting is because women do not think. They are told what to think in your nation—and what have you? More silly opinions—and less beauty.'

"The Sultan walked to a chart.

"When did your wife leave you?" he asked.

"Three months ago," I replied.

"Then why this haste?" He thought seriously for some moments. 'It will be at least eleven months, according to the most precise regulations of my women tabulators, before I can even see her. Some very beautiful women have remained in my harem for as long as three years before they could even be admitted to my presence. Only four years ago I had to call in four Kings from Christian Europe to help me give them audiences. So you see—sad man of love—that that which breaks your heart is but a dreary incident in the life of another man. All the troubles in the world, my sad man of love, are caused because men cannot lie still in bed.'

"He turned swiftly from the chart.

"What were you doing in Turkey with your beautiful wife?"

"I was a missionary, Sire, and my wife worked with me in the saving of souls. Only three nights before she was captured for your harem she had saved forty of your heathen Turks. She was devout—and read her Bible each hour.'

"The Sultan raised his hand. 'It's no wonder she left. Your Bible, I am told, does not bring peace to women. Only love can do that—and you denied it to her. No beautiful woman wishes to convert heathens. My long years as Sultan have taught me that. My men have searched the realms of the world for beautiful women. No beautiful woman was ever found among the lady missionaries. Saving souls is for ugly people with minds as bitter as the thoughts of death. For what does it matter, my friend, how you walk to the grave? The test is always—what is important. Whether one be a scavenger of souls—or in love with a woman.' "

The stranger wept for a moment.

"But ah, she was lovely! Before we took ship for Turkey she converted a man in New York who said he was an alderman. She was alone with him in a room for several hours. And when they came out the man said he was saved. 'Much can be done with prayer,' the alderman said.

"She was being wrongfully detained by an evil woman in an evil house when I discovered her. After she, by the evil machinations of this evil woman, had stolen seven dollars from me I decided it was time to convert her and let her see the world. I used to teach women the way of virtue in such houses. It was a hard task.

"At last she consented to clope with me

and save sinners if I gave her the seven dollars. When we were married she told me of her sinful life. Ah, gentlemen—she too had her Bull Run of the soul! I thought of her wrongs as I stood before the Sultan.

"'Jump!' I yelled, pulling a big gun from my pocket.

"The Sultan jumped out of the window. I watched him land on the pavement below. I turned from the window and started to leave the room.

"The Sultan had bounced back and stood before me.

"'I have thought it all over,' he said politely. 'I shall not chase you from my dominions. You are free to wander where you will. But still you will be in prison. For well I know that the man who takes one woman seriously will never be free. I bid you good morning.' He pushed me out of his presence."

"What became of the wife?" asked the whiskey-collector.

Before the man could answer he collapsed.

"I knew it," exclaimed Old Hughie. "He talked himself under!"

"Well, he's just a travelin' bum," put in John Crasby.

"Indade, an' he's worse than that," returned Old Hughie. "He's a *beer-drinker*!"

He rubbed his chin—"Now, whin I was a piddler in the South—"

III

The Day of Heroes

OLD HUGHIE could read and write. He was considered an educated man among the Irish peasants of his day in Auglaize county. His father, my great-grandfather, was not so fortunate. England did not allow Irish Catholics to attend school in his youth. He lived and died in ignorance abysmal.

My great-grandfather was five feet high, and nearly half of that across the shoulders. His neck was a mass of muscle, and according to my grandfather, "like steel ropes, be God!" Reared in a hut on a rain-washed

Irish bog, he cursed England and Cromwell, and lifted heavy weights for drinks.

Melodrama was as natural to him as corn to an Iowa farmer. Arson and sudden death were as common in his time as gossip about the King of England. He respected nothing among men. He was capable of turning death into an Irish wake and pouring liquor down the throat of the corpse. He lived to be nearly a hundred years old. He was finally struck by lightning.

"It took an act of God in his mercy to kill him," was Old Hughie's comment.

"No man could do it, begorra. He could knock a horse down, an' choke a bear to death. He hit a man with his little finger one time and it bashed in his skull. He hit a Protestant in Cork an' it broke a preacher's nose in Dublin. . . . He was a man he was—he was!"

Three generations of us sat in the rear of Coffee's saloon in the town of St. Mary's. My father had money in plenty. He had just finished a ditching contract. Dressed roughly, he and my grandfather faced each other.

"How's the dirt in Van Wert county, Jim?" asked Old Hughie.

"Heavy—like glue. It stuck to the shovels and the scrapers—a hell of a job," replied my father.

"Oh, it takes yer old dad to show ye how to throw the dirt. When I first give up piddlin' in the South and took to the shovel I could throw a barrel o' dirt over a house—I could, I could."

"Take another drink, Father, an' ye can throw it over the moon. A house is not a bit high."

"Ye will have yere joke an' doubt the word o' yer old father, but there's only one man who could ever throw the bog to kape aven with me—an' he was—an' he was Timothy Walsh of long dead mimory—God rest his hot soull!"

My grandfather gulped his red liquor and looked at me. I looked at my empty beer-glass. My father called the bartender. Grandfather continued talking.

"He was a murderer—he was, he was. He killed the meanest man in Ireland—and the fattest. This mean man was the boss av a hundred men and he made 'em dig like worms. They cursed him an' he bate thim an' he sneered, 'Go on an' curse, ye scum o' the earth! See the big belly o' me, and the big chest! Indade, ye rascals, I'm growin' fatter on yere curses, glory be to the Saviour!'

"'Indade, an' ye are,' says Timothy Walsh, 'God bless ye,' comin' up closer to him in the bog. 'How would ye like to go to Heaven—where all the rich belong?'

"'I'll go to Heaven in me own good time,' says he, 'an' it's not the likes o' ye who'll have divil a word to say about it.'

"'All right,' says Timothy, says he, 'but say yere prayers now. I'm not the one to send ye to yere God wit' the poison of yere soul in yere heart. God 'ud think ye were a snake an' condemn ye to crawl over the hills of England foriver!'

"'Ho ho ho!' says the boss, 'it's not to be that ye'd be killin' me! Kill one o' your own dirt, if ye must have the gore o' men on yere hands!'

"'It's not the gore o' men I'd be after,' says Timothy, 'it's the gore of divils—with a dead piece o' bog for a heart.'

"Over the bog was comin' the boss's son.

"'Ye better hurry if ye want to see a good man die,' says Timothy, and with that he gave a run an' a jump, an' a dagger a foot long went into the heart o' the meanest an' fattest man in Ireland.

"He crumbled up like a sack o' blood with a hole in it—an' it poured all red and turned thick on the bog. An' whin the son came close he saw Timothy with the dagger—long an' bloody."

"'An' I'll kill ye too,' says he, 'with yere thievin' dead father an' ye to take his place, God Almighty damn the soul o' ye! That ye kin ride in yere fine carriage—an' run over me while I dig in the bog that ye don't starve!' He ran toward the stalwart young son—an' the madness was upon him an' the son ran like the English before the Irish at the battle of Fontenoy—an' Timothy was after him with his father's blood shinin' red on the dagger. 'Run as far as ye like,' says he, 'but I'll catch ye at last—an' send ye to yere father, now so lonesome and dead.'

"An' they ran by the cottage o' Mary O'Brien. She was ould and she couldn't see well—an' she walked on a crutch—an' she heard a man fall over a stumble in her yard. An' a man screamed, 'O God! O God! O God! Don't murder me!' Then she heard blood gurgle an' the dagger go up an' down. Then she heard the dead man become quiet—an' look up at the sky with

his dead eyes. Thin Timothy kicked the dead jaws o' him, until his boot rattled agin' 'em like stones.

"Join yere father, ye braggin' bastard!" says he, 'an' tell him I sint ye—with yere damned heart empty o' blood that ye sucked from the poor!"

"An' Mary O'Brien hid in her house tremblin' like a frozen dog."

The bartender poured more red liquor in my grandfather's glass. I watched his laughter-wrinkled face go stern.

"Tim Walsh came to me father's house. 'Shake hands wit' a murderer,' says he to the ould man. An' me father says, 'Who did ye murder?' says he, an' Tim says, 'Who could I be murderin'? Why the Blakes—father an' son.'

"It's too bad," says me father. 'Ye should o' killed his three brothers.'

"Give me time," says Tim Walsh.

"Does anyone know ye did it?" asks me father.

"Nobody but God—an' He always winks whin a landlord dies—ye kin aven hear the angils snickerin' in Heaven."

My grandfather lifted his glass and clicked it against that of my father.

"Here's to ye!" he snapped, "an' to the forever gone an' weather-beaten and lonely soul o' Timothy Walsh!"

The old man's voice crooned soft as dawn on an Irish meadow.

"Tim was only twenty-eight, with a head like a lion's and shoulders as broad as me father's an' a heart that was bigger than all Ireland when it's rainin'.

"Stay here with me," says me father.

"No, it's to America I'll be goin' with me bloody hands an' me soul unafraid."

II

"But they got Timothy—an' came the day of his trial.

"Bring in the witness to identify him," says the judge.

"In came Mary O'Brien.

"They stood Timothy among the men, an' gave her the long rod to lay upon the

man's head she had seen with the dagger.

"Ye never saw a ghost shook so terrible. She was bent double, and she had no teeth, an' her hands were bones. She smoked an ould pipe. Maybe she wouldn't know him who had rid the earth o' the monsters.

"An' they gave her the rod, an' all looked quiet as the dead on Ash Wednesday.

"She picked up the rod an' leveled it around the room. My Father screamed, 'My God, Mary. . . . Betray not our kind!' His words were took up by others, an' they roared, 'Betray not—Betray *not*—Betray *not* our kind!' They made of it a song until the constable made the room be still.

"Ye could o' heard a feather drop. Mary O'Brien looked in ivery face . . . an' thin, like the ould witch that she was, she laid the rod on the head of Timothy Walsh, an' the judge said: 'Him shall we hang.'

"In the ould days in Ireland ye went to the rope sittin' on yere coffin in a cart. Ye got there an' you met Canty the Hangman . . . an' they said that he couldn't sleep at night for the spirits o' the men with the broken necks kept tryin' to choke him.

"Timothy was ordered to be hung near the spot where he'd killed ould Blake, an' there were many thousands of people gathered there, for they all loved Timothy.

"The horse died—o' poison maybe—on the way to the gallows where Timothy sat a laughin' on his coffin.

"He took the medal of the Blessed Virgin from around his neck an' gave it to me father. 'Wear it,' says he, 'till I be avenged.'

"That I will," says me father, 'till the blood runs like water from the hills.'

"An' they could git no other horse to drag the cart. For if ye have a horse to drag a man to death in Ireland, 'tis niver forgive ye—ye belong to the Informers.

"They wanted Tim to help carry his coffin.

"Indade, an' I'll not carry a bed I don't want to sleep in!" says he, an' so four men carried the coffin—an' Timothy walked behind it.

"Tim's neck was bigger than a bull's.

Big bunches of muscle strung it to his head like ropes.

"He walked along the road, with his coffin goin' ahead, the Irish people cursin', cheerin' an' laughin' at him that was about to die.

"We'll see ye in Heaven," yelled Mary O'Brien's nephew, him o' the black heart.

"Ho, ho," says Timothy, 'not if ye go there, ye dog! I'll leave on the wings o' the angel Gabriel—rather in Hell with Cromwell than with ye in Heaven!'

"The coffin must have been heavy, for the men changed hands, an' one was tired.

"Come," says a constable to me father, 'an' give a hand on Timothy's coffin.'

"Indade," says me father, 'I'll carry the coffin of no frind before he's dead—not if ye bury me in it!'

"It began to rain, an' the drops rattled on the coffin like lost wet souls.

"Hey, hey, hey," says Timothy to me father, 'God in His Heaven is givin' the worms a drink.'

"He dropped his big chin on his breast an' walked like a man in a trance. The rain-drops rattled louder . . . an' Timothy begin to laugh. A man o' ice an' iron he was—wit' a streak of fire between.

"An they says to him at the foot o' the gallows, 'Will ye have a holy father confessor, Timothy?'

"And he looked with flames o' scorn in his eyes.

"Indade, an' it's niver a praist I'll have! If ye bring him that is nayther man nor woman to me, ye'll have to hang me agin for murder—which would be a bother to Holy Mother Church.'

"They put the coffin down.

"Ah ha, ye boys," says Timothy, 'don't break me glass bed . . . for I must see me way through Hell in that!'

"An' the crowd came in closer an' closer, an' Timothy walked up the gallows, the muscles in his neck bulgin' like hunks o' steel.

"Canty the Hangman stood, his fingers itch'in' on the rope. 'Have ye anything to

say, before maytin' yere God?' says he to Timothy.

"Was there iver a time an Irishman had nothin' to say?' says Timothy. 'Give me a dagger—ye murderer for England!—an' I'll say it in yere heart.

"Gather round me, ye slaves o' England, ye poltroons! Rise in yere might with daggers in yere hands an' cut the throats of yere masters!'

"The constables rushed around him at the words.

"Kape yere hands off o' me—I want to go to Heaven clane!" Timothy looked as happy as a praist at his own wedding.

"Put the rope around me neck with no traitor's hand upon me—an' I ask ye, me friends, when ye take me away, to let none o' thim to cut me from the rope.' (For the rilitives an' the friends took the body in thim days.)

"They stood Timothy on a cart an' fastened the rope around his neck. Then a dozen o' the lowest men in Ireland pulled the cart from under him.

"He threw his neck back. His body went straight like an iron rod—an' he snapped the rope—an' he fell to the ground—an' thin me father an' a thousand others rushed in. There was sich a battle! Ye could hear the heads crackin' as far away as London. . . . An' they took Timothy with the rope draggin' from his neck, an' they kicked the coffin to splinters.

"Git him agin—over our dead bodies!" says they, an' me father stood like a block o' stone a-knockin' traitors across the Shannon river twenty-eight miles away. Ye could hear their heads hittin' agin' the trees on the other shore.

"An' they rushed to the cottage o' Mary O'Brien . . . an' there was no one at home but a black cat.

"They shut the doors an' stood with clubs at the windows.

"Burn the house!" yells they, 'for the cat is Mary O'Brien!'

"An' the flames crackled up and spit an' spit, till soon there was only ashes and the bones o' the cat.

"An' as they hurried over the hills to hide Timothy, he laughed in me father's ear, an' he says, 'That damned rope scorched me neck,' says he."

Old Hughie hit the table with his glass. My father looked as one who had heard the tale before.

"It's lickier I want," said Old Hughie. He looked around. The bartender filled the glasses. My grandfather gave me a knowing look.

"There was min in Ireland in thim days, me lad—better min niver lived—like dogs," said he.

The glass went toward his mouth with the speed of a bullet. He threw his massive head backward.

"I'd niver heard ye say that Grandad was at the burnin' of the cat," observed my father.

"The hell he wasn't!" the old man retorted sharply. "He'd have burned the Pope that mornin'." He motioned for the bartender again.

"Ye see—they were mad."

My father laughed.

"What became of Timothy Walsh?" I asked.

"Ah—that's the sad thing—that's why he's been dead to me so many years! Indade it was fine the bolt of lightnin' hit me blissed father before he knew it. Ye see—there was some Scotch in Tim, an' we didn't know it. But they smuggled him here to America, an' he became converted—an' inded up a Prisbyterian minister!"

The old man looked at his empty glass dolefully.

"A man with a neck like that!"

III

Old Hughie and my grandmother made their home with a daughter. He was always well supplied with liquor. He would shake his immense head, narrow his eyes, and bite two words often: "Kape dhrunk!"

I spent hours with him at the different bars of St. Mary's. Still a child, I learned quickly to drink, and to observe, and to

remember. I knew all the ruffians of the town. A shrewd judge of character, my grandfather told me something about each of them. He did not live to please others.

"I'm jist a shanty Irishman, an' I'll go to Hell when I die—so thires no use to worry."

He had been fond of my dead mother, but he had no illusions about his son, my father. Once he said to me: "There's some-thin' wrong with your dad. Whin the Lord made him He forgot to take His shovel out of his brain. He's niver bin the man he mighta bin. But it wasn't yere mither's fault. She came to a sad ind—as wimmin do."

He pulled me toward him with a touch of blunt affection.

"But take not to heart what I say." His voice lowered. "She married yere father—a brave woman and a sad. Ye are like yere mither, me boy—yere worth the whole goddam kit an' caboodle of 'em." Wiping the beaded liquor from his stubble of beard, he went on: "An' yere like me, too—the quick timper—an' the heavy heart. Yer mither worried too much—an' for what? Nary the good it did her." He paused. "She's in the Glynwood graveyard now, watchin' the frozen worms crawl in the Winter time, and lookin' at the roots of daisies in the Spring." He rubbed the bottom of his whiskey glass over the wet bar. "To hell wit' it all, me boy! To hell wit' it all!"

"Niver work hard wit' yer hands, me boy. Look at me. I'm bint like an ould tree in the wind—and for what? A bed that's niver made up—an' shotgun whiskey for a nickel a glass—an' the damned rheumatiz on cold nights that cuts at me flesh like Dick Hurm's razors. The praist'll tell ye that work is noble. It may be—for a mule—for he does none of it himself—I mane the praist—.

"Now, whin I was a piddler—" He sighed deeply, and into his faded eyes came the pain of happy memory, "Ah, thim were the days! Even the waeds along the road had blooms to thim thin.

"Well, whin I was a piddler in Asheville—it was a pimple on the world's nose thin—but oh, how purty!—there was the sweetest little yellow girls—wit' forms—!" He curved his big hands. "Ah, me God, they were lovely as sin! Yer grandmither was still in Ireland thin—an' would to Almighty God she had stayed there! I could sing an' drink all night for a trinket outta me pack—I always carried a trinket wit' me." He winked at the bartender, and rubbed a left thumb and forefinger down his nose. His voice crooned on. "There was a little girl there—her dad had been Irish—and he missed mass one Sunday an' sinned wit' her mother—an' later on he left the Holy Church. Her eyes were as a flower on a plate, an' her skin was soft like a berry in the sun. I've niver known anything like her. I give her four pieces of lace one time. Her father was an old piddler who lived in mortal sin. He opened a store in Nashville, and I says to him, I says, 'Ah, the purty little maid in Asheville—and ye know she's yours,' and he says, 'Which one, Hughie? I'm an old man—'tis hard to remimber.'

"I'd attinded his dear wife's funeral that day—he rode so sad to the graveyard—it was all I could do to take the bottle out of his hands—there was little left for me to drown the agony of death—an' on the way home from the dear woman's grave he stopped an' picked up the purtiest woman ye iver see, an' he married her right off an' took her to his house, an' he met Moses the Jew who ran a store in the nixt block to him. An' Moses said, 'Who is she?' 'An' who would she be?' says he. 'I'm an honorable man an' I obey the laws of me country an' me God. She's me wife, ye fool. I'm a better trader than ye: I've traded a dead one for a live one.'

"But his daughter—how be-utiful!—she didn't have a brain in her head—as no woman should—but she could make a poor sad piddler forgit Holy Communion at the hour of his death—ah—a man of miny loves is always a sad man—that's the pain of it—but it's all ye have lift in the ind—

an' niver kape thim too long—they git old an' faded—the stalk when the rose is gone—oh, well!—I thought I'd niver get out of Asheville—I had to walk two nights to make up on me route—but I wint back agin—an' agin—that's long ago now—fifty years maybe."

He looked down at his right foot, which rested on the brass railing. "Yis, yis, that's long ago now. She died of the consoomption."

The bartender laughed. The old man looked sternly at him.

"The likes o' ye would laugh at the spaych of your bitters!" he snorted.

IV

As the years passed rheumatism crawled like a torpid river toward Old Hughie's heart.

"'Indade," he would clutch his breast, "the rist o' me's good, but here I am playin' tag wit' the grave."

A crucifix hung above his bed. Upon it was a plaster Christ with one arm and a broken foot. Old Hughie looked at the broken Christ.

"Oh well, He died too." He turned his heavy face away.

"But He come to life agin—so they say."

Grandmother walked in and out of the room, as silent as a shadow on a grave.

She was bent nearly double in the vise of age. She held a corn-cob pipe between thin tight lips and toothless gums.

Half her aged days were spent in keeping her pipe lit. On and on she would chatter in a ceaseless mirage of Irish nothings. She would then relight her pipe.

Now it remained unlit. Her lips seldom opened. A once heavy woman, she had shriveled to less than eighty pounds. Freckles dotted the edges of her deep wrinkles. She was older than my grandfather.

An unyielding woman, the passions of her life had been Old Hughie and my father. With that pathetic scuttering away from reality which is so typical of America,

I was early told of her high breeding. The illusion of her learning was ever with my father. "If ye inherited anything from anybody, Jim, it was from your grandmother—she was an educated woman."

Always she was asking Old Hughie now, "Can I do anything for ye, Hughie?"

The kindly old despot would answer each time, "No, Kath-u-rin, thanks be."

She would look for a moment at the immense head of her master, buried in the pillow. Her mouth would contract and tremble at the edges. It would then become tight as she hobbled from the room.

"Poor Kath - u - rin!" murmured Old Hughie to his friend John Crasby, as John entered the room. "She'll kill me wit' kindness."

The men looked at each other. Crasby's hand raised. "It's all right, Hughie."

"Shure, an' it's all right! Why wouldn't it be? Indade, an' I'll yit pour beer over the lilies on your grave."

"Sure you will," returned Crasby. "Well I know it!"

He stood in the center of the room.

Old Hughie looked at him with narrow eyes.

"How's the wither out, John?"

"Very good, Hughie. We'll be takin' a walk tomorrow."

"Not me, John—niver no more—"

He looked up at the broken Christ.

"It's a ride I'll be takin'." He pulled his arm from beneath the quilt. "To the cemetery, God help me!"

"You mustn't talk like that, Hughie." Crasby's voice was whisky-cracked and soft. "You're good for many the year yet."

"But not here, John—out in the grave." He looked at Crasby again. "An' ye'll be braggin' how ye put me there—whin ye know that no man kin do that."

John Crasby moved closer to the bed. A one time dandy, tall, with a long red nose, and a nearly hairless head, he rubbed his thin throat. "I'll be goin' ahead of you, Hughie. I'm seventy-three—no more signs to paint—no more work an' no more drinkin'—nothin'—"

He looked around the room. "But I give you my word, Hughie, I'll tell 'em up town it's the rheumatiz what's wrong with you, and I'll tell 'em all you said hello."

"Shure, an' do that, John. I'll not say it often any more."

"An' I'll tell 'em you'll be up an' around by Sunday, Hughie," Crasby added cheerfully.

"An' ye won't brag if I go, will ye, John? For remimber—it's hard enough to lave—without that. . . ." The last words fell into a whisper. "It's not much to ask ye, John," he added slowly, "but ivery man has his pride."

Crasby held out a long arm.

"Hughie, if I ever say a word, you can ha'nt me. May I drink your ghost in ivery glass if I iver betray any word. But you're not going, ye old baby! We'll both live to drink fifty one-legged men under the table."

Old Hughie smiled at the memory.

Late that afternoon he died.

V

My father followed my grandmother into the room.

They looked at the shaggy old man for a long time.

Sorrow was never endured with greater dignity.

For more than fifty years my grandmother had stood by Old Hughie. It was said by some that as a ten-year-old girl she had taught him to walk.

"Well, Hughie's gone," she said at last to my father. Her pipe fell to the floor. "Blissed Jasus have mercy!"

My father said nothing. He took his mother from the room.

The one Negro in the town attended the funeral. The priest said a few commonplace words. Jack Raley and John Crasby did not go into the church. In Mahon's saloon all drinking was suspended for one minute.

"That's long enough to hold your

drinks, men. Hughie himself would have you hold them no longer. It's bottoms up for Old Hughie." Many voices chanted, "Bottoms up for Old Hughie!"

He lay in his yellow oak coffin, his gnarled hands folded on his broad breast, his head tilted back as if for a drink.

Saloon-keepers and bartenders looked out of their front doors along Spring street as the funeral passed.

John Crasby was the last to leave Mahon's saloon that night. The roosters crowed as he walked, bottle in pocket, toward the cemetery.

With unsteady gait he made his way to Old Hughie's grave. He seated himself upon the newly turned earth. He took the bottle and a small glass from his coat

pocket. He filled the glass and held it so the moon's rays slanted across the red liquor. He looked at the grave.

"Your head would be about here, Hughie. This'll soak down your throat."

He poured the liquor on the ground.

"There's one for you, Hughie."

He filled the glass and drained it.

"Here's one for me."

"One more for you, Hughie." He poured again.

"Here's one for me." He drank.

The bottle empty, he stood it upside down on the whisky-soaked earth.

For a long time he stared at the vastness of the midnight sky.

Rising unsteadily, he hiccoughed, "G'by, Hu-gh-ie!" and staggered home.

THE MONEY THAT MAKES PRESIDENTS

BY FRANK R. KENT

IN THE beautiful business of electing their President the American people exhibit every four years a curious combination of gullibility and inertia which to those clear visioned enough to even partially appreciate the facts renders altogether untenable the handsome theory that the average voting citizen is sound in heart and head. On the contrary, the proof is irresistible that politically speaking the general run of Americans are soft in the head and tough in the heart. With the quadrennial drenching of the country with bunk of an almost incredible crudity about to begin, it seems timely to say a few plain words about the really vital factor in elections, and against the notion that, so far as the result is concerned, ideas or issues, personalities, principles or platforms are the really important things.

The fact is that not one election in ten swings on them. Nine times out of ten, when there is a real fight between the parties in State or in nation, success hinges almost wholly on what the late John Walter Smith of Maryland used to call "current expenses." By that he meant sufficient money on election day to at least prevent the opposition from corraling the entire venal vote—money enough to employ your share of the employable. By "current expenses" he did not mean the so-called legitimate expenses that are accounted for in the ridiculous financial statements of political treasurers and candidates. What he meant was *election day* money which is entirely distinct from *campaign* money. It is in a class altogether by itself. It is money that does not show in the sworn statements.

It is not necessary to decry eloquence, argument, personal contact, political generalship, moral issues, or newspaper support and propaganda as utterly worthless, in order to maintain that, more essential than any of them in our politics as it is played today—or than all of them together—is money. It will of course seem sordid and certainly is sad to say so, but it is none the less true that, like the army with the heaviest artillery, in politics where there is no normal numerical supremacy one way or the other it is the side with the most money that almost always wins. Probably there is a point beyond which money is not effective,—and a side with just enough for "current expenses" may be able to compete successfully with an opposition equipped with funds greatly superior. But when all the money is on one side, then successful competition on a large scale is out of the question.

In a single ward, or county, and even in a single congressional or legislative district, there have been occasional instances of candidates without money defeating candidates with money. It is possible once in a while in these smaller units to organize and arouse the voters, to create for purposes of a single campaign a personal machine, to enlist sympathy and support that will take the place of money and obviate the loss of every venal influence. Occasionally, when what are known, in politics as in baseball, as the "breaks" are all with the shoe-string or impoverished side, it can be done in the precinct, the ward, or the district. But never in the nation as a whole.

In extremely rare cases it may even

happen in one of the agricultural States of the South or West. There have been Governors and there have been Senators elected who apparently did not spend themselves or for whom there was not spent by others any money at all for "current expenses." But in most of these instances, where it appeared that all the money was on the other side, if the full facts were known, it would have been found that there was yet enough for "current expenses" on the other. It was simply carefully hidden. Such instances of State-wide victory with no apparent money are extraordinarily scarce. In the national field they simply do not exist. There is no exception to the rule. No President has been chosen in this country since the Civil War whose campaign was not sufficiently well financed to take care of "current expenses," which means to get a share of the support of all the influences that can be affected by money. The elections of Woodrow Wilson in 1912 and 1916 are included in that statement. In both those campaigns, while the Republicans had more money, the Democratic fund was adequate, and so the venal vote was split.

Now, by venal vote I do not mean that of the voters who can be bought directly with a two- or a five-dollar bill. There is still, I suppose, a certain amount of direct bribery of voters in every State, but it is relatively trivial, and nothing like what it was twenty years or so ago. There was a time in many sections when the out-and-out purchasable vote was really large. In many congressional districts it held the real balance of power, and the party short of funds to buy it was out of luck. Such a party is still out of luck, but for a variety of reasons there has come a decline in open vote-buying. Among them may be listed the tightening of the corrupt practices acts in the several States, and the election law provisions, now fairly uniform and general, under which any distinguishing mark upon the ballot invalidates it. These provisions not only add considerably to the danger of direct

bribery, but make it impossible for the vote-buyer to check up on the delivery of the goods by the seller. Inasmuch as it is unreasonable to place any confidence in the words of a man who sells his vote, this new inability to check up after the ballot has been cast has not only slowed down the direct vote-buying industry but pretty nearly killed it. The vote-seller can take money from both sides and double cross whichever he chose. He can sell his vote and still cast it in accord with his sentiments—an ideal position for him, but not so good for the buyer. And the judges of election cannot, as of old, tell whether he has stayed bought like an honest man or not.

But aside from corrupt practices acts and new election laws, the direct buying of individual votes was bound to wane. The fundamentals of politics do not change, but the methods of playing it sometimes do, and vote-buying, like cheating in the count, has gone out of fashion. Both are still practiced in some cities, but in the main the count is now honest, and the bribery is indirect rather than direct. The change was not due to any improvement in the morals of the machine politicians, but to their growing conviction that such practices had become old stuff, and were not worth while. Today there is in every State a certain amount of furtive repeating and some padding of the registration lists, but in the main elections in the country are now honest and the bribing of voters is almost a lost art, practiced now only in a desultory fashion in certain sections, and for the purpose, as one practical lad in a Maryland county said, "to keep my hand in." The best proof of this is the rarity with which, in these days, the charges of vote buying or cheating in the count, frequent enough in most States twenty years ago, are made, and the furore which is kicked up when they are.

Yet the fact is that today money is more plentiful in American elections than ever before and that the lack of enough of it on election day for "current expenses" is

more fatal than ever. Except with rare and extraordinary luck, or with extreme stupidity on the other side, no combination of principles, personality and individual effort can compensate for its lack—and never in a national election.

II

"Current expenses" does not refer to campaign expenditures for meetings, music, advertising, headquarters, posters, propaganda, publicity, payroll, stamps, stationery and the like. It does not even refer to the secret deals involving money made in every State in every national fight—deals, for example, that secure the support of the numerous foreign language newspapers, and that engage at large weekly salaries the services of individuals supposed to be influential in the ranks of organized labor, or with certain religious denominations, fraternal organizations and the like—nearly all of whom are fakes. There is no limit to the amount of money that may be "legitimately" spent in this way. In a national campaign it will run into millions.

But it is not the important money. The bulk of it is wasted, and might just as well be thrown down a sewer. Some day, perhaps, the politicians will see the absurd futility of spending it, and begin to curtail, but it is not likely, for in the first place they are not shrewd enough to grasp the fact that such expenditures are practically barren in results so far as polling votes is concerned, and secondly, abandoning the waste would take away from the organization a considerable part of the nourishment upon which it regularly counts. From the standpoint of "keeping up the spirit" of the boys, these quadrennial orgies of extravagance in the nation and oftener on a smaller scale in the States can be justified, but not otherwise.

It is a temptation to pursue this subject of waste, particularly in the national campaigns—to point out the number of bums carried on the national headquarters

payrolls at \$300 or \$400 a week, and to describe the ludicrous schemes by which money is extracted from the pot, and the various confidence games played on unsophisticated national chairmen. It is a temptation to tell of the publicity agent, not worth a nickel, who got himself on the payroll of an aspirant to the Presidency at \$500 a week, who put his wife on at \$150 a week, who "spent" in the course of six months more than half a million dollars, and whose candidate did *not* get the nomination. But that would be to wander from the point it is here desired to make. This is that the important money for the candidate and his party is not what is spent *before* election day—it is what is spent *on* election day.

The really vital "current expenses" present themselves when the ballyhooing is over and the balloting begins. It may be possible to get by on a shoe-string or a bluff up to that time, but the candidate who can't meet those election day expenses wins only once in a hundred times, and then on a fluke—and never if he is running for President. The ideal situation for a party is to have enough money for both purposes—to be able to scatter dollars to the birds during the campaign in order to "keep up the spirits of the boys" and to meet the "current expenses" on election day as well. If it is not possible to do both, the wise candidate will hold his cash for election day and let the rest go. That is the money that counts. That is the day the shoe-string candidate gets shown up.

All rules for success in appealing to the voters are predicated on the idea that the candidate will have enough money on election day for these "current expenses." If he has enough—and of course the necessarily experienced hands to put it out for him—to prevent the other side from monopolizing the reachable voters, he can make out all right, and his issue, personality and publicity may count effectively. If however he hasn't—or only so little as not really to mean much in the way of competition—then all his political

skill and knowledge will be futile. He may have made a magnificent campaign. He may have fed the people supremely fine hokum and given a show that won their hearts. But if on election day his funds are too low he will be licked with a certainty and precision only averted by the rare political miracle of an understanding and aroused electorate. This, of course, assumes that the election is a genuine contest, and that neither side has such a normal numerical advantage as to be sure of winning without a struggle.

It is a mere matter of applying the principle of mathematics to the normal and average American voter. Reduced to its simplest terms, the facts are these: the country is divided into States, the States into districts, the districts into wards or counties, the wards and counties into precincts. The precinct is the smallest political unit. There are between 150,000 and 160,000 precincts in the United States. The average number of qualified votes in one of them is 400. In some localities it may run as high as 600; in others there may be not more than 250; but 400 is a good average. This means that in the country as a whole there are practically 60,000,000 qualified voters, white, black, native, foreign-born, literate, illiterate, virtuous and venal—all kinds and all classes. Of this great total, in a Presidential election, approximately 50% go to the polls—in 1920 a little under 50%, in 1924 a little over 50%. In State and municipal elections the proportion in most sections is slightly higher, but it rarely gets above 65% anywhere at any time, and it would be far below the 50% if it were not for the extraordinary efforts of the machine in the precincts to get the vote out. If the precinct executives laid down and the machine failed to function, the percentage of qualified voters who voted in general elections would be around 30% rather than 60%.

Now, then, in every one of these 150,000 precincts of approximately 400 voters each there are to be found on election day anywhere from fifteen to thirty men—and now

occasionally a woman or two—whose chief idea about the day is that it offers them an opportunity to make a little easy money. In the old days they were known as floaters and were—most of them—sellers of their votes. In more recent years they have become runners, or workers, or watchers, or messengers, according to the sectional terminology. Many of them are impecunious idlers who would revolt against regular jobs; others are thrifty fellows who utilize their election day holiday to make a few extra dollars. Some of them have real party affiliations; others do not care which party they work with so long as they are paid. But they are all registered either as Democrats or Republicans, and are thus known by the precinct executives. The Democratic workers naturally look to the Democratic precinct executive for employment on election day; the Republican workers look to the Republican executive.

Supplied through his machine superior with money for "current expenses" the Democratic executive, say, picks out ten of these workers or runners in his precinct, and employs them at from \$5 to \$10 each. At a maximum the cost is \$100. They are worth at least 100 votes. Consider, now, what 100 votes mean in a precinct where the total vote is 400 and less than two-thirds of that number really vote! Consider what they mean in a precinct when you add them to the 60-odd votes the precinct executive is himself worth through the job-holders and the election officials whom he controls directly! Maybe you wonder how these idle, impecunious persons, willing and anxious for employment at \$5 or \$10 a day, can be worth an average of ten votes each. The answer is easy and obvious: their families. No bachelors are employed as runners or workers by precinct executives who know their business. Men of considerable families and wide connections in the precinct are always given preference. Count the man himself as one vote, his wife as one, a couple of children, a son-in-law, his brother's family, a

brother-in-law, aunts, uncles, cousins—and it is easy enough to add up ten votes. Says the precinct executive making the deal: "All right, \$10 for the day, Johnson, but you must be out in the precinct by six o'clock, and be sure to get every one of them Johnsons in early." Thus all the worker has to do to earn his \$10 is to deliver his own family. Occasionally he may be used by the precinct executive to drag some other backward voters to the polls, but if he delivers only the Johnsons he has made good.

Of course, when both sides are equipped with money for "current expenses" the Republican and Democratic workers offset each other. Each side plays the same game, and then it is the character of the campaign, the sort of show that has been given, the prejudices and predilections of the voters which determine the result. But when one side has money and the other has not it is an entirely different story. What happens then is that the Democratic workers—or Republican, as is occasionally the case—, discovering that their precinct executive has no money, turn at once to the other side. If the other side wants them for \$5 instead of \$10, they are easy to pick up. If they can't do business with the other precinct executive and their own has no money, they develop a grievance and sulk. "The party has thrown me overboard" is what they say, and they not only do not vote their party ticket themselves but, so far as they can, they keep all the other Johnsons at home too.

Not infrequently, however, with no inducement at all from the other side, they will vote the other ticket and bring out their controlled family vote to do likewise, just to show their own party executive how badly he is off when he does not do business with them. The net result is that the candidate who is short of election day money not only loses the 100 or so votes which the workers who regularly look for employment by his party are worth, and so cannot offset the 100 or so produced by employed workers of the opposition;

in addition, he offers the opposition an opportunity to add his normal workers' family vote of 100 to its own. It is easy to see what chance the busted candidate has against the flush one—how little chance Bryan had against McKinley in 1896 and 1900, or against Taft in 1908, and how slight was the show of James M. Cox against Harding in 1920, and that of John W. Davis against Coolidge in 1924. If in those campaigns the Republicans had not had, on election day, at least \$5 for "current expenses" to every Democratic dollar the result might have been the same, but certainly both the electoral and the popular majorities of the Republicans would have been greatly reduced. If the situation had been reversed, and the Democrats had been financed on election day on a \$5 to \$1 basis all over the country, not many informed persons will dispute that the result would have been changed. Certainly no practical precinct executive will dispute it—and the precinct executives are the only people who really know politics, the only ones who really have the opportunity to learn.

III

It is perhaps not pleasant to admit that no election can be carried in the United States without the aid of these venal precinct workers, that when they lay down or sell out you are licked, that when you have the money to hold your own and the other fellow can't hold his you win, that the only real fight is when both sides meet the expectations of the precinct boys and thus cancel out any advantage. But such are the facts. It has always seemed to me a little unfair to pillory poor Mr. Vare because of his admitted expenditure of \$800,000 in the 1926 Pennsylvania primaries when his Mellon-Pepper opponents acknowledged putting out more than double that amount. If Mr. Vare had not at least to a reasonable extent offset the election day money of the other side, his opponents would have taken his machine workers away from him and his defeat would have been decisive.

It was not only a matter of self-protection with him, but actually of self-preservation. He had to put out the money to hold the "floater." The truth is that each side spent vastly more money than was accounted for in that fight, incredible though it may seem. No man can afford to let the other side have all the election day money advantage.

Reminiscing about the 1900 Bryan-McKinley campaign, a Democratic county precinct boss once said: "It was a darn hard blow on the Saturday before election when, instead of getting \$120 for my precinct from the district leader, I got only \$30. I knew then that things were not going to be so good, but I didn't know the worst. On election day before nine o'clock I knew we were beat and beat bad. There were a dozen fellows in that precinct, all Democrats, who in every election I put to work at anywheres from \$2 to \$10 each. Usually they showed up around the polling place around six o'clock. This time it was nine o'clock before I could find any of them. Then I found one and he was good and drunk, and I got the truth. He had \$25 of Republican money in his pocket. So did every other of my dozen floaters in the precinct, and one or two of 'em had \$50. They never had seen such money. Neither had I. I lost a precinct by 167 votes that I had counted on carrying by 150. If I had had their money and they had had my piffling \$30 I could have carried it by more than that. I could have carried it if I had had an even break, but nobody could buck the kind of money they had that day. They could have put over a yellow dog against the Apostle Paul."

That tells the story. Under ordinary

circumstances there is a reasonable degree of uncertainty in political predictions, in spite of the fact that it is the expected that usually happens in politics. There need be no uncertainty, however, if you find out in advance that one side is going to have an average of \$100 in the precincts on election day and the other not more than one-fourth as much. Once you have that information, you know it is a runaway, not a fight. These are the hard, cold, and practical political facts. All the sentiment is squeezed out of them. It may be more or less shocking to those who believe that elections are decided by the popular will to find that the real power to elect Presidents is lodged largely in the hands of about two million low-grade fellows scattered through 150,000 precincts, who regularly sell the votes of themselves and their controllable families in the manner I have described. Yet such is the fact, and from it there is no escape. Infinitely more powerful politically than the intelligent classes, these low fellows hold the situation in their hands. When they do not offset each other, the prize goes to the side they select.

Sometimes in the story books the young reform candidate without money, firing with enthusiasm the Boy Scouts or the members of the Epworth League, overcomes the corrupt machine and its paid henchmen. But that does not happen in real life. In real life the side with the dough on election day beats the side without it every time. It will be that way this year. It isn't a question of issues. It isn't a question of candidates. It is a question of money. If one side has it and the other has not, there will be no real argument.

THE MOVIES TACKLE LITERATURE

BY LEDA V. BAUER

ELDER WILL H. HAYS, expounding once at some learned gathering his notion of the successful movie scenario, told of a man who wrote to an eminent Hollywood producer, asking for his definition of the perfect screen story. He was confident that he could write good scenarios, once he knew what a perfect one had to contain.

The producer replied that he was not only glad to tell, but that if the inquirer wrote a perfect story, embodying all the elements the producer believed essential, he would be paid \$25,000 for it.

"A perfect scenario," he wrote, "must have five things—first, religion; second, humor; third, society; fourth, action; fifth, sex."

Shortly afterward, the author sent the producer his scenario. "Here is your perfect story," he wrote. "It has religion, humor, society, action and sex. Please send me the twenty-five thousand." Delighted by the prospect of at last getting a manuscript worth reading, the producer turned to the scenario, and read:

"My God," laughed the Duchess, "let go my leg!"

This tale, I fear, goes back to the *Gesta Romanorum*, but it still has its point, and a scenario editor of today might be forgiven if he mistook "The Duchess' Leg" for the ideal manuscript he is endlessly seeking. Unfortunately, unlike the optimistic producer of Elder Hays' story, he does not believe it will ever come to him through the mails.

And so, in the pursuit of this elusive story which shall become the Great American Picture and make millions of

dollars and much fame for actors and camera-men and costume designers and hair-dressers, the scenario editor canvasses all the material in existence available for conversion to the uses of the screen. Moreover, his relentless employers hold him responsible not alone for finding the thrillers in the classics (that is, in material out of copyright and hence free to any producer), but also for a thorough knowledge of the contents of every novel published within the past fifteen years, here or abroad, and of all the fiction in the current magazines, and of all the play successes of England, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Russia and Broadway. This material he is supposed to get in advance of the editors of rival and competitive companies, all of whom are his enemies, spying on his methods, alert to rush in and grab what he has missed, ready to commit any infamy for a five-minute start at the works of Dumas and Sardou.

This business of getting a first look at all material is the one big joy in a scenario editor's life. It brings excitement to what would otherwise be colorless office routine. It becomes a game without rules. Not much fun can be had with the classics, but with modern novels and plays there are any number of openings. No self-respecting editor waits until a book is published to read it. He makes arrangements with the publishing house and reads the book in proof. Many houses refuse to allow proofs to go out, so the editor, or his assistant, if he is lucky enough to have one, runs at top speed to publishing headquarters, there to be confronted by all the rival

editors, and, in a little room reserved for the motion-picture department (almost every publishing house now has a department which handles picture rights to its current fiction and lives in a draughty corridor or dark closet), he makes notes for a synopsis of the plot.

When it became obvious even to the editors that nothing was to be gained by reading novels in proof if every other editor read them at the same time, the device was contrived of inducing popular authors to show their manuscripts before the publishers saw them. But the same old difficulty soon arose with this method. No author could be depended upon to exhibit his manuscript to one editor exclusively. No one could get a start over the others. Now the method is to get the author to come and tell his story to the scenario editor before he puts it on paper. The incipient Conrad is then told whether the story is worth writing, and is thus saved.

II

With plays, there are even more gambits. By the opening night of any Broadway production a play is an old story to every motion-picture editor. Not only has he seen it in rehearsal, dress-rehearsal and manuscript, but he has voted upon it at its out-of-town try-out. He knows who wrote it, who rewrote it, who stole it from whom, who was tried out and failed for the lead, who is bidding for the picture rights, and how much is offered for them. He commutes to Stamford, Great Neck, Philadelphia, Baltimore, even to Toronto, all to get this advance information. Some of the more prosperous movie companies have even been argued into letting their editors take an occasional trip abroad, to look over the ground in Budapest and Milan and get the response of European audiences on the ground.

The net result of all this is nothing. The scenario editor has his advance information, but what can he do with it? He is never empowered to buy a book or a play

on his own judgment. If he is fortunate, he can go with his news to the producer direct and, telling him the story, assure him his find will be another "Big Parade." But what usually happens is that, having no interest in the childish pastime of listening to plots, the producer is too busy to meet his editor or, his headquarters are at Hollywood while the intellectual section of the firm operates in New York. It then becomes necessary to send him a synopsis of the story. The fate of this synopsis after it leaves the editor's hands is a saga in itself—but by the time word comes of it from the Coast, if ever, the novel has gone into many editions or the play has fled to the store-house.

As a matter of fact, and what few scenario editors seem to understand, no producer is really interested in a novel or play until he gets the figures on its takings. Best-sellers and long runs mean business. At least, a producer takes less chance on a story that thousands pronounce good before it ever gets to the screen than he does on the say-so of some more or less literary gentleman who would be writing that novel or play himself if he really knew anything about it.

The present trend is toward the until-recently despised original story—that is, the story written directly for the screen. These stories come by the hundreds through the mails, or in person with letters of introduction from malicious publishers, theatrical managers or rival editors, or are acted out in the office, to the editor, by the author. Most reputable companies return the mailed scenarios unread, partly because they are usually unintelligible, but mainly because all unknown scenario writers are potential blackmailers, who often rush to the courts for protection whenever a situation, type, or locale in a produced picture even remotely resembles something in their own attempts. As the great majority of original movie scripts are bowdlerized Bible stories, incidents of history transformed into epics, and stories out of the *Saturday Evening Post* with the names of the

characters only slightly changed, the resemblance is often pronounced; and the editor who protests the honesty of the company he represents feels abashed in the presence of the irate scenarist.

The hack writer, the star of the cheap magazines, is coming now to write for the screen, and will probably be, for some time, the main source of screen literary material. For several years he has been writing his stories with one eye to the movies. Now, at last he writes scenarios directly, and because of his "name" they are often taken seriously in production departments. This "name" assures the powers that they have a man who knows the popular appeal—and an original scenario is usually less expensive to buy and make ready for screening than a novel, a play or magazine story.

The scenario editor is often saved the pleasure of listening to the plots of these hacks, for they not uncommonly know the producers socially, and so impart their ideas for the furtherance of the screen art at Hollywood tea-parties. Occasionally even a Hergesheimer, because of his ability to disport himself in the high-circulation magazines, is invited to write a story for the films. The things thus brought forth, save for the notable exception of the work of Laurence Stallings, whose concessions to "screen technique, about which authors know nothing," have been fewer than those of most, have often been disastrous for producers and authors alike.

In a desperate attempt to secure material slightly superior to the *True Experiences* type of fiction, the scenario editors began, a year or two ago, to juggle with the names of certain foreign writers whose work was apparently enlivening the French and German films imported for release here, or whose book circulations or play audiences were as large, comparatively, for Paris and Vienna as those of our own Curwoods and Wrights and Shipmans are at home. Persuading sceptical producers of the feasibility of bringing over such men as Lothar, Savoir, Fazekas, Biro, and Vajda to write

directly for the screen, they managed to get them past Ellis Island and into the executive offices in New York. The sophisticated angle, the new approach, the civilized point of view were to be applied to the movies.

But the hoped-for lease of artistry was not forthcoming. Something happened to the foreign *opera* between their inception and their screen *début*. The tale received so enthusiastically by the scenario editor died in the office. The conglomeration for which the European received screen credit in no way resembled it. It soon became apparent that the producers, seduced by the elegant names of their new employes, wanted only the names—though well knowing that these names were entirely unknown to motion-picture audiences.

One famous foreign gentleman, invited by perhaps the most important of picture concerns to these shores to contribute a Hungarian melancholy to our too-cheerful fare, was placed in charge of an American, paid to show him the comforts of New York and, incidentally, the psychology of the American public. The foreigner was taught, in great detail, precisely what it was that Americans would and would not stand for. He was shown statistics of the pictures that made money and of the pictures that lost money, and told how much and why. He was assured that we could not abide unhappy endings. He was told that we could not fathom such a notion as that man cannot, for example, conquer fate. He was told that class distinctions, social or mental barriers, and other such unsurmountable obstacles do not exist for Americans, and that any story based on such a thesis was unwanted by the company.

The foreigner, gasping at these excursions into the American mind, jotted down several ideas for stories, but they were promptly and elaborately blue-pencilled by the amateur psychologist. At last, with the help of this friend, he achieved a story so idiotic that even the company rebelled at having anything to do with it, and no

contract was ever signed with him. Concluding sadly that the company was too intellectual for him, he took his script to a producer famous for manufacturing cheap thrillers. Now, having got the knack of it, he is making a fortune.

III

Another company, with the lure of a tremendous honorarium, inveigled over a French playwright, several of whose boulevard farces were already known to the Broadway theatre. The Frenchman was to provide the fillip so lacking in our native fare. Our comedies were admittedly either stale or vulgar. It was time for something new—different—risqué, without, of course, being censorable. The Frenchman, some of whose plays had already been done on the screen with enormous success, was the logical man to solve the problem. He was obviously full of picture ideas.

According to his contract, he agreed to provide five stories, to be pronounced suitable by the production department, within a certain stipulated time. He was given a retaining fee, but was to get nothing more unless the stories were accepted. Naturally, so famous a playwright would have no trouble dredging up his quota of screen plots. It happened, indeed, that he had landed with the five plots called for in the contract already in his trunk. And, eager to show his new business friends true French enterprise, he rushed to the producer with his first comedy. Being also a clever playwright, he laughed heartily as he told it. The producer laughed, the stenographer laughed, the office-boy laughed. It was a grand comedy and everybody was happy and the producer would show it to the director, who needed a story.

Next day, a lugubrious producer sent for the famous French playwright. The story would not do at all. Its form was bad. Its idea was fantastic. Its characters were un-American. Everything about it was all

wrong. It could not be accepted as one of the five under the terms of the contract.

The playwright took back the unsuitable story and asked to be allowed to visit the studios before he thought up any more ideas. The request granted, he contrived to meet the director who needed a plot, apparently took a sudden and great liking to him, and went back to see him day after day. Under the guise of a consuming interest in the art of directing, the Frenchman probed his new friend's mind—questioned him about the type of story he liked, what situations it most amused him to portray, in short, what fare he considered best adapted to his abilities as director. In three days the American had unconsciously given out a series of situations, characters and gags which, strung together by the playwright, made the next tale presented to the producer under the terms of the contract. This time the producer did not laugh so much, but the director, reading it, insisted that here at last was the story he had looked for all his life. Incidentally, it made a very bad picture but, at any rate, the director was satisfied.

Scrapping his four other good ideas the Frenchman asked for whom the next story was needed and, learning that a certain comedian lacked material, proceeded about the business of getting a story out of him in exactly the way he got it out of the director. The comedian sketched to the Frenchman the kind of story he had always longed to appear in, the Frenchman wrote it down, and the producer, who always consulted his stars, was amazed to find how cleverly the playwright filled the needs of the organization. So the playwright moved to the Ritz, wrote his other three stories after the technique he had learned in America, and art was served. Returning to France, he bought a house with the money he had earned and turned his original five ideas into plays, which he later sold to the same company for a terrific sum, stage production having increased their value!

Perhaps the most charming episode of

all is that of the eminent German author, a figure of enormous consequence abroad, who was invited here to write scenarios during the height of his Berlin season. The financial bait held out to him was so huge that, unable to resist, he curtailed his literary activities and, at great inconvenience to himself and to a number of German theatrical managers, came to New York. Since he spoke no English and could not be expected to enjoy the sights of the great city, he was immediately put aboard a train for Hollywood and told that he would be taken care of at the other end. Arriving at last at the art center, he waited at the station several hours for someone to come and get him. When it finally became apparent that no one would, he inquired from a passerby for a hotel, and from there telephoned to the company studio. The gentleman he was to inquire for—the company chief—was in conference and could not be disturbed. It took the German three days of telephoning, at intervals of an hour, to deduce that "in conference" might be a mere excuse.

Determined not to be outdone by this strange, American method of doing business, he went over to the studio and asked for the gentleman in charge. But the office-boy did not like his face and it took several calls to wear him down to the point where he would take in the playwright's card. The card, however, did not do much good as the gentleman in charge had never heard of him and could not be bothered anyway. Turned away, the German, quite by chance, ran into one of his countrymen employed by the company who, listening to the tale of woe, arranged an interview. But the chief was much too busy, what with one thing and another, to waste time on another one of these crazy foreigners, so, after shaking hands and inquiring about his health, he dismissed him. The German took the next train for New York and the first boat back to Europe, and has since specialized in articles for the press of the entire Continent on American brains, manners, and the chances for another war.

IV

There are two different problems with which the scenario editor is confronted on his accession to what he fondly thinks is power. One is reading for programme pictures, the other reading for stars and specials. For programme pictures, he is expected to find a story which will not cost too much to make—which, in one particular or another, resembles every other picture ever made—which will not run over a certain length of time, (thus usurping the place of the organ solo on a theatre programme,) and which Kankakee and Oshkosh will find inoffensive. From the great mass of published hokum such material is easy enough to secure. All that is required is a love story with an opportunity for the heroine to wear pretty clothes at some time during the course of the picture, even if it is only in a dream sequence. Little is wanted in the way of characterization. The possibility of introducing a ball-room set is always eagerly sought. A chance to utilize store-house furniture and other props is an advantage.

These programme pictures run in very evident cycles. Some one company makes a tremendous success, a "Miracle Man" or a "Big Parade" or a "Merry Widow," and immediately the market is deluged with five-reel pictures proving that infantile paralysis is cured by prayer, or that war is serious, humorous or whatever you bring to it, or that life in Vienna is just one waltz after another. Just now the fever is for stories in which the Irish love the Jews. This has taken the place of the story in which two roistering Americans get a lot of fun out of fighting in France. Shortly before that, we had flapper mothers whose example almost ruined the lives of their flapper daughters. Opinion is divided in movie editorial circles as to whether the next fashion will be the delights and despairs of airplaning or whether it would be safer to stick to recommending swimming, rowing or playing football for dear old Alma Mater.

For the special, the problem is a bit more complicated. Such a picture runs to a greater length, has only a prologue to contend with on a programme, and is expected to be important enough to take in as much as two dollars at the theatres in the larger cities. Gaudy sets, howling mobs, elaborate costumes, the building up and tearing down of great structures are necessary for such a picture. Earthquakes, floods, any expensive acts of God are good. Best of all, of course, is the Epic. This is the piece based on some incident, usually in American history, which involves great numbers of extra actors, a fight on a huge scale, and horses, ships or airplanes. But a new interpretation of the Bible, or a new side-light on the character of Don Juan or Cazanova, proving they were more sinned against than sinning, is always safe.

Stars require a specialized kind of reading. For them, one must find a vehicle suited to their fancied talents as well as to the hazy notions of their several managers. Apart from such obvious considerations as their ability to play comedy, tragedy or nothing at all, note must be taken of their personal idiosyncrasies. For example, one woman star has been remarried so frequently that she refuses to play any other part than that of a wife faithful unto death. Another, not quite sure of the symmetry of her legs, will listen to no plot that requires her to wear a riding-habit. A very popular male, with a heart-breaking mustache, aware on what his popularity hinges, is unable to portray any rôle laid at the time of the French Revolution, although costume plays are his forte.

Some stars play only child rôles—others are It girls. Some have built up a following on their apparent virginity, which must never be disturbed. Others have a reputation for being daring and dare not disappoint their public with a little-girl characterization. Many producers have their favorite story—a certain situation—say, a female in pursuit of an elusive male, eventually capturing him to his sudden

delight—and will buy nothing that is not a variation of that theme. To retain his position, the scenario editor, by means of discreet questionings, must elicit all such necessary professional information. When he fails to act on it, he is informed that he has no picture sense and would not know a good story if he saw one.

Such things as the various censorship boards, the Hays office, the protests of Mexico against Mexican villains or of Germany against war guilt accusations offer only minor irritations. By the simple process of making the hero and heroine marry before the rape, as in "The Sheik," outraged virtue is placated. By changing the title and the point of any "questionable" property, such as "They Knew What They Wanted" or "The Tattooed Countess," the committees on immorality are satisfied. Transplanting the locales of sensitive peoples into mythical kingdoms does away with the difficulties of foreign exploitation. One day we shall surely see Dreiser's Sister Carrie on the screen, pictured as the victim of at least two mock marriages.

V

If an editor had only to deal with the producer, this matter of finding material would be simple enough. Any story that fitted into a season's schedule, a star's individuality, a producer's uncomplicated notions, with a bow to the censors, might be expected to do. Unfortunately, these captains of art rarely trust their own judgment in the literary department, nor do they trust that of any other man. The story usually has to run the gauntlet of a conference of advisers—a director, who almost invariably has an original idea of his own he would like to sell; a treatment writer, who almost invariably has an original idea of his own he would like to sell; and a salaried writer of originals who, to keep his job, must sell original ideas of his own.

Should all these, by any inadvertence, agree to recommend to the producer that

the story under discussion be bought, there is still the production manager or general manager to consider: disliking to allow anything to go through that he did not personally engineer, he feels it "would not be a good bet." And, last of all, there is a horde of other gentlemen on the payroll of the company—relatives of the producer, relatives and admirers of his wife, men who have been given jobs for business, social or political reasons—all of whom, being obviously unfit for anything really important, are allowed their say in the matter of story-buying. By the time that nine men, all drawing high salaries, tell the producer that the story is no good, he has long since forgotten his first enthusiasm and the editor is again set to "find a good story."

Eventually, of course, something is bought—something which, by a miracle, satisfies all the cooks. It is, naturally for so much agreement, a fifth-rate story, but now the editor's troubles really begin. There are at least five major operations which may be and usually are inflicted on a story to prevent it from resembling the idea the producer bought. First, it is completely rewritten. This is called translating it to the screen, "because word and picture symbols are so different." When there is no longer any connection with the story on which the screen play was based, it is pronounced perfect, the title is changed to something short, spicy and entirely inapplicable, and the original story is re-sold to another picture company to go through the same process. Or again, a well-known story, with a title that holds an irresistible box-office appeal is bought but, for some reason, shelved. Another is made which, in the projection-room is found, even by the most optimistic of producers, to be bad. The well-known title is thereupon appended to the bad picture, a proceeding considered thoroughly ethical in the movies, since the company owns the title as well as the picture that has no connection with it.

That a moving-picture company may buy a famous title without buying the story itself, and then release, under that title, any story it sees fit, is apparently unknown to the general public. By the time it awakes to the situation, the trick is *vieux jeu* and the producer has thought of a new one. A favorite money-saving habit is to make a picture that is very like a well-known popular novel or play, and then grow timorous at this similarity when the picture is almost completed, and buy the story which was used as a model. The title of the bought and popular tale is then used, but it usually happens that the similarity is not nearly so great as the nervous producer, haunted with dreams of plagiarism suits, first thought. The public, coming out to see its favorite story filmed, sees instead something that only remotely resembles it. Its disappointment is none the less keen when the apologists of the films point out that translation to the screen requires different symbols, and so on.

The final result of the making of these Francescas and Paolos with happy endings—these plays of so many reels that eventually two pictures are made out of one and sold separately—these dramas in which, after the picture is finished, the leading man is found to have photographed so badly that another actor has to be engaged to play the lead while the original hero is transformed into the villain without a scene being thrown away—is that the public begins to absent itself from the movie cathedrals in hordes, though, truth to tell, the hordes are not yet as large as they promise to be later on.

Perhaps the best solution to date of the problem is that of the cynical picture concern which recently and frankly let it be known that it was in the market only for such tales as could be tailored to fit the titles:

TRENT OF THE MOUNTED
HER SUMMER HERO
RIDERS OF THE NORTH

EDITORIAL

THE art of the bootician has now reached so high a vigor and polish in the Federal Union that practically all the more familiar varieties of stimulant are now obtainable in every town pretending to culture, and at reasonable prices. I have drunk the soundest sort of Scotch in Chattanooga, Tenn., and gin of a noble bouquet in Hollywood. In Kansas City I have encountered Martini-Rossi vermouth that was as good as any on tap in Havana, and in Boston, not long ago, I eased my esophagus with a capital bottle of Château Lafite, of some unknown but praiseworthy year. Even in the wilds of Mississippi, a State in which no man may occupy a position of public honor or trust unless he has been baptized by total immersion, I have washed down the charming sea-foods of the region with a very meritorious Graves—unless my memory fails, a Podensac. What goes on in New York I leave to a just God and a candid world. There must be five thousand booters on Manhattan Island alone, and another five thousand restaurants that boot. Almost anything known to the human uvula is obtainable, from Russian vodka to English ale. In the early days of Prohibition it was necessary to take whatever the broker had, giving thanks meanwhile to the Holy Saints. But of late the more advanced practitioners bring it in on order. One may order (so I hear) a case of Piesporter Goldtröpfchen 1921, and get it within four weeks. And it will be real. Even some of the champagne on sale is real.

The men responsible for this increasingly agreeable arrangement of things are unknown to me, but certainly they deserve well of their country. It threatened, a few years back, to be engulfed in a wave of moronic, barnyard drinking. The theory

was that the wise man would drink whatever he could get, and at once, lest the agents cut off the supply on the morrow. There ensued the great Cocktail Plague, of which clergymen in the remoter suburbs are still discoursing lasciviously. Anything was good enough to make cocktails, and curst be him who first cried, Hold! Enough! I dreaded, in those crude days, to go into society. It was a choice between growing ulcers along the duodenum or affronting one's hostess. The dreadful stuff—often with eggs, pineapple juice, grenadine, crème de menthe and other such horrors in it, to say nothing of Tuskegee gin—came on in vast shakers, and there was no approach to the dinner-table until they had been emptied. More often than not, other shakers followed at the table, and among Christians but recently delivered from Calvinism it was even common for yet others to be brought in *after* dinner! Or there was whiskey-and-soda—a drink fit only for golf-players and Englishmen.

It was during that era of gross, revolting guzzling that I withdrew myself from social intercourse, and got the name of a recluse. I hope I need not protest that I am actually nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I find dining out a very pleasant cure for the fatigues of Service. What spoiled it for me temporarily was simply the excessive vogue of the cocktail—a trial almost as burdensome, to a man tagged by the sphygmomanometer, as the presence of females aspiring to literary endeavor. I quit because my gizzard was going back on me. Now I resume because the new *Stiefelkunst* has restored genuine dining, vice what was really a mere brawling in private saloons. At my last ten dinners I have been beset by no more cocktails than a healthy Elk would have called for in the

old days—maybe two, three, four or five; in two highly civilized houses, none. In place of their hot fires I have enjoyed the caress of sound wine, sometimes even of distinguished wine. It has filled me with an immense satisfaction, bordering upon ecstasy. Even the bad wines that I have encountered (for example, white Chianti: what a dose!) have somehow soothed me: they are at least better than the harsh beverages swilled by oil magnates, long-shoremen, and the young gentlemen at the universities. I have found myself, after a glass or two of a passable Volnay, speaking well of Mr. Coolidge, and chucking a lady poet under the chin. Mellowed, with the *café noir*, by a shot or two of authentic Kirschwasser, I have listened to music of such sort that, after the brutal liquors of 1921 or 1922, it would have caused me to shoot the piano full of holes.

II

Such is human progress. The bootleggers, aided by their friends, the Prohibition agents, have so far disposed of Volsteadism that there is no longer any excuse for drinking in the porcine manner of a sailor home from the Horn. Even United States Senators and Federal judges, so I hear, are now learning to like the lighter and more polished beverages, or, at all events, to drink them without any unseemly coughing and belching. Evening by evening, as I eat my way toward the life eternal, I project my mandible into better and better stuff. It is now months since I have encountered a cocktail with *crème de menthe* in it, or lime juice, or the whites of eggs. It is almost as long since I have been asked to drink whiskey at dinner. In a short while, no doubt, cocktails will disappear altogether, or be reserved for stag affairs, as the hymnody of the A. E. F. is reserved. Rotarians on the bust will drink them, but not men of condition.

But I believe that it will be a long while before any genuine understanding of and gift for wines, in the Continental sense,

will show itself in the American people. Only too many of them still labor under the belief that champagne is a wine, and it will take years to debamboozle them. To the chemist and toxicologist, of course, it is, but surely not to the enlightened palate. The functions of wine and of champagne in this world are quite different, and even antagonistic. That of wine is to dull the sharp edges of life, to slip a *sordine* over the medulla oblongata, to translate pain and sorrow into an amiable, *pizzicato* melancholy. That of champagne is to awaken and inflame the baser nature. It is used by realtors to arouse the acquisitive passion in their prospects, by the proprietors of night clubs to make their clients spend-thrift, and by men of no character to induce young women to take false steps. Is it drunk with game? Then it is only to conceal the fact that the colloids of the game have undergone dissociation. Is it guzzled at wedding breakfasts? Then the least said about wedding breakfasts the better. Is it employed to christen ships? Then sailors are not what they should be.

I pass over champagne. It will follow the cocktail into history. It emerged from the brothels with Prohibition, and will return thence as Prohibition fades. It is now nearly six months since I last had to drink any champagne, and I did it then only to please an elderly widow whose husband had been a Shriner. He left her a cellar full of it, along with a huge stock of *blended* Maryland rye—a drink consumed in the Free State itself only by policemen and politicians. Champagne is going, and still wines are coming in. Every incoming ship brings more of them; the booticians, as I have said, even begin to take orders for special marks. But the impression still seems to prevail in the Republic that serving them is a mere matter of emptying them into glasses, and so the cultured wine-bibber frequently finds his sensibilities lacerated. I have myself had a Büdsheimer set before me in a red glass. I have seen a very fair Beaune served with the soup. I have drunk a thin, sad Moselle (it

must have come from Luxemburg!) out of an old-fashioned champagne glass, with a hollow stem. I have witnesses that I was once offered Château Yquem with fish.

Here there is plainly room for improvement. The gallant gobs of the Rum Fleet cannot come ashore to teach their customers and beneficiaries the commonest elements of human decency. Nor can their agents on land. These hearty lads have done all that can be asked of them when they have got the stuff over the dock and through the Methodist Papal Guard. If the wines that now come in so pleasantly are ever to be treated with the respect due their merit, then there must be a campaign of education by other agencies. I nominate no such agencies, for all that I can think of are dubious—for example, the newspapers, the pulpit, and the universities. Civilized drinking habits have never prevailed among journalists, nor do they prevail today at the universities. On the former subject consult Samuel G. Blythe's "Cutting It Out"; on the latter, any recent speech by a university dean. The pulpit is hopeless. More and more clergymen, I believe, are resorting to the jug, but it will be a long while before they lift themselves from the jug to the hock-bottle.

III

So the job remains for pedagogues yet unorganized, and even undetected. Let them first address themselves, when they get into action, to the elements. Let them make it generally known, in a series of easy lessons, that red wines are not to be served with soup and fish, and that white wines had better not be brought on with huge roasts of bloody beef. Let them inculcate the great moral principle that (save for sound and sufficient reasons, too recondite for neophytes) the lighter wines are to be served first and the heavier afterward. Let them teach that drinking port after dinner, like drinking whiskey with it, is a practice confined to citizens of the Motherland, who, like Marines and Con-

gressmen, judge alcoholic beverages by their kick, and by naught else. Let them, when they have made some progress, disseminate the news that, in the palmy days of the boozeart in America, a glass of sherry took the place of the current (but happily decaying) cocktail. Let them make it known that sweet liqueurs are distasteful to the refined male, and fill him with malaises for which no Lydia Pinkham offers a cure.

I outline only the studies of the first semester. The whole course may well run a lustrum, and still leave all save the most talented pupils two-thirds police sergeant. A lustrum? Rather say a century. For when one enters upon the subtleties of marks and vintages the business becomes as complicated as counterpoint or moral philosophy. But even on that high level something, at least, may be taught within the span of one life—for example, that St.-Julien means a claret, even when the stuff in the bottle hails from Union Hill, N. J. Again, that an excess of any Italian red wine is apt to cause a powerful smarting of the pylorus. Yet again, that it is more civilized and satisfying to drink a bad wine with a good label than a bad wine with a bad label. Once more, that the safest of all drinks after 10 P.M. is malt liquor.

On the subject of malt liquor I could write at immense length. I am, in fact, a professor of it, and might very well fill the chair of it in the proposed College of Wines and Liquors. But pedagogy is foreign to my nature, and so I withdraw in advance, before the post is offered to me. There are as many subtleties in malt liquors as in wines. They are infinitely protean and various. In America, before the Blight, they were mainly bilge. They remain so to this day. But what the boys of the Rum Fleet have done with the still wines, they may do again with beers and ales. I look for better times. I expect, on some near tomorrow, to knock off a *Lis'l* of Pilsner Bürgerbräu on American soil. Such is my faith—the substance of something hoped for, the evidence of something not yet seen.

H. L. M.

IF THIS BE TREASON—

BY JAMES ROBINSON

I AM a Protestant. As a matter of fact, I am a Protestant clergyman, and of one of the sects whose communicants number over a million. And I could never be a Catholic, either layman or priest, for the Papist beliefs and superstitions would soon choke me to death intellectually. Nevertheless, I prefer Catholics for neighbors.

This preference of mine took root thirty years ago down in the sad town of Bonham, Texas. The family skeleton, having suddenly broken loose, was cavorting around threatening to blacken the family escutcheon. At the same time it had laid us out financially. I had just entered the world, adding woe unto woe. We needed help and we needed it badly. The adjacent Protestants—mainly Baptists and Methodists—heaved long sighs and shook mournful heads, but kept their distance. They seemed at a loss as to the proper attitude to assume toward a Protestant preacher whose character looked shady, even though it wasn't, and who was flat on his back. To be sure, a few soggy cakes and some tasteless, open-faced pies came to our relief. But she who really saved us was a Catholic neighbor. She entered one day carrying a steaming platter of food. She found my mother in bed in a low state following my birth. She appointed herself nurse for both Mother and me, and for a month she fed us from her pantry. It was she who finally kicked the wolf from the door, and who, singlehanded, turned our big black cloud inside out. She was a good soul, though a victim of unsound theology, and her name I arise to call blessed.

I mention her, not for sentimental reasons, but for purposes of illustration. I believe she was typical, and that the Protestant women who did a lot of sighing and gossiping and fluttering about were also typical. My opinion, I believe, is without bias; it is the result of observations in many fields, first as an evangelical preacher's son and later as a preacher myself. I've had the misfortune to live on twenty Main Streets, and the more popishly inclined the inhabitants the more to my taste was the town. I don't maintain that it was more progressive, or so replete with boosters and Rotarians and Kiwanians and Lions and what-have-you as the average 100% Protestant community. But the Catholic town was and is more human. It is less given to reforms and not so self-conscious and artificial. Perhaps a 100% Catholic town wouldn't do, but a liberal sprinkling of Romanism is excellent condiment for the flatness of Protestantism. It's not that the Protestants are without virtues, for they abound in them, but that they lack the virtues which make for *Gemütlichkeit* and happiness. These they have left for their Catholic enemies to cultivate. That's my whole point. My Catholic neighbors are more congenial, more natural, more human and less given to starchiness in their mental, moral and spiritual outlook than my own people.

I once asked my mother why she preferred them to Protestants. She replied laconically, "Catholics don't pry." I have since learned that wisdom was her handmaiden. For my mother, as the wife of an evangelical parson, had reason to fear people who pry. And now I, a Protestant

clergyman in my own right, experience the same fear. I dread the snooper; he inspires me with something akin to terror. For, in spite of my profession, I like to consider my home as my castle, and my Catholic neighbor appears to agree with me in that. He seems to realize that I'm a human being with a reasonable share of the old Adam in me. And he doesn't assume that because of my cloth I should be eternally closeted in prayer or forever about some mission of good works.

He respects, for example, my pipe. When there are Catholic neighbors on each side of me, I don't feel compelled to lower the blinds when I wish to smoke. They wouldn't be struck dumb with horror, even, if I should take a drink. Indeed, my Catholic neighbors have frequently tempted me with offers of the best in their cellars. If my times for arising and eating and retiring are not scheduled—and they never are—this remissness doesn't worry them. When my wife and I must pass through the agony of packing and unpacking for a move, I prefer to forego the assistance of my leading Elder's spouse for that of the local Romish Father's housekeeper. For if the latter stumbled upon a bottle of elderberry wine lodged thoughtlessly among the canned fruit, she would wrap it gently in a blanket and put it carefully away, thinking no more of it than she would of a bottle of soothing syrup. It is painful to imagine what the Elder's wife would think, say and do—provided, of course, she didn't pass out at the mere discovery. I'm always careful to clean the tobacco out of the lining of my pockets when I take them to the Methodist cleaner, but I buy all my tobacco across the counter from that good slave of the Pope, Bill Mullaney.

I feel strained and unnaturally dignified when I visit the houses of my Protestant friends, but I am strangely and heretically at home at my Catholic neighbor's. He offers me a cigar. Only a feeble hint from me, and he would shake me a cocktail. When I smoke, the lady of the house does

not look horrified, as if I were making preparations for the eternal fires of Hell. Nor does she pussyfoot around coughing and sniffing, and raising all the windows and opening all the doors in an effort to keep her home pure and sweet. If the odor of tobacco sickens her, she lies about it, assuring me that for fragrance, cigar smoke is comparable only to attar of roses. She endures much in the name of hospitality, and I am at home in her house. I feel free to talk about this, that, and the other thing, and do not confine myself to lamentations over the pestilence of necking among the young or speculations as to why their fathers play golf on Sunday. If my big toe itches while I am at my Catholic neighbor's, and I have unsuccessfully tried will-power, Christian Science, and theosophy upon it, I take off my shoe and go after the damned thing.

II

Somehow, I've always felt that the Catholic respects me, whereas the Protestant usually suspects me. For the Protestant, at least of the evangelical sects, is sworn to reform, and this obligation necessarily makes him suspicious. He must needs snoop around in order to find sins to correct. I am sensitive in this matter. Reform from the heart is all right; I'm for it. But when anyone attempts to coerce me, I want to break the furniture over his head. Nine-tenths of the misery in the world, it seems to me, can be laid at the door of those who attempt to transform their neighbors to suit themselves. The Catholics I know always make me feel that they didn't strike up an acquaintance with me in order to inspect me or alter me. But I suspect the Protestants' motives, as they seem to suspect my morals.

The Catholic is a wholly human fellow—perhaps all-too-human—and he likes that quality even in his priests. Only recently I learned to my delight that the local movie-parlor magnate preferred me to his own father confessor—that he had

said in substance, "I like that young preacher a lot, but I can't go that damned high-hat priest of ours." This man believes in the Adamic Fall. Technically, perhaps, I am supposed to be perfect, but he realizes that there is nothing perfect in this imperfect world. I am sure that my Catholic friends and I would have been on good terms with Adam, especially after he purloined the apple.

But the evangelical Protestant, being harassed by the prickly inhibitions of Calvinism and Wesleyanism, is forever uncomfortable. Miserable himself, he desires the company of *my* misery. My sins weigh heavily upon me when I am in his presence. To use a good Rotarian phrase, he doesn't know how to neighbor. "To be a good neighbor," said some wise man, "one must be a good lender." I don't like to borrow from Protestants, but I have no hesitancy about getting my Catholic neighbor out of bed for paregoric, for I know that he won't suspect me of wanting it for voluptuous use. And this neighboring extends from paregoric and lawnmowers to high finance—at least as high as I can go.

It was only a few years ago that, like many another poor parson, I fell into misfortunes and a flock of my creditors launched a terrific offensive against me. As they closed in from all sides a pacifier of some sort seemed necessary. The Protestant banker before whom I prostrated myself smiled sadly and sympathetically, but said no very firmly. His Irish Catholic competitor, however, smilingly did the handsome thing, and thereby enabled me to hold off my creditors for another year. I have borrowed money from Protestant bankers, but they were always at pains to impress upon me the cold-blooded nature of the whole borrowing and lending business. And although I fully realize that the pound of flesh must be exacted in the end by any banker, whatever his theology, my Catholic friends have a way of making me forget that dismal fact. They make cold cash glow with warmth and geniality.

As Eddie Guest might remark, these Catholic neighbors of mine are home folks. One can truthfully say that Eddie's poems contain more truth than poetry. For, if it be sentimental or not, there is something likeable about the person who is in love with his home. The Catholic is thus enamoured for the very simple reason that he almost invariably has from three to a dozen children. Among the five Protestant women in my choir in my last charge, there were two children, one of whom was adopted. I am confident that I couldn't find five Catholic women in any town where I have resided whom Jehovah had stricken so sorely. The Catholics do their best to populate the earth. Consequently, they are neither self-centered nor introspective. It is surely not hokum to say that the selflessness and sacrifice and hardship attendant on child-bearing and child-rearing have made my Catholic friends more human. Let the wise men advocate birth control; Protestant women will practice it for them. As for me, I fondly hope for the continued medievalism of my Catholic neighbors. Their copious offspring may be pests now and then, but the effect upon the parents is decidedly wholesome.

I should add here that this spirit of neighborliness is not confined exclusively to the sons of Holy Church. For that denomination which owes its Apostolic existence to the adulteries of Henry VIII, the so-called Anglican or Episcopalian, also causes its light to shine in this respect. Paradoxically enough perhaps, in their retention of the doctrinal absurdities of the apostolic succession and so on the Episcopalians have also retained many of the human qualities of their first cousins, the Papists. To read the recently published diary of that Eighteenth Century curate, the Rev. James Woodforde, is to realize to what heights of neighborliness *Homo sapiens*, though in holy orders, can ascend. People liked to have the Rev. Mr. Woodforde around. He was always the life of the party. It was only the Methodists,

just then beginning their peregrinations to and fro on earth, who considered him a lost soul.

Nor has the Volsteadian Era seen the successors of Mr. Woodforde falling into grim and anti-social ways. The brand of the W. C. T. U. has not yet seared their flesh, and so they continue to be spiritual mavericks in this day of Babbitry. In substantiation of this proposition, there is the recent vote of the Episcopal clergymen on the liquor question. By a smashing majority of 1304 to 501, they denounced Prohibition as a failure. Not even their brothers in unenlightenment, the Romans, have taken any bolder step toward parading their depravity, or toward provoking the ire of the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League. For what has been denounced as that "singular and illogical vote of the Episcopal clergy," let us who must suffer the gag of Calvinism and the Methodist Book of Discipline pause long enough to uncover and give three loud, rousing huzzahs!

Card-playing, dancing and smoking the pernicious weed are almost universal among the happily depraved priests of the Anglican communion. Their bent toward sin is lamentable, and a choice reservation in Hell is assured them. Inasmuch as I attended an Episcopalian college for several months, I do not speak without my facts. I have known many a rector and prospective rector intimately, and I can count the Puritans upon the fingers of one hand. Consequently, they make good neighbors, whether they reside next you in a college dormitory or along Maple avenue in the Corn Belt. To be sure, their tendency to high-hattedness, highfalutism, and geneological tables is sometimes subversive of the nobler kinds of neighborliness, but one may say that in general they are good sinners to have around.

My later attendance at the second largest theological seminary of one of the straight evangelical denominations brought out with terrific emphasis the contrast between the evangelical-minded and the

Episcopal- or Catholic-minded. In this institution of approximately two hundred students I knew exactly four brethren with whom I could revel in what was generally known thereabouts as "good fellowship." We were known as "the five horsemen of the tobacco lips." And we rode alone. For the others, upon their snow-white chargers of Calvinistic purity, avoided us as they would the plague. We were contaminated. But though our souls were black, we were good neighbors. And though often oppressed by the morgue-like atmosphere of the seminary, we managed to enjoy life, smoking and talking far into the night, while our more moral brethren slept the sleep of the pure in heart, having retired strictly on schedule.

Would it be superfluous to record the careers of my four brothers in sin? One, who held high hopes for himself, has left the sacred desk after a short service, and now consorts with Mammon in San Francisco. Another, though still in the ministry, spends the greater part of his time writing verse. Still another tells me that he shudders as he looks ahead to fifty years of such "steel-cold morality" as he now endures. And the fourth? Opportunely enough, I received a letter from him this morning, written from Windsor, Canada, that Mecca of thirsty 100% Americans. He writes: "Just a line to let you know that I am up here where you can get 100% proof genuine Bourbon, good wines, and sound beer. I have my permit, a quart of Walker's Bourbon rests at my elbow, and a pint of extra dry champagne is cooling on ice." He says further: "C—, who is with me, sends his regards." C— was once a postulant for holy orders in the English Church, and is now studying in America. Thus do good fellows get together. And thus, also, are budding Protestant clergymen driven to drink. A month ago this particular parson, a man of unusual ability, was refused a position in the church because he smoked.

This Pharisaical Puritanism pervades the evangelical clergy. They still worship

the harsh, humorless Jehovah of Sinai. Their religion is subscription to the moral law. It expresses itself in reform movements. The personality of these brethren is consequently mainly negative. They attempt to make up for their lack of human juices by slapping their parishioners on the back, and by promoting evenings of "good fellowship" in the church parlors. Impossible! The evangelical emphasis on reform has emasculated them.

To remedy all this, I favor their going in for the bold, wholesale chewing of cut-plug and the smoking of long black cigars. Such lapses would save them, and their suffocated personalities would revive. To-day they are scarcely human. Nor are most evangelical laymen.

III

Even the saints of the Protestant pulpit, as they weekly confess, are forever afflicted with the urge to sin. The attempt to subordinate this Adamic tendency to the higher ideals of Service only aggravates its pull upon many a poor pastor's nerves. The progressive city shepherd's recent addiction to the manly "damn" is evidence in point. Among the first duties of every pastor is the extremely difficult one of finding some congenial soul with whom he can talk freely, and perhaps "neighbor" in trivial iniquities. Certainly there is nothing so rejuvenating and so edifying for the prophetic office as a safe opportunity to get accumulated sin out of one's system in a natural way. A man must express himself. Naturally then, it helps immensely to have a good long talk on the problems of sex with some one who will not reduce the conversation to a discussion of the wonders of flying pollen. Or to hear the lurid details of a rousing party the boys had last night. Such things give a phosphorescent shimmer to the drab inner soul of a sin-starved parson.

But where is this sin-physic to be found? Where, among all the Hell-smitten citizens of this Christian Empire, is there the one

lone soul with whom a Protestant clergyman may neighbor? Surely, not among the sheep of his own fold: they already have an eye cocked for any possible remissness in their shepherd's decorum. Nay! The dear pastor's brother in sin must not even lean in the direction of his sheepfold. For even he who only leans will find the morsel too sweet to be eaten alone, and forthwith the whole community will become privy to the holy man's perversity. The parson must turn to the idolatrous sons of Holy Church. With them he is on no moral pedestal. They see no wings on his shoulders, nor do they expect to hear of any sprouting. As they regard their own priest, so they regard him—not as an impeccable moral exemplar but simply as a religious expert, one who has the low-down on the divine mysteries. They do not expect a man to be base or vile, nor does the average man desire to be either. They simply expect him to be human, and he himself desires no more than that.

I of course speak ironically when I say that fraternizing with Catholics affords me an opportunity to sin. That would be an insult to my Catholic neighbors. They simply afford me an opportunity to be myself. Not so the sheep of my own fold. These latter want me to pull a long face and heave heavy sighs. They would corral me within the pasturage of cold, dead, barren Puritanism. They would bind me to the Procrustean bed of Calvinism. Though I spake with the golden tongue of Chrysostom and had the intellect of an Augustine and the heart of a St. Francis, if I should take one little sip of wine for my stomach's sake, as advised by the Apostle Paul, my Protestant friends would forthwith consign my soul to the bluest flames of Hades. My Catholic friends expect only charity, sympathy, good-will, and temperance of me. And that is exactly what I expect of myself.

Just why this difference should exist between Protestants and Catholics I don't know. After all, why bring *that* up? This is not a treatise on comparative religions,

but a humble discussion of neighbors. At least I know that I like to squat on the running-board of an old Ford and talk by the hour with Romanist Joe, the mechanic. Joe went to France, not to make the world safe for democracy, but to see Paris. And he saw it. His companionship amuses me. But a surge of horror sweeps over me whenever my wife announces that old Sister Simpson is entering the front gate. For I know that the good Sister's question will always be the same: "Why does the Lord let His people suffer so?"

Catholicism is intellectually medieval, but it hasn't yet supplanted Christianity with Pharisaism. Confessions to priests and the beading of rosaries and prostrations before the Roman pontiff are a bit barbarous, I think, but the legalism of Protestantism is downright savage. The Protestants need the Gospel preached to them. They alone are responsible for the Anti-Tobacco League, the W. C. T. U., the Ku Klux Klan, and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Protestant negativism galls me. In my own small way, I am attempting to make Christians out of the victims of Wesley and Calvin. But I fear I shall be forced out of the fold before my message exerts any transforming power. Indeed, when I lately hinted to a parishioner that Al Smith wasn't such a bad sort, after all, the malignant glare that leapt to his eyes augured me no good.

This suggests to me that, if the Democratic party will give me the chance, (I write in May) I shall certainly vote for Al. I prefer him for President, even as I should prefer him for a neighbor, over Mr. Coolidge. In fact, I'm certain that the Calvinistic Calvin would prove insufferable. Economy and a family budget would interfere with his neighborliness. He would insist on my joining something. He would refuse to smile should I regale him with a good story. He would be given to platitudinous remarks about the Faith of Our Fathers. He would insist that America won the war.

But Al . . . ah! there is contrast! Sin-soaked and full of superstition as he is, who would not prefer him for a neighbor? Indeed, doesn't his neighborliness account for his repeated reelection to the governorship of New York? Al would have a well-stocked cellar and a can of fine-cut. He would have some amusing stories stowed away. He and I would exchange heresies in regard to 100% Americanism and the protective tariff. If I were broke, he would ask no questions nor sermonize on the evils of extravagance, but would assume the rôle of cheerful creditor. If I peradventure fell into sin, he wouldn't pass me by on the other side. If Al had been in the Garden he'd have eaten the apple.

I am of course aware that his assumption of office would mean rule from Rome, wholesale public hangings of Protestant elders, and the disemboweling of thousands of pregnant Protestant women. Only the other day I received a letter from one of His Imperial Wizard's agents thanking me for my subscription to his paper, to which I have never subscribed, but which I receive regularly, and which I as regularly consign to the waste-basket. Enclosed with His Excellency's expression of appreciation was a solemn warning to be on guard against the agents of the Harlot of Rome. The warning was freely illustrated. Trees were bowed to the earth beneath the weight of hanging Protestants; other sons of Wesley and Calvin were having their toes scorched; yet others were undergoing painful elongation upon the rack; monks in long black robes were going fiendishly about the work of disemboweling still more.

Thus, on the best authority, I know that my Catholic neighbor is a fiend incarnate. But he plays his part well. In fact, he plays it so well that, though it would pain me to lose my viscera or have my neck strung out to three feet in length . . . as witness the pictures sent me . . . I still find myself preferring his company to that of his morbid, if moral, Methodist or Baptist brother.

MAKING JUSTICE LESS EXPENSIVE

BY H. H. SAWYER

OUR laws, rules of evidence and methods of procedure are all made with a view to settling controversies over questions of law and disputes of fact wherein relatively large amounts of money are involved and expert counsel are employed on both sides. For this purpose the machinery is admirable. But for the purpose of settling and adjusting small claims and differences between parties that machinery is too rigid, too cumbersome, too expensive and too technical to function. In small claims an injustice is almost sure to be done to one of the parties to the litigation, and usually to both.

A man had purchased a bill of household furniture amounting to \$462 on a conditional bill of sale. He had paid \$456 in instalments, and then sickness had come and he got behind. The creditor company brought suit in replevin to recover back the entire lot of furniture, together with damages for its wrongful detention, and for costs and attorney's fees, though only \$6 was still due upon the bill of sale. Because the title to the furniture had never passed from the company to the purchaser, the court it appealed to was powerless to prevent the action. In another case a stenographer had purchased clothing on the instalment plan and had given an assignment of her wages to secure the bill. She got behind in her payments, the clothing company attached her wages, \$15 a week, and she brought suit against her employer and the clothing company to recover them. After a two days' trial, with three lawyers and many witnesses, a jury awarded her the \$15. But it cost her and the other two litigants many times that

amount, and the expense to the taxpayers was more than \$125—all to determine a \$15 controversy!

These are not unusual or extraordinary cases, as every judge or clerk of a municipal court knows. They are the kinds that consume a large portion of the time of the courts in every city of the United States. In the year 1926 there was filed in the municipal court in Des Moines more than 2500 cases for \$100 or less. These small cases are just as important to the parties concerned as are the larger ones to those who deal in greater sums. To compel such people to go to the expense of ordinary litigation, suffer the loss of time that is consumed in the trial of a lawsuit, and submit to the technical legal defenses that are often raised for no other purpose than to wear them out, is a practical denial of justice to the poor.

For the past ten or fifteen years there has been a growing sentiment throughout the country for a reform and simplification of court procedure. From Chief Justice Taft down through the bench and bar and out into the business world there have been some very strong utterances on the subject. As a result, the State Legislatures have been gradually encroaching upon the field of the lawyers, taking from them and placing in the hands of business men a great many actions and transactions which were formerly considered the exclusive concern of the bar. Thus we now see the settling of estates by trust companies, the adjusting of industrial accident cases by commissioners under workmen's compensation laws, and the provision of boards and commissions for the arbitration and ad-

justment of disputes that were formerly triable only at law. Not the least important of these simplifications of the law are exemplified by the multiplication of small-debtors courts and conciliation courts.

The new courts are of two kinds, indicated by their names: conciliation courts, in which settlements are based solely upon an agreement of the parties, without which agreement there is no settlement; and small-claims courts or small-debtors courts, in which there is a hearing before a judge and an arbitrary judgment entered. Both kinds have the advantage of a speedy, non-technical and inexpensive hearing on small claims of every kind. Each has some advantages over the other. Conciliation has the advantage of persuading the parties to reconcile their own differences under the guidance of a conciliator and thus part friends, the loser making an attempt in good faith to carry out what he has agreed to do. Small-claims courts have the advantage of either compelling a stubborn and unreasonable person to pay what seems rightfully due, or putting the burden upon him to appeal and try the case over again. Perhaps the ideal would be a combination of the two, first attempting conciliation, and then, if this failed, entering an arbitrary judgment with the right of appeal to another judge. However, history seems to show that when arbitrary power is given to anyone, the tendency is to exercise it and neglect all efforts to conciliate.

II

The history of these small-claims and conciliation courts goes back to Europe. Something of their kind is in vogue in many European countries. Norway and Denmark, where they have been used since 1795, have had especially marked success with conciliation. In Norway about 75% of all litigation is settled in conciliation tribunals, while in Denmark settlements run up to about 90% of the total litigation. In those countries two or three conciliators are appointed in every

community, and anyone with a claim of any kind may appear before one of them and file his case; his adversary will then be cited in to meet him and adjust their difference.

The beginning in America was made in Cleveland about sixteen years ago, when a wise clerk of the municipal court began, without any order of court or authority of law, to call in disputants in small cases by telephone and sit down with them and adjust their differences, if possible, before any suit was filed. He was so successful that when he could not reach the parties by telephone he sent them letters and thus got them together. When he had demonstrated the feasibility of his scheme, a small-claims court was established (on March 15, 1913) by order of the judges of the municipal court. This court is now handling about 16,000 cases annually and is probably the most successful in America.

It is a curious coincidence that on the same day the Legislature of Kansas and the municipal judges of Cleveland, wholly independent of each other, provided for such courts. But what is still more curious is that the Kansas Legislature designated its courts small-debtors courts, whereas in reality they are conciliation courts; and the judges of Cleveland called their court a conciliation court, when in fact it is purely a small-debtors court. This simply shows that in the early stages of the development of these courts there was little distinction between the functions of the two kinds. The Kansas courts have not achieved the marked success which has attended the Cleveland court, probably due to two facts. First, there is not the same need or demand for such courts in rural communities as there is in large cities. Second, the chief factor in the success or failure of conciliation is the conciliator himself. Cleveland was especially fortunate in having a clerk who was peculiarly suited to his position.

In 1915 Minneapolis secured a special law from the Legislature and established a conciliation court. This, too, is a con-

ciliation court in name only—in actual fact it is purely a small-claims court. Little or no effort is made to conciliate the parties, but a speedy, non-technical hearing is had and an arbitrary judgment entered from which any party dissatisfied may, on the payment of a fee of two dollars, appeal for trial before another judge of the municipal court. This court has some remarkable features, especially its mail-order business and the absence of any fees whatsoever. Nearly everything except the hearing is done by mail. The notices to the parties are sent by mail, not even registered, and if the letter fails to return to the clerk's office and the defendant fails to appear on the date set for the hearing, judgment is entered against him without further proof that he ever received the notice. The judge makes no decisions from the bench, but sends his decisions to both parties by mail. Notices of continuances are also sent by mail. In fact, almost all the business between the court and the parties is done by mail. No fees of any kind are charged. Everything is free. This is on the theory that justice to the poor should be furnished without expense, and that the taxpayers should pay the bill. There is some feeling that this is a mistake and that a fee sufficient to cover the actual costs should be charged, for a very large proportion of those using the court are not poor, and the absence of fees tends to invite many to file fictitious claims.

In both the Cleveland and the Minneapolis courts, which have been the most successful in this country, the most remarkable feature of the court work is its speed. I sat on the bench with Judge Hall in Minneapolis one hour and fifteen minutes, and he disposed of fifty-four cases and told me that he had more than two hundred cases assigned for hearing on the next day. In Cleveland I sat with Judge Stevens one hour and forty minutes and he disposed of 112 cases. It must be remembered that about one-half of these cases were defaulted—that is, no one appeared when they were called, and they were dismissed or a judg-

ment entered without further ado. Also, a small number were continued for one reason or another. But the average length of time consumed in the hearing of those litigants who appeared was less than five minutes to the case, and none took more than ten. This, I fear, is inadequate time for a judge to reach and enter an arbitrary judgment. To be sure, any mistake can be rectified by the provision that a regular trial may be had before some other judge on the payment of a small fee. But if the first judgment is not right, nothing has been accomplished and the purpose of the court has failed.

There are now more than one hundred cities in the United States that have some kind of small-debtors courts, and the States of Connecticut, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, North Dakota and Wisconsin have State-wide laws permitting any community to establish one. It appears that the new form of court is especially adapted to cities, and that it is not much needed in rural communities, where justice of the peace courts accomplish much the same thing.

In my own State, Iowa, the law was enacted in 1923. It provides that the judges of any district, municipal or superior court may adopt rules for establishing the new form of court. The Des Moines court was organized on Sept. 1, 1927, and Des Moines is the first and only place in Iowa where it has been tried. It is purely a conciliation court and enters no judgments except by agreement of the parties or on default of the defendant to appear when he has been served with a legal notice. There has been a steady increase in cases each month as the public has become acquainted with its work. No ordinary claim under \$100 can be brought in the regular courts until an effort in good faith has been made to conciliate, and a certificate to this effect has been furnished by the conciliator.

In the year 1926, out of 4535 civil cases filed in the municipal court, 54% were for \$100 or less. From 75% to 90% of these could have been adjusted by conciliation,

which would have saved time and expense for everyone, and especially the taxpayer, who bears the biggest expense of the courts. In the same year the cost of juries was \$9780 and there were 130 cases tried by them, making an average cost of \$75 a case for jury fees. Under the Iowa law litigants pay a jury fee of \$6 for each case tried; the remainder, \$69, is paid directly or indirectly by the taxpayers. The other court expenses run in about the same proportion.

III

It is therefore evident that the big public expense of litigation is incurred in those cases which are tried to juries and consume a long time for trial; small cases which take only a few minutes are inexpensive and cost the taxpayers practically nothing. It is also evident that when the costs charged to litigants are substantially the same in both kinds of cases, the man with the small claim is charged an unreasonable amount to help make up for the loss sustained by the man who has a long-drawn-out trial. It is for this reason that in conciliation courts a very small fee will cover all of the actual costs incurred.

In the municipal and city courts over the country the minimum cost of obtaining judgments runs from \$3.50 upwards. It is \$4.50 in Jersey City, \$5.50 in Pittsburgh, \$8 in Los Angeles, \$11 in Philadelphia, and \$15.50 in Hartford, Conn. But in the new small-debtors courts the cost is from \$1.25 downward—\$1 in Des Moines, fifty-two cents in Cleveland, and nothing whatever in Minneapolis. Nevertheless, these small charges cover the actual cost in most cases, except in Minneapolis, where justice to the poor is furnished without any expense whatever. When it is remembered that the total time consumed in conciliation, including the time of the conciliator, clerk and all others concerned, is on the average less than thirty minutes, it is understandable why a very small fee may cover the entire cost of the service.

But the expense is not the chief objection to the trial of small claims in the old way. Far more serious are the technicalities, uncertainties, delays and waste of time involved in the regular courts over claims of \$100 or less. They make regular trials almost a denial of justice to poor litigants. This is especially true when the contest is between one who is able to hire a lawyer and one who is not, which is very common in small cases.

In such cases the defendant's lawyer very frequently tries the tactics of wearing out his opponent with telling effect. And when the poor litigant does win in the end, he often pays more dearly for his victory than if he had not brought his suit at all or had submitted to an unjust claim. It is not uncommon for a man to be taken from his work four to six times, a half day or more each time, only to find that his case has been postponed, a technical motion filed, or a jury trial demanded. By demanding jury trials, filing counterclaims, requiring bonds, filing technical motions, attachments, etc., a poor litigant without a lawyer soon becomes lost in a maze of legal technicalities and procedure, and is compelled to settle on unfavorable terms, employ a lawyer, or drop the case.

He generally does the latter, and then goes out to complain loudly that there is no justice for the poor. And there is altogether too much truth in that complaint. Thousands of just claims are permitted to go unadjusted and hundreds of unjust claims are paid each year to avoid battles with lawyers. Witness the threatening letters sent out by collection agencies in their attempts to force the settlement of doubtful claims that fall into their hands.

The courts, in most cases, are powerless to give relief when unjust and unconscionable suits are filed, and even when such relief is possible it usually comes too late to be effective. This is well illustrated by the following case: A stenographer sued her employer, a collection agency, for \$72 back wages. When she commenced the suit

there was sufficient property to pay her in full, but by filing technical legal defenses and using other wearing-out tactics the defendants kept the case from trial until they had disposed of their property. When she finally got a judgment after three months' delay and considerable expense there was nothing to satisfy it and she never recovered a cent. Incidentally, it cost the taxpayers more than \$75 for her to obtain a worthless judgment. In another case a laboring man had deposited \$50 as a good-faith bond with his employer. When he was discharged his employer refused to return the money, the man brought suit to recover it, and the employer demanded a jury trial, which compelled the man to employ a lawyer. He finally won the case, but it was five months and ten days before he received his money, and when he had paid his lawyer and counted his other expenses and his loss of time he had lost a good deal more than if he had never brought suit at all. This litigation cost the taxpayers more than \$100. The court records are full of such cases.

The conciliation court at Des Moines eliminates nearly all of this. At one hearing, without formality, without written or formal pleadings, without any need of lawyers, without delays, and at a total cost of \$1, the whole controversy is threshed out by the two interested parties and the judge, the latter acting as conciliator. In about 90% of all cases a fair and just settlement is reached. When for any reason a settlement is not reached, it is at least determined that the case is meritorious before it gets into the regular court. Very often cases are adjusted over the telephone, the conciliator sitting in his office with the claimant, with the other party at the other end of the wire.

Many of these disputes arise over a misunderstanding of the law. When its provisions are pointed out to the parties they have no difficulty in agreeing. The conciliator, if he is a lawyer (as he should be), is in much better position, after hearing

both sides of a case, to advise the parties about the law involved than any lawyer could be after hearing only one side of it. Many lawsuits are commenced simply because a lawyer's client has not told his lawyer all of the story. Acting upon what has been told him, the lawyer commences what seems to be a very meritorious suit, but when he hears the other side he knows at once that he has no case at all. It is then too late.

In a conciliation court the judge hears both sides of the case in the presence of both parties and gets the facts correctly; he is then in a position to point out the law correctly, so that the parties will understand it and agree. Then, too, the parties are usually more willing to listen to and follow the advice of a judge or other public official than of a lawyer. They know that he has no interest save to get them together in a fair and legal settlement.

In the Des Moines court the notice to the defendant informs him that if he has no defense to present, or if he wishes to make provision to pay on instalments, he can see the conciliator at any time before the date set for the hearing and make such arrangements. It is not uncommon to have a defendant come in long before the day set for the hearing and agree to a settlement, pay the costs of the plaintiff, and start paying out his claim, without the claimant even coming to court at all.

Provision is also made that any defendant who may owe a number of claims may come into court and list all of his debts and the names of his creditors. They are then notified to come together at one hearing, and an attempt is made to settle all of his debts at one time and with one fee. If they agree, he pays an agreed sum into court each pay day or at other stated times, and this is prorated among his creditors, or among those who agree to it. Thus if a poor man owes a grocery bill, a doctor's bill, rent, and coal, clothing and hospital bills, and his creditors are each demanding more than he can pay, he may

list them all and they will be notified of the hearing. None of them alone would accept \$1 each pay day, but when all are together with the conciliator, and it is shown that if the man pays \$6 each pay day that is all he can spare and keep his family, they will usually agree to accept their shares.

There is really no alternative. If any refuse, then those who do agree will get something on their accounts, while all that those who refuse to enter the agreement can do is to file suits at their own expense and take judgments. But since the man has no property and his wages are exempt, they can get nothing. So there is usually no trouble in getting the creditors to agree to let the court collect their bills, if the debtor is willing to make a reasonable effort to pay. The settlement always provides that if the debtor fails to live up to his agreement, judgment shall enter for the unpaid balance and for costs.

Whenever lawyers are retained settlements are more difficult and if there are two lawyers they are almost impossible. When a lawyer is retained he must be paid and that makes just that much more difference between the parties. The lawyer is expected to get enough more (or to save enough) for his client to pay his fee, so the client is not as easy to conciliate as he would be without a lawyer. Then, lawyers are notoriously sticklers for technicalities, and many of them will fight over a legal nicety rather than settle on a fair basis. When there are no lawyers the court nearly always finds a way to settle the case; when they come, there is trouble. In an automobile accident case, the actual damage to the car was about \$30 and the claimant would have been glad to have accepted that amount or even less, but he employed a lawyer and immediately the claim was for \$60. Then the defendant got a lawyer and filed a counterclaim for \$50. By the time they got to court they were \$110 apart, and it was impossible to reach a compromise that both would accept.

IV

The conciliator always advises the parties of their legal rights so that they will understand precisely what they are doing in any settlement they may enter. But legal technicalities are not permitted to stand in the way of settlements. Since conciliation is based upon agreements solely, the court is not bound by the technicalities of the law, but is at liberty to enter into any agreement which seems equitable and just. When the law interferes with justice, as it sometimes does, the court stresses justice. Very often in small automobile accident cases both parties have been somewhat negligent, but one was more negligent than the other. In such cases, under the law, neither can recover; nevertheless, the question of contributory negligence is a question of fact for a jury, or the court acting as a jury, to decide, and if the case goes to trial no one can say whether the jury will hold either party free from contributory negligence or not. It costs both parties considerable sums to find out.

In such cases, after advising the litigants about the law, I often suggest to the one who seems to be clearly negligent that it will be more profitable to compromise the claim than to go to trial, and usually he does so. It is always better to compromise a small claim than to go to the expense and uncertainty of a trial. Both parties lose in small lawsuits.

In connection with automobile accident cases we have a number of charts drawn to scale showing the various kinds of street intersections and crossings; also, we have a number of toy automobiles, trucks, busses, street-cars, railroad engines, etc. all on about the same scale. The parties to the accident are asked to place two of these toy cars in the relative positions of the two automobiles before the accident happened, and then reenact the accident as they remember it. In this way the conciliator can learn more of the facts and causes of the accident in five minutes

than can be brought out in two hours of questioning.

Another feature of our court which has met the approval of everyone, particularly the lawyers, is that not a single right or remedy available to litigants is taken from them by the attempt at conciliation. If conciliation fails, the parties are in the same position they would have been in if an original notice, or summons, had been served upon them to appear on the day of the conciliation. Whenever it is determined that there is no possibility of getting the two parties together, the conciliator, on the request of either party, transfers the case to the regular municipal court docket and fixes a date for the trial of it, but that date cannot be within five days unless by agreement of both parties. The parties then have the full statutory time to secure attorneys, if they desire, and prepare for a legal battle in the usual manner.

Everything said or done at the conciliation hearing is confidential and there is no record made, and nothing said or done can be used afterward in the trial of the case. Every incentive is given to induce the parties to tell the whole truth and reach an amicable settlement, and so long as there seems any possibility of doing so the conciliator keeps on making suggestions. When it seems hopeless he has the case transferred and urges the parties to agree upon a date for the trial. Nothing has been lost; no additional expense has been incurred; even the \$1 filing fee is credited against the filing fee in the regular court. No time has been lost, for the conciliation hearing has been held on the date when appearance would have been required in the regular court, and the case is ready for trial fully as soon as if it had been commenced there in the first place.

The success or failure of a conciliation court depends very largely upon the man who acts as conciliator. He must be one who believes thoroughly in conciliation, he must have almost unlimited patience, and he must have the knack of bringing warring parties together. It is a peculiar

and somewhat difficult position to fill. The success of the Cleveland court is largely due to the clerk who started it and who acted as conciliator until his death about a year ago. Almost as much can be said of the Minneapolis court. Many other courts have failed of complete success because they have not found the right men for conciliators.

In Des Moines the lawyers have supported the new venture almost to a man. They have long felt the need of a tribunal to which they could send clients with small cases that were unprofitable for them to handle. Most lawyers do not like to refuse a client simply because his case is small or because he is poor, so every lawyer devotes a large amount of his time to cases which are unprofitable. Now they send all such cases to the conciliator, who takes care of them in much less time and even more satisfactorily than they can do, and with only nominal expense to the client and without loss of time to the lawyer. The only lawyers who do not feel exactly happy about the new method are those who hope to obtain unfair fees by starting unjust claims, and the young lawyers just out of school who are eager for any kind of case, no matter how small, for the experience and education they can get out of it.

Neither of these classes has made much outcry, because a large proportion of our cases are of kinds which neither class would have obtained any way; they would never have been commenced but for the conciliation court. They are brought by persons who shy at lawsuits and hesitate to take their small claims to attorneys. They are made up of wage claims, board and room bills, small loans, grocery accounts, small accident cases, etc. It is for these classes, particularly, that the court was established. In such cases the plaintiff needs no lawyer and would drop his claims if he had to hire one, but his claim is often just and should be settled, and the State does well to provide him with a cheap and non-technical way of adjusting it.

V

The method of procedure is so simple that most people are bewildered by its simplicity. Even the lawyers are astonished and sometimes raise questions of the conciliator's authority to do some of the things that are done, but when asked if there is any law prohibiting two people making any agreement they desire to adjust their differences, there is nothing more to be said. The claimant comes to the office of the conciliator or his clerk, and states in his own language what he claims. If his claim seems to be just the clerk reduces it to writing and has him sign it. Then the clerk proceeds to notify the other party, by telephone if he can be reached, or prepares a regular legal notice or summons, and instructs the claimant how to have it served, fixing a date for the hearing.

At the hearing the conciliator sits down at the head of a table with the parties on either side and asks the claimant to state his case first. Then comes the defendant, and then the conciliator asks such questions as will elicit the facts and make the dispute clear. Finally, he summarizes the law applicable to the case, and when he has reached what seems to him the opportune time he suggests a fair settlement. In a very large proportion of the cases the parties acquiesce at once.

Many times the only difference between them is an erroneous notion of the law. One woman who had contracted a store bill had been told that because she had married and changed her name the store could not collect the account. On being assured that changing her name twenty times would not cancel the bill she readily agreed to pay it in instalments. In another case a man said that his opponent could not prove damages in an automobile accident because he had seen it through the windshield, and he (the defendant) had been told that one could not testify in court to anything that had been seen through glass. Another woman would not pay a bill because she thought her opponent had no

way of collecting, though both she and her husband were working. When told that her wages were subject to garnishment, she readily agreed to settle.

Neither the parties, nor witnesses when there are any, are sworn in conciliation cases, and they are not much cross-examined. They are encouraged to tell their stories in their own way, and the rigid rules of evidence are forgotten. Of course a lot of extrinsic matter is brought in, but the judge, if he has any experience, is not deceived by it, and admitting it offers by far the quickest way to get at the truth.

Perhaps the best feature of the conciliation court is that the parties seldom grow bitter at each other as they do in lawsuits; even when they come in hostile they usually go away friends. When they find that they have not been brought to trial, and that no judgment is to be entered against them, but that it is merely a private hearing with the conciliator to talk it over and agree on a fair settlement, they fall at once into a conciliatory mood and are commonly willing to go half way or more to have the dispute adjusted. When they reach an agreement, they have a feeling that, having made it voluntarily, they must abide by it, and so prevent it ripening into a judgment. Under the Iowa law, when an agreement is reached, no further record is kept except in cases wherein payments are not fully made, and even then the record is only sufficient to receive and disburse the money. Judgments are never entered except on failure to live up to the agreement made.

The Des Moines court has been in operation less than a year—too short a time to reach any final judgment as to its success or failure. But each month has shown an increase in the number of cases and in the interest of the public. In the course of time the court will undoubtedly handle more cases than any other court of the city. Already, indeed, the number almost equals the number of civil cases in the municipal court.

AMERICAN

CALIFORNIA

THE artists at Hollywood quietly assume their places as cultural leaders of the Republic:

HOLLYWOOD SHOPPING SERVICE

POST OFFICE BOX 1044

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

"We Buy You What the Stars Buy" (Reg.)

STROLLING ALONG THE BOULEVARD

A stroll along Hollywood boulevard from Vine street to the Hotel Roosevelt, with the most chic and exclusive Specialty Shops in America lining both sides of the street, reveals the smartest fashions, the most elegant creations, the finest fabrics, and styles which are a year ahead of all other styles in America.

Here is where the film stars obtain those sartorial effects which make them the best dressed people in the world. Here for a whole mile are brilliantly assembled and handsomely housed the patterns and modes that make up the styles of America. Just as the financial center of the world has shifted from London to New York, so the fashion center of America has shifted from Fifth avenue to Hollywood boulevard.

In these Specialty Shops, the Hollywood Shopping Service fills orders from all over the civilized world, the orders which its patrons send it. Our Hollywood Shopping Service keeps busy checking up what the film stars are buying to wear in the pictures, at their sports and recreations, to put in their beautiful homes, in and on their motor cars, aboard their yachts and motor boats, or to wear in their airplanes.

The Hollywood Shopping Service executes any shopping commission from one fine linen handkerchief to a Rolls-Royce (with as many doo-dads as Tom Mix has on his big white Rolls), complete even to a horn with chimes or a bugle call. Anything you see on the screen that a star is wearing, that we can buy and ship to you.

The Hollywood Shopping Service does all this for you quite free of extra charge, asking only that you state your size, correct measurements, color preferences, or other particulars, when you enclose your postal money order for the articles desired. Correspondence is solicited and satisfaction is guaranteed. Please check over the following list and let us know your wishes by an early mail.

Lois Wilson's swimming suit in two colors.....\$ 12.00

John Gilbert's monogrammed Russian cigarettes, per 100.....\$ 10.00
Richard Arlen's blue shirts with 4-inch pointed collars.....\$ 5.00
Reginald Denny's English kit-bag of walrus.....\$ 45.00
Mae Murray's dancing frock of white point d'esprit, beaded tulle and apple blossoms.....\$ 300.00
Leatrice Joy's early American quilt in rose and white.....\$ 50.00
Montagu Love's briar pipe with long stem.....\$ 15.00
Olive Borden's black Spanish lace underwear.....\$ 15.00
Adolphe Menjou's dress shirts of French piqué.....\$ 15.00
Jesse Lasky's cigars (big and black), apiece.....\$ 1.25
Marie Prevost's beach parasol, 8 feet across.....\$ 42.50
Marion Davies' folding bridge table with 6 chairs for lawn.....\$ 24.00
Lya De Putti's engraved parchment visiting cards.....\$ 8.50
Fred Thomson's cuffs of hand-engraved leather.....\$ 12.50
Tom Mix's dress gloves, white buckskin with black stitching.....\$ 6.50
Vilma Banky's love anklet (white gold).....\$ 25.00
Rod La Rocque's bracelet.....\$ 65.00
John Barrymore's fitted dressing bag (morocco, cloisonné, gold).....\$ 730.00
Charles (Buddy) Rogers' chamois gloves.....\$ 7.50
Harold Lloyd's English morning suit.....\$ 185.00
Victor MacLaglen's boxing gloves.....\$ 21.50
Norman Kerry's beach robe of Turkish towelling.....\$ 25.00
Thomas Meighan's hammered silver cocktail set, shaker and one-half dozen silver cocktail glasses.....\$ 67.50
Norma Shearer's engraved rock crystal dinner service (12).....\$ 700.00
Ralph Graves' Wedgewood dinner service.....\$ 350.00
Lita Grey Chaplin's complete dinner service of green glass.....\$ 250.00
Joan Crawford's embroidered white crêpe de chine purse.....\$ 12.50
William Farnum's blood red ale glasses, per dozen.....\$ 22.50
Marian Nixon's green glass ice bucket with sterling silver handle.....\$ 6.50
Jack Mulhall's combination cigarette case and 2-drink flask.....\$ 17.50
James Murray's "Lighthouse" cocktail shaker.....\$ 30.00
Wm. S. Hart's cartridge belt and (2)

pistol holsters.....	\$ 47.50
Ramon Navarro's Fedora hat.....	\$ 15.00
Madeline Hurlock's black glass bath-room accessories.....	\$ 26.25
Norma Shearer's afternoon ensemble of gray velvet and blue fox—dress and coat.....	\$ 925.00
Alma Rubens' diamond and platinum wrist watch.....	\$2500.00
Lew Cody's striped bath robe, gray-blue and orchid.....	\$ 18.50
Raymond Hatton's after-dinner cordial set and decanter.....	\$ 25.00
Charles Ray's black enamel and crystal evening studs.....	\$ 92.00
Monte Blue's ivory-topped ebony evening stick.....	\$ 25.00
Francis X. Bushman's favorite nut bread, by the loaf.....	.38
Vilma Banky's-Rod La Roque's wedding cake (3 tiers).....	\$ 50.00
Patty Dupont's sapphire, platinum and diamond wrist watch.....	\$1800.00
Clara Bow's steamer chair with canopy top.....	\$ 12.50
William Farnum's white serge knickerbockers.....	\$ 12.50
Ruth Taylor's silver kid slippers with rhinestone buckles.....	\$ 90.00
Mrs. Martin Johnson's sombrero.....	\$ 18.50
Douglas Fairbanks' broad leather belt with 3 straps.....	\$ 22.50
Jack Pickford's folding phonograph with monogram.....	\$ 55.00
Katherine MacDonald's Scotch plaid umbrella.....	\$ 18.00
Shirley Mason's face powder, per box.....	\$ 1.50
Victor Varconi's fresh caviar (per pound, shipped in glass).....	\$ 19.00
D. W. Griffith's director chair (with your name painted on).....	\$ 5.00
Jack Dempsey's boxing gloves (practice).....	\$ 54.00
Jeanne Eagels' scalloped butterfly slippers.....	\$ 18.50
Bessie Love's silver filagree bouillon cups (6).....	\$ 50.00

SINISTER admission of a staff writer in the eminent Los Angeles *Record*:

I question that there are more than a very few people in Los Angeles as happy as the Negro stevedores on the levees along the Mississippi.

ANTHEM sung at the annual memorial services of Golden Gate Council, No. 80, United Commercial Travelers of America, held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, San Francisco:

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Brother U. C. T.
We will always hold you in fondest memory;
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to
Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

COLORADO

LAW ENFORCEMENT in this great State, as

reported by the American Civil Liberties Union:

The six miners were killed and over a score more, including some women, were wounded by troopers under the command of Captain Louis N. Scherf when they attempted to march up to the post-office of the Columbine mine in defiance of Scherf's orders. A coroner's jury found that the miners came to their deaths at the "hands of persons unknown," but Thomas Annear, chairman of the Colorado Industrial Commission, who was present, later recommended gold medals for the police who did the killings. None of the police were injured and no weapons were found on the dead men or on those arrested.

DELAWARE

THE HON. JOSIAH MARVEL, of Wilmington, speaking before the Canton, O., Exchange Club:

The work of the service clubs of this country in the last twenty-five years has done more to create the Christian religion in every-day life than all the efforts made by mankind everywhere for more than 2,000 years.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE conscience of the people of the United States, as revealed to the world by the proceedings of Congress:

The House yesterday voted to pay José Man-cisco Rivas \$138.50 damages for the attack on his wife by a marine in Nicaragua.

THE celebrated Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals receives reinforcement:

LOYAL LEGION OF AMERICAN MOTHERS

1. Supports the sanctity of the Volstead act, the President, the Holy Bible and patriotism.
2. Supports the purification of the American girl and idealism.
3. Opposes the marriage of Americans and foreigners and insidious propaganda.
4. Opposes all entangling alliances between the races.

National Headquarters and Reference Bureau

BETHANY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President—MRS. GUTHERIE WILLIS WATSON, A.B.

1000 CHAPTERS EVERYWHERE

Dear Sir or Madam:

Do you realize that there are 2,181,818 Radio Receiving Sets in our America?

Do you realize that during the past twelve months there were 239,075 items put forth into the air for these Radio Receiving Sets to receive?

As a law-abiding loyal American citizen you must ask yourself how many of the 239,075 items on the air were of a religious nature?

The answer is only 383!

Only .0016 per cent!

The air is almost wholly pagan!

It is the firm intention of this Society to right this dangerous situation and we want Your SUPPORT.

Your support means keeping our pure American young ones pure, so that they in turn may keep their pure American young ones pure.

It cannot be done without money.

Will you not help?

A check, even a small one, to this Society is a blow at the Pagan Air.

Help us cure these conditions! Protect your home and loved ones and radio from devils in the air!

Yours for a clean air,

MRS. GUTHERIE WILLIS WATSON, A.B.,

President.

Checks to be drawn to the
Loyal Legion of American Mothers.

FLORIDA

CULTURAL activities of the ladies of the town of Milton, as reported by the illustrious *Gazette*:

Mrs. Jacob Cohen was hostess on Tuesday afternoon to the Shakespeare Club, of which she is a member. Mrs. D. C. Diden was leader of the study, the subject being, "Henry Ford, his Life and his Work." Ford jokes contributed to the pleasure of the programme. Mrs. J. Frank Smith was in charge of the music study, using the biography of Irving Berlin. Miss Margaret Read played "Together We Two," one of Berlin's latest successes. Mrs. J. D. Smith gave a biography of Madam Louise Holmes; Miss Gladys Ouzoonian gave a violin solo, "Turkey in the Straw," in recognition of the Ford Barn Dances. At the close of the programme, Mrs. Cohen served a salad course followed by a sweet course.

PUBLIC announcement in the eminent
Morning Sentinel of Orlando:

I SHALL ENJOY

playing to the moving picture, "The Passion Play," Monday and Tuesday nights at the Municipal Auditorium, because religious music sounds the depths of my reverential and emotional feelings, and the greatness of the pictured scenes will evoke supreme response from one who truly considers Jesus Christ worthy the best we can render in homage and gratitude to Him.

C. ERNEST WADE,
The organist.

GEORGIA

THE state of scientific inquiry in Moronia Felix:

PHRENOLOGY

PROF. J. S. GIBSON

Macon, Georgia

Is in the city and will give examinations in Phrenology according to the Fowler and Wells system of the New York American School of Phrenology.

PHRENOLOGY

is that science which treats of the mind and the passions, as shown by the different organs and construction of the brain supposed by Dr. Francis Joseph Gall to be developed in the brain as composed of a plurality of separate organs, every one of which represents an independent faculty of the mind.

This important mental and moral science has been studied by the greatest minds of Europe and America and is acknowledged by the leading journals on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is especially important to the young because by its teachings the occupation for which anyone by nature is best adapted can be determined; also human character is better understood, which gives aid to self-government. It is used in the education and training of children, and in the science of medicine and the regulation of business.

I have practiced Phrenology for 30 years, and by this extensive practice am well qualified to read character and give advice according to the latest improved methods known to science.

EXAMINATION: 25 CENTS

Respectfully,

J. S. GIBSON.

INCIDENTS in the life of a free American citizen of Dahlonga, as reported by the incomparable W. B. Townsend, editor of the *Nugget*:

We learn that one of the Mr. Millers, over on Route 2, had a strange accident some time ago. He had \$120.00 in his shirt pocket in which he carries his watch. Seeing that his clock on the mantel-piece had run down, he took his watch out to see how to set his clock. Noticing that in pulling out his watch his money came with it, and was burning up. In letting go the clock key to get water to extinguish the burning money the clock spring broke. And in pouring the water on the fire the steam burnt his child sitting close by and he lost his money besides. This is what you might call three in one.

ILLINOIS

JUDICIAL gossip from Chicago, disseminated by the alert Associated Press:

A thirty-year-old father sent to the penitentiary for the slaying of his three-year-old daughter was described by the judge who sentenced him today as a "splendid man." William Goeschell pleaded guilty to manslaughter after two juries

had found him guilty and he had been granted new trials. He cut the throats of the child and his wife after a quarrel with the latter. The wife recovered. "The fact that his wife publicly announces that she favors free love is enough to make any man see red," said Judge Frank Comerford. "I believe he is a splendid man."

INDIANA

LITERARY news from the rising town of Brightwood, as reported by the Indianapolis *News*:

Mrs. Charles Sellers was hostess Wednesday for a luncheon for the Brightwood Literary Club. . . .

Mrs. William S. Tyner read a paper on "My Philosophy of Life as Gained From the Sunday Papers."

FOOTNOTE upon the American genius in the celebrated South Bend *News-Times*:

Alex. H. Creutzburg, 748 Leland avenue, celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday Wednesday by climbing to the top of a sixty-foot high-tension line pole and standing on his head there for five minutes. The pole was located in front of the Staples-Winkler Company, at Niles and Colfax avenues, and Mr. Creutzburg's feat was witnessed by dozens of passersby. For years, Mr. Creutzburg has celebrated his birthday by selecting a high pole in some section of the city, climbing to the top and standing on his head.

FIRST stanza of an elegy by the Hon. John Alvin Garrett, of Rising Sun, sponsored by the Hon. Harry C. Canfield, Congressman from the Fifth Indiana District, and printed in the *Congressional Record* at the expense of the people of the United States:

SUBMARINE S-4

Nigh fathom twenty sunk they lie,
Awaiting rescue or to die,
Entrapt inside a submarine
With death approaching on the scene;
The crew compose their minds with dice,
More for the pleasure than the vice.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the great town of Hammond:

The story of how two brothers profited by the funeral of another brother by selling liquor to the mourners and charging them \$3 each to ride in the funeral cortege was told in court today in the suit of John Jasnowski, an undertaker, who sued to collect the funeral expenses. Frank Puskowski, one of the brothers, said Felix, the other brother, should pay the costs, since Felix made money by charging the mourners to ride in the cortege. But Felix said Frank made \$150 by selling them liquor, so he should pay.

KANSAS

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the eminent *State Journal* of Topeka:

LUNCHEON AND FASHION REVUE

THURSDAY, ONE O'CLOCK

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The newest fashions presented
on living models . . .

Charlotte Conwell Pardee

Jane Griggs
Janice Soule
Patsey Strawn

Nancy Page
Marion Miller
Peggy Strawn

Genevieve Veale
Master Dick Dunham

(All apparel shown on models, courtesy
The Pelletier Stores Company.)

MAINE

THE HON. CARL E. MILLIKEN, A.B., LL.B., former Governor of this great State, as reported by the New York *World*:

If Shakespeare were alive today he would be in Hollywood or Hollywood would be at Stratford-on-Avon.

MICHIGAN

THE sublime processes of the law in Detroit, as described by one of the town newspapers:

To save his 65-year-old mother-in-law from conviction on a liquor charge, Mike Carluccio, 38 years old, yesterday pleaded guilty to the possession of wine, found in his home, 12695 McDougall avenue, and paid a fine of \$500.

Carluccio explained to Judge Edward J. Moinet in Federal Court that while he was absent from his home recently two Prohibition agents, posing as friends, persuaded Mrs. Lucio Denarco, the mother of his wife, to give them some wine. As they were leaving, the pair laid a few coins on the table in payment.

The wine was kept for family use, Carluccio said, and was not intended for sale.

NEW JERSEY

FROM a communication to the press by Miss Louise S. May, of the Atlantic City Convention Bureau:

According to Senator Walter E. Edge, first president of the Bureau, conventions are the highest expression of civilization.

NEW YORK

THE higher learning at Cornell, as reported by the *Alumni News*:

Lecture, "Greeterism," Allan G. Hurst, president of the Hotel Greeters' Association. Room 100, Caldwell Hall, 2 P. M.

THE present state of the Fourth Amendment in New York City, as set forth in a bulletin of the American Civil Liberties Union:

Mention by a citizen of his civil rights of protection against search and seizure without a warrant so irritated a policeman and later a magistrate that Louis Brody, New York salesman, was forced to pay a \$5 fine.

Brody, carrying a heavy black bag, had started to work when a policeman became curious and demanded that he open it. Brody, affirming his rights as a citizen, at first refused to do so unless the officer showed a warrant, but when the latter started marching him toward the station, he yielded. Examination showed the bag contained samples of cosmetics. When Brody continued protesting against the policeman's actions and a crowd gathered, the officer arrested him for "causing a crowd to collect and refusing to move when ordered."

Magistrate McQuade, in Washington Heights Court, fined him \$1, but when Brody protested again about his rights the magistrate recalled him and increased the fine to \$5.

OHIO

How Prohibition is uplifting American manhood in Cincinnati, as revealed by the *Post*.

It cost Herman Mueller, 3378 McHenry road, a \$350 fine to give a half pint of liquor to a life-long friend. Mueller pleaded guilty to the sale and possession of liquor at 1200 Poplar street. It developed that John Weiler, a former village court liquor raider and now acting as a government informer, called on Mueller, whom he has known since they were ten. Weiler wanted to buy liquor. Mueller told Judge Smith Hickenlooper of the United States District Court that he gave Weiler a half pint, but that Weiler insisted on paying \$1 for it. When he took the money he was arrested.

OKLAHOMA

A new variety of Higher Criticism shows itself in the letter column of the *Oklahoma City News*:

Editor of The News:

How can anybody place so much confidence in that old Book, the Bible? We have enough evidence from Spirit messages to warn us against putting so much reliance in the Bible. The writer has many messages in his possession from the spirit world, especially from preachers, and they all admit that they were dead wrong when on earth. Some of the things that we hear in churches as being great truths are nothing but rubbish.

EDWARD SWANKE.

El Reno, Okla.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE troubles of the Christian faithful of Shenandoah, as set forth in a handbill distributed in the town:

There is in this town on the corner of West Oak and South Chestnut streets, a Church which by its location and height is very noticeable over other churches. It is crowned with a round top painted in green and has a three-bar cross.

The Church is known in the town as the "Greek Church." Also, if you ask in English any member of that Church "Who are you?" you will get the answer, "Greek."

In spite of such a name of this Church and its people, neither Church nor the people are Greek.

The real Greek people residing in this town never visit this Greek Church, because it is not Greek at all, and its members are not Greek and they cannot speak, write or read in Greek and they have not a single drop of Greek blood.

To prove it please ask any real Greek people in this town who conduct restaurants, lunch-rooms, ice-cream parlors and pool-rooms, for example, Theophilus Bros., Laganis Bros., Papas, Georges, Kleto, and others.

There is a sign on the corner stone of that Church in two languages. The sign in English says this: Greek Catholic St. Michael Church, and another sign with the Russian alphabet is this: Ruska Greeko-Katolitzka Tzerkov, which, when translated into English language, means Russian Greeko-Catholic Church.

Many Polish and Lithuanian residents of this town, who are familiar with the Russian alphabet, could prove the truth of this.

Therefore, the real name of this Church and its people is not Greek, although everybody in town is accustomed to call it Greek.

We, the informers, are vigorously protesting against this falsification to call Greek what really is not Greek. We invite all people of this town to find out why and who applied this name Greek to people who are not Greek at all.

The educational staff of this town should not be misled by this misrepresentation and should not classify in their school records the children of these false Greeks as Greeks. Also the people of this town should find out how people of that so-called Greek Church were led to believe and call itself Greek.

It is intolerable to permit some impostors to teach these people to believe and call themselves by name which does not absolutely belong to them. It is a matter of importance to cast off that lie and leave the Greek name aside.

Also, they call this Church "Catholic," but it is not Catholic at all, at least since last October, 1927, when the Pastor of that church was suspended by his Catholic Bishop Bogachewsky, of Philadelphia, and contrary to the laws of the Catholic Church he continues to hold services and by such action has excommunicated himself, and according to the laws of the Catholic Church he is not a Priest any more, due to his disobedience.

The Catholic Clergy of town is warned not to make any wrong step by believing that this Church is Catholic.

The members of this Church should cease to follow the leaders who uphold ignorance and misrepresentation, and who make them look ridiculous.

If they broke away from Catholicism by refusing to obey the Catholic Bishop, then they must join some other Church organization, and should not create any new independent sect for material advantage of their present leaders, and should remember they are not Greeks, and at the present time they are not Catholics.

(Signed) INFORMERS.

THE HON. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., professor emeritus of history and government at Harvard, and former president of the American Historical Association, and of the American Political Science Association, speaking before the Easton Rotary Club, as reported by the *Express* of the same great town:

If Rotary had existed in 1861, there would have been no Civil War and the men of the North and South would have participated in brotherhood.

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from the celebrated Wilkes-Barre *Record*:

Window curtains were drawn, doors locked, and lights extinguished in the various saloons and speakeasies throughout the town yesterday. It is the intention of Burgess William E. Smith to see that these places of business are closed every Sunday.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE service of God in the fine old town of Greenville:

"The President's Daughter," based allegedly on the private life of the late President Harding, is serving a unique purpose in Greenville. It is making money for a local church. A woman of the city came into possession of a copy recently and since her church was trying to make money for a worthy cause, she hit upon the idea of renting the book out. She has gathered much money for her church by renting the volume at ten cents a day.

TENNESSEE

SPECIAL providence reported by the Dyersburg correspondent of the Associated Press:

"Judgment Is Coming," read a message on a hen's egg displayed here today by a Negro. The egg was laid at the Will King farm Tuesday, the man stated, and white folks told him

to bring it to town. The tan lettering appeared to be of the same substance as the shell and could not be washed off. The words were distinct.

TEXAS

THE HON. J. O. PARTAIN in the *Lions' Weekly* of San Antonio:

Lionism is a magnificent fountain fed by the hearts of thousands of earnest men, all beating in perfect unison for the general good of humanity. From this fountain flows a pure, clean stream of intelligent patriotism into hundreds of progressive communities from one end of the country to the other, which makes for the upbuilding of the highest ethical relations of citizenship and the broadest humanitarianism.

UTAH

MORAL reflections of a 100% American of Salt Lake City in the eminent *Tribune* thereof:

Some weeks ago I noticed in the window of a store a man dressing a model of a young woman. I was shocked, for the man was carefully adjusting the model's stockings and the model was but scantily dressed. I realize, of course, that such instances do not occur frequently and that there is nothing morally wrong in the window dresser's relations with the model. But I do contend that they may have a bad effect upon young men. May I suggest, therefore, that window dressers—especially those at women's stores—do their model draping behind curtains? I might add that to do so will greatly increase the effect of the display, for it will keep its mechanics from the public gaze.

A MAN OVER THIRTY

WISCONSIN

MIRACLE reported by the Plainfield correspondent of the *Milwaukee Journal*:

The Lord will fill the teeth for His children who have enough faith to ask Him and to believe that He will do so, declared Lloyd H. Bovee, thirty-three, a farmer living five miles northwest of here. No such concoctions as silver amalgam or even gold are used by the Lord in His dental work, Bovee told fellow members of the congregation which holds church services in the Harris School-house here. The Lord fills cavities with real tooth, the farmer testified Sunday in describing his prayer and the answer to it. Bovee said he had been reading in the Bible about Jesus healing all who came to Him. . . . He said he stood on those promises and believed that the Lord would fill his tooth, and that where there was a cavity there now is solid tooth.

THE BOHUNKS

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

IN MY boyhood in Carniola, then yet a province of his late k.k. *Majestät*, Franz Josef, the even tone of our village life was occasionally interrupted by the homecoming of some peasant who four or five years before had quietly left for America clad in homespun, and with a bundle on his back and hair on his face, but who now returned sporting trousers extremely wide in the legs, buttoned shoes, a derby, a celluloid collar and a gaudy necktie illuminated by a huge horseshoe pin, not to mention a clean-shaven face, two heavy suit-cases of imitation leather, and a répertoire of foreign words that were impressively meaningless.

The return of an *Amerikanec* caused no less excitement in the village than the nuptials of a well-to-do farmer's daughter or the funeral of a leading usurer. After mass on the first Sunday following his arrival, most of the men and all the less pious of the womenfolk filled the village winehouse, eager to give him an opportunity to floor them with the opulence and sophistication he had acquired in the West Virginia mines or the Pennsylvania steel-mills. All the accordion-players in the parish came to play, and the innkeeper and his wife ran themselves ragged carrying wine to the thirsty admirers of the plutocrat who had news of their relatives in Scranton, or Wheeling, and was full of tall talk about America, its wealth and vastness, and his own genius as a coal-miner or steel-worker. For a long time afterward the villagers, in referring to some occurrence, were wont to remark, "Oh, yes! that was about the time So-and-So returned from America."

I remember that the local *intelligenza*, which included the parish-priest, the schoolteacher and the postmaster, and in the Summer perhaps a few gymnasium or university students and vacationists from the city, considered these returned Americans an unwholesome influence upon the community, to say the least. It appeared that America worked in them a deplorable change. For one thing, it deprived them of their native respect for people of the higher callings. None of them, for instance, would uncover to the priest; in America, they declared insolently, men did not doff their hats to other men: one man was as good as another. Thus America corrupted them, made them arrogant, perverse, vulgar, and worse. Rather worse, for in a nearby village a man came back, along with a few dollars and a lot of bad manners, bringing a strange and sinful disease which the pedagogue and the postmaster discussed in low tones and with dread in their eyes. Indeed, he not only brought that unmentionable malady with him, but passed it on to his wife, who had waited for him at home. It would have been better, they said, had he been buried in a coal-mine, which was the fate of so many other Slovene workmen in America, or crushed to death in some iron-foundry, which also was not an uncommon occurrence.

As a young student in the capital of the province I read in the newspapers, and heard from the platform and the pulpit, that, so far as its influence on our good peasantry and our great, although microscopic, nation in general was concerned, America was a cruel, evil place. True, a deal of money came from it, but (asked

the patriots) was it worth the price? America broke and mangled bodies, defiled souls, made men irreligious, corrupted their charming dialects and ways, and alienated them from the homeland. The Yugoslav nationalists harped upon this theme as propaganda against the unrighteous rule of the Austrian oligarchy. Our worthy and innocent peasants, they hinted (had they spoken outrightly, they would have found themselves in some *k. k.* hoose-gow), were lured to America by her dollars and so-called opportunities because at home these stalwart and noble sons of Mother Slovenia were denied the soil which was their birthright, and on which they might have made decent livings.

A widely read book in the Balkans fifteen years go, and I think for some time previously, was the story, as I remember it, of an unhappy journey of a party of honest, simple peasants to the incorrectly dubbed Land of Promise, and their brief and heart-rending sojourn within its borders, where, swindled by sharpers out of all they possessed, most of them perished of hunger, thirst and exposure. The author had never been to America, but his book, illustrated with many drawings, no doubt was instrumental, as it was meant to be, in keeping close to their native hearth all but the most desperate victims of Austrian land laws and the foolhardiest of adventurers.

Similar anti-American, and incidentally anti-Austrian, propaganda, I am told, was circulated in Slovakia and Bohemia; nevertheless, during the quarter of a century immediately preceding the World War, America received great hordes of Bohunks, and made use of them.

II

A short while before I myself, still in my midteens, ventured across the ocean, I read a letter from an educated Yugoslav in Chicago to his brother in which he characterized the New World as a madhouse. When, late on the final day of 1913, I

emerged from Ellis Island, and, in company of a relative, spent a dinful evening in the streets of New York, where every third person either tooted a horn or beat a pan to hail the advent of the New Year, I thought the description apt indeed. America, incontestably, was a crazy place; and, too full of impressions for sleep, I spent the rest of my first night in it feeling grateful that I lay in the same room with my relative.

All immigrants who plunge into this turmoil, from the most intelligent ones down to the densest dunce, even if they do not land on New Year's Eve, are naturally bewildered, and their first concern upon arrival is to find people of their own, in whose midst they may get themselves oriented. Conditions here are utterly different from those in rural Europe. One can seldom, if ever, get a job in one's old line. In America there is no stability, which is almost the keynote of life in the older countries. The job that one gets carries with it no security; one may lose it from week to week, and thus one can seldom base on its continuation any plans for the future. The more pronounced the difference in language, ways and conditions here and in the immigrant's own country, the more urgent it is for him to seek out his countrymen.

In the case of the Slavic immigrants from Southeastern Europe fifteen or twenty years ago, at which time they came over in a steady stream, the first, although to them not the most important, difficulty arose in making the people here—native-born Americans and aliens of other nationalities—understand who they were and whence they hailed. The difficulty lay basically in the fact that many of them were not clear on the point themselves. If, say, a Slovene was asked what his nationality was, very likely he replied that he was a Kranjec or Carniolan, from Kranjsko (German: Krain; English: Carniola). Only a few Czechs, Styrian Germans and Italians from Trieste and Gorizia knew what it meant. It was as if a citizen of

some such obscure State as Nevada, arriving in Belgrade or Warsaw, should announce that his nationality was Nevadan. If he really knew what he was, he declared himself a Slovene, but that, to the average American, Irishman or Scandinavian, meant no more than Carniolan.

The poor Bohunk then proceeded to explain, perhaps with the aid of a map, that the Slovenes were a small Slavic nation, one might say first cousins to the Czechs, Poles and Russians, inhabiting a little country within Austria which the Hapsburgs, with their Machiavellian *divide et impera* policy, had cut up into three tiny provinces, Carniola, Carinthia, and Styria. But before he was through explaining, presto! he was an "Austrian," which, in a sense, was correct. Where his people had larger colonies, as in Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Chicago, they were known also as Krainers or Grainers (Carniolans).

By a similar process, the Croats, too, became "Austrians," though, since Croatia used to be a part, not of Austria but of Hungary, that was never true in any sense. Even the Serbs and Montenegrins, who appeared to speak the same language as the Croats, were also labelled "Austrians," and the Yugoslav languages became the "Austrian" tongue. The Czechs, always conscious of their nationality, never hesitated about saying who they were. In consequence, though they had been under Austrian rule longer than the Yugoslavs, they were never Austrians in America, but either Czechs or Bohemians.

The Poles, with their dramatic historical background, which included the participation of a number of their countrymen in the American Civil War, had no trouble making anyone understand who they were and where they came from. They were Poles or, at worst, Polacks. American-born Polish children, in some cases even of the second generation, usually show pride in their origin, and if their family names are at all pronounceable, retain them. In this they differ from all the other Bohunks save the Bohemians.

The Serbs, too, with a historical background as bloody, though perhaps not as gorgeous as that of the Poles and the Czechs, are a proud people; but most of them never intended to stay here permanently, and so they made no emphatic objection to being called Austrians. On the other hand, the German Austrians who were Austrians before anyone else insisted strenuously that they were Germans, no doubt because they hated being included with such lowly rabble as the Croats, Slovenes, Slovaks and Serbs in the American-made "Austrian" nationality.

From that viewpoint the Viennese Germans' objection to being known as Austrians was perhaps not unjustified, for Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Lika, Banat, Dalmatia, Montenegro and Southern Serbia sent here, for the most part, simple peasants who lacked any definite nationalistic consciousness, and who, next to tilling the earth and fishing, were interested only in fighting, love- and verse-making, drinking, dancing, singing, strumming the *gusle* or *tamburice*, and, last but not least, keeping on the good side of Yahweh or Allah, depending on whether they were Catholics or Mohammedans. They thought of themselves as fighters, lovers, poets, dancers, singers and children of the Almighty before it occurred to them that they were also members of definite national and political groups. They were, and still are, very proud of their endurance at hard physical labor, their reproductive powers (their women run to very frequent childbearing), their singing voices, and their ability to carry drink like men.

The Slovenes, the smallest of Slavic nations, are, next to the Czechs, the most cultured and civilized of Bohunks. Many of those who came to America, even among the peasants of the lowest economic order, were well aware of their nationality and cultural superiority, and, like the German-speaking subjects of his Apostolic Majesty, resented being classed with the "Austrians." It was not until after the war that they, along with the Croats and the

other Yugoslav groups, regained their national name in America. In the last census, indeed, many of the South Slavs are still counted as Austrians.

Ten or fifteen years ago, if one came to an American city and inquired for the Croat or Slovene colony, one found that no such thing was known. When one explained that one really sought the "Austrians," the stranger consulted would, with a gesture of disdain, direct one to take such-and-such street-car, ride to the end of the line, and then walk a few blocks: there lived the "Austrians" or Bohunks, in low, unpainted shacks or bleak-looking apartment-houses along unpaved streets that swarmed with unclean children in torn garments. Nowadays the Bohunks still live, preferably, at the end of the line—in the Balkans, as they call the Yugoslav colony in the California town where I live; but now their houses are painted, their streets are paved, and their children are neater, for Prosperity has blessed them, too. But they are still Bohunks. On Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons they get together, and, apart from the prim and proper Nordics and the "better element" generally, they sing, play their stringed instruments and accordions, drink, fight, shout and roar to their hearts' content.

III

Two decades ago most of the Bohunks came to America intending to stay two or three years, four at the most, work to the limit of their endurance at whatever they might find, save every cent possible, and then, returning to the old country, pay the debt on the old place, buy a few additional fields and head of cattle, and start anew. But actually only a small proportion of them went back.

In the old country the man probably had a wife or a *punca* to whom he had sworn everlasting fidelity and promised to think of daily. But he was always a strong, virile he-man, and if he remained true to

his vow (as a rule he did), his womanless existence soon became intolerable. He yearned for his fair Marichka or Yova with a great yearning, and soon or late he sent her a ticket to join him. She came, perhaps with two or three little Bohunks; if she was only his girl and married him here, she soon bore him a few. In either case, saving anything from his wages immediately became a difficult matter. Working conditions often changed overnight; there were strikes and lockouts; the family, which increased regularly every ten months, had to be moved from one State to another. To return to the old country thus became a hopeless dream. He was caught in America.

If he had no wife or girl to send a ticket to, he began to look about in the colony or he put a wife-wanted ad in a Bohunk paper, which presently led to the same difficulties. And if he took to sin, he spent most of his pay on scarlet women and the rest—unless he was luckier than he was wise—he had to hand over to quacks for treatment. In any case he usually kept on digging coal and ore, or working in the steel-mills or some other kind of mills, or in the stockyards or forests, or on construction jobs from Portland to Portland. Gradually he abandoned all hope of returning home, even for a visit, and strove solely to make a living, watching for a chance to get out of the dirty, unhealthy and hazardous work in the mines and mills and into something better. Perhaps he started a saloon, a grocery-store, a butcher-shop, or an undertaking parlor, or bought a farm. If unmarried, he maybe joined the Army, or became a hobo.

Unlike most of the other immigrants, especially the Scandinavians, the Irish and the Germans, most of whom entered the country intending to settle, the Bohunks usually had little interest in American institutions and politics, even after they gave up the idea of returning home. Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons, when they came together, the talk was largely about affairs back in their Balkan villages;

their newspapers devoted most of their space to clippings from the small-town sheets of Southeastern Europe.

Of late years this interest in the old country has declined, chiefly because during the war the Bohunks received little of the more intimate news from their native places; while since the war, both because of the new immigration laws on this side and the changed conditions on the other, few new immigrants have come from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Poland. But in their inmost thoughts, the majority of them who came here as adults, no matter how long ago, are still more in the old country than in America; and so they are commonly looked upon with great disfavor by Americanization evangelists, Ku Kluxers, and 100% Americans generally.

Of the Slavic groups, the Slovenes are the most assimilative, more so than the Bohemians, who, not unlike the hated Germans and Hungarians, are extremely chauvinistic, although as naturalized citizens they are usually active in civic and political affairs. This marked interest of the Bohemian-Americans in the public life of their adopted country is perhaps not due so much to their cultural superiority, of which they are very conscious and proud, as to their clannishness, which surpasses even that of the Swedes and the Norwegians, and causes them to live in large, compact colonies whose leading lights are Americanized go-getters.

Before the war, most of the Bohunks had little interest in learning the English language. It was not necessary for them to know it. In the mills and mines the bosses knew their dialects; in the stores they could, if need be, point at things they wanted; in the courts they employed interpreters. Today this is true no longer. In the majority of Czech, Polish and Yugoslav families English is spoken habitually, although only the children, as a rule, speak it well. The Bohunks are beginning to vanish in the Melting Pot. They are even Americanizing their names: Zima becomes Winter; Belko, White;

Petrovič, Peters; and Vrbovec, Willowby or Willowbrook.

It is not unusual for Bohunk-Americans to attain to public office, though of course they do not manage it as frequently as the German-, Scandinavian- and Irish-Americans. Most of those who do so are successful business men who are more at home at Chamber of Commerce meetings or Rotary gatherings than at a Czech or Croat picnic. They are really Americans and go among the Bohunks only to ask for their support on election day, in return for which they occasionally elevate a few of their fellow Dalmatians or Slovaks to the honorable posts of policemen, street-sweepers or dog-catchers. Bohunk mayors, city councilmen and members of State Legislature are not uncommon in Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Minnesota. The Slovenes had a hangman in Chicago, and a Czech Jew is now in the House of Representatives at Washington. But as politicians they are usually not very adroit; the Slav is too sentimental, naïve and honest a soul for such things, even after he has gone through the mill here. A great deal of water will have to flow down the Potomac before the four or five million Bohunks give America a La Guardia, a Berger, or even a Magnus Johnson.

The best-known Slavs in the United States are a few scientists, notably the Czech biologist Aleš Hrdlička and the two Serb physicists, Nikola Tesla and Michael Idvorsky Pupin. Tesla and Hrdlička are recognized leaders in their respective fields; absorbed in their work, retiring, modest and unmercenary. Of Tesla, even a good many Yugoslavs are unaware. Pupin, on the other hand, is no mere scientist. He is also the author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," which won the Pulitzer Prize and was a best-seller a few years ago. He was a powerful factor in the winning of the War for Democracy and influenced the proceedings of the Versailles Conference. He corresponded with Woodrow Wilson and once received a letter from Warren Gamaliel Harding. Lately he has been

coming to the front as a Christian prophet and Moral Influence. In this respect, indeed, he outshines even the illustrious Millikan. Last year he published a book on "The New Reformation," in which he set out to show that science is a tremendous Christianizing agent. In an interview he testified that he had become a better Christian through his contact with it.

IV

For years after the Bohunks began coming to America in great numbers, they were, with few exceptions, low-paid manual laborers, performing the most dangerous and dirty tasks. There were only a few missionaries, parish priests, office clerks, saloonkeepers and other such men of ease among them, and there were not many shoemakers, blacksmiths and tailors. But during the war some of the laborers who took the trouble of learning English became bosses, and others went into business.

Several Czechs and Slovenes and one or two Croats have become millionaires in banking, manufacturing and storekeeping. A number have achieved prosperity rum-running and bootlegging on a large scale. Before Prohibition thousands became relatively prosperous as saloonkeepers.

When the immigration was at its height, the saloon and the church, with the former usually having the better of it, were the centers of the Bohunk colonies. The saloon was no mere drinking-place, but a *boardingavz* (boarding-house) equipped to cater to most of the needs of the colony. There one could not only drown one's sorrows and meet one's fellows; one could also buy steamship tickets and money-orders for folks in the old country, play poker, eat, neck a girl, subscribe to newspapers, pay one's lodge and club dues, and—if the saloonkeeper was on friendly terms with the priest, which was not unusual—even one's church dues. The saloonkeeper was often a go-getter of no mean order. He was a jolly fellow who knew all the members of the colony by their first names,

had a glad hand for the humblest working-stiff, and if the latter got into trouble with the police, intervened on his behalf. The men received their mail addressed in his care. Usually he was a notary public. He had his own accordion-players and saw that his customers had female company.

Now, with the saloon gone, the most successful public enterprise in every Slovene, Slovak or Croat community in America, as in the old country, is the Catholic church. In many cases the parish priest and his sexton have taken over such side-lines of the saloonkeeper as selling money-orders and steamship tickets. Most colonies are split into two antagonistic camps: the church members and the unbelievers, mainly Socialists. Each has its own lodges, clubs, singing societies and social affairs. The unbelievers, of course, are in a minority and largely ineffective. On election day they vote for the Socialist or Communist candidates, and on their club-room table lie such subversive publications as *Proletarec*, *Prosveta*, the *New Masses*, the *Daily Worker*, the *Weekly People*, the *Nation*, and maybe the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*.

In the other camp, life revolves entirely around the church. The alien Catholic parishes, with their parochial schools, are strongholds of medievalism. Unlike in the old country, where the priesthood includes men of learning who command the respect of their antagonists, the Bohunk-American priests are usually of an inferior order.

There is a third group or, rather, mob—perhaps stronger numerically than the other two put together, but unorganized. It is made up of lost, loose souls, not exactly infidel, but keeping out of the church: yokels inflated with the conceit born of the American idea of equality, distrustful of everything but the most obvious fakes; an uneducated lot in whom ignorance and prejudice create a formidable combination.

All these groups are reflected in nearly a hundred Bohunk-American newspapers and magazines: with one or two exceptions, all very dull and afraid to print a line that

may disturb any reader's prejudices. The American hundred-percenters who periodically cry out against the sinister radicalism of the foreign-language press do not know what they are talking about. Most of the Bohunk papers are as conservative as (and even more stupid than) the *Los Angeles Times*. They discuss only the most obvious phases of American life. Even the most advanced and daring among them, for example, are unaware of what is going on in the field of American letters. A few know of Upton Sinclair and Jack London, but this is largely through translations printed in the old country; of Dreiser, O'Neill, Stephen Crane, Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Robinson and Sinclair Lewis they have no notion. In the same way, the Bohunk editors betray only the vaguest knowledge of American politics. They write nothing likely to put a strain upon the brains of their readers.

The reason for all this is not far to seek. These papers, like most other papers, are published primarily to make money for their owners. Not a few of them are advertising sheets owned by money-order brokers and steamship agencies. The competition among them is fierce, and the paper that prospers is the one which best pleases the ignorant majority. Most of the editors are intellectually only slightly above their readers, and so have no trouble producing the sort of papers that please.

I paint a bleak picture, I know. I look for a silver lining. Beside the two or three scientists I have mentioned, I can think only of a few fine Czech and Yugoslav artists scattered over America. In proportion to the number of Bohunks in the country there are very few people whose names would be recognized by even the best informed American reader. But, as I have hinted, America holds not a few obscure Bohunks, usually workmen of radical leanings, who are well-read and devoid of illusions about the buncombe handed out by the newspapers.

Unfortunately, the Bohunks, along with the other aliens, are gradually disappear-

ing in the Melting Pot. Most of the older ones were like O'Neill's Yank: they did not "belong." America lured them over by the million; she needed their hands even more than they needed her dollars, and made use of them. In her mines and mills she killed them by the hundreds, crushed their bodies, robbed them of their best human qualities, made them into machines, into slaves. Although of the lowest strata of society in the countries from which they came, they brought with them not only strong backs, but also much spiritual energy. But America wanted only their brawn. They dug much of her coal and ore, helped to down her forests, and poured her steel; every skyscraper in America holds frozen in its framework a deal of Bohunk energy. America got the best of them. Their sons are garage mechanics, soda-jerks, milkmen, office clerks, salesmen of vacuum-cleaners—Americans all, future Kiwanians, Elks and Ku Kluxers. Their daughters are laundry girls, shop girls, and stenographers, and each is doing her best to look like Norma Shearer.

One night about six years ago, staying in a hotel on St. Clair avenue in Cleveland, which has a large Yugoslav colony, I was awakened by a party of Carniolans passing below, singing a familiar Slovene song. I went to the window. They stopped on the corner and sang stanza after stanza. They had, apparently, had a few drinks, and felt sentimental. A street-car rattled by; a moment later two speeding automobiles almost collided. In the distance somewhere a locomotive clanged and whistled. They sang well, but I wished they would stop and go on. The song would have sounded beautiful back in some quiet village in Slovenia, but here in Cleveland, in America—no. Another street-car thundered by. The brakes of an automobile squealed. Then a policeman came from across the street and told the melodists that unless they shut up at once and moved on he would run them in. They were, it appeared, disturbing the peace. Where the hell did they think they were, anyhow? Back in the old country?

THEOLOGICAL INTERLUDE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

CHARACTERS:

MR. NATION
MRS. NATION
MR. BARLOW

The scene is the porch of "The Anchorage," a boarding-house run by the NATIONS in a Christian Summer resort in the State of Delaware. It is about nine o'clock of an evening in late Spring. Few sounds relieve the loneliness, except the restless swash of waves on the nearby beach. In the gathering darkness Mr. BARLOW has been peering around in an interested way, asking questions now and then about the things that meet his eye. He is Mrs. NATION's brother, and apparently has not visited the locality in a long time. He gets only mechanical answers to his queries, both Mr. and Mrs. NATION seeming distracted. When it is quite dark, he knocks the ashes out of his pipe in a businesslike way, and puts it in his pocket.

MR. BARLOW—Well, now, what's this all about? Cause you two sure did pick a bad time to bring me all the way up here from Delmar, and I want to get to it. What I mean, I don't want to spend no more time up here than I have to.

MR. NATION—I reckon Laura can tell you.

MRS. NATION—Tell him yourself. You sent for him.

MR. NATION—You're the one has got the squawk. Go on and tell him.

MR. BARLOW—Now, now, that ain't no way to talk. Come on, Laura, let's have it.

MRS. NATION—It's about Eva.

MR. BARLOW—Where's she at? I been waiting for her, and I ain't saw her.

MR. NATION—Never mind where she's at.

We'll get to that part in a minute. She ain't here, anyway.

MRS. NATION—Well, it all started with what happened last Summer. You remember that?

MR. BARLOW—I heared them talking about it at home, but I kinda forgot how it was. I reckon you better start at the beginning, so I can get it all straight.

MRS. NATION—She had the typhoid fever. She was took just this time a year ago.

MR. BARLOW—Yeah, I remember that.

MR. NATION—She was took a little earlier than this. First part of May, and she was getting better around the middle of June.

MRS. NATION—She was getting better when the first boarders begin to come. Dr. Winship said all danger was past, and we was all set she should get well.

MR. NATION—Only we was kidding ourself.

MR. BARLOW—How old is Eva now? I ain't saw her in five or six year, I do believe.

MRS. NATION—Eva's sixteen now. But she was only fifteen then.

MR. BARLOW—Sixteen! Who could believe it! And last time I seen her she was a little bit of a thing.

MRS. NATION—So she was took sick again.

MR. NATION—Sudden.

MRS. NATION—Real sudden. Dr. Winship said maybe it was something she et, on account their stomach is always tender after typhoid fever.

MR. BARLOW—Yep. I tell you you got to watch them after typhoid fever.

MRS. NATION—But anyway, she looks at me one night and says "Ma! . . . Ma!"

just like that, and I knowed she had a sinking spell. And lands sakes, I was legging it down the boardwalk to Dr. Winship's office before I really knowed I was out the door!

MR. NATION—And me trying to raise him by telephone! I'll never forget that night.

MRS. NATION—So when Dr. Winship got here she was white as a sheet and he didn't hardly get his gripsack open before she up and died.

MR. BARLOW—(*Vasilly surprised*)—Hanh?

MR. NATION—Almost before you could say Jack Robinson.

MR. BARLOW—Who? You mean Eva?

MRS. NATION—Yes, Eva.

MR. BARLOW—Eva dead and I ain't heared nothing about it?

MRS. NATION—Well of course she ain't dead *now*, if that's what you mean.

MR. BARLOW—(*Staggered*)—Well . . . this beats *me*!

MR. NATION—There's a plenty more to it yet. Go on, Laura.

MRS. NATION—So when Dr. Winship listened to her heart and it didn't beat no more—

MR. NATION—He pronounced her dead, don't forget that. Official.

MRS. NATION—That's right. When he pronounced her dead, then he left. And then Hal called up the undertaker, the one in Greenwood.

MR. NATION—I was blubbering same as a baby. I couldn't hardly talk.

MRS. NATION—So then a young fellow what was one of the boarders, he come in the room.

MR. NATION—Mr. Travis. He was a doctor. Anyway, he went to the medical school.

MRS. NATION—He took a look at her, and then he shook Hal by the arm and sent him down the beach where they keep the pulmotor, what they use when somebody gets drowned.

MR. NATION—And I run. I hope my die I did.

MRS. NATION—And then Mr. Travis, he

commence to work on her. He run up to his room and got a gripsack and when he come back I don't think I hardly ever seen anybody work like he did.

MR. NATION—We never took no money offen Travis after that. We give him his board free.

MRS. NATION—And when Hal come back with the pulmotor he went to work on her with that too. And then he stuck a needle in her. And pretty soon she come to.

MR. BARLOW—Gosh! I'm glad you come to that part at last!

MRS. NATION—So when the undertaker come she was setting up.

MR. NATION—That there finished me with undertakers. You know what that bum done? He got sore because she wasn't dead no more. Can you beat that?

MRS. NATION—So then, after a couple of weeks, she begun to tell me about—

MR. NATION—You forgot something. You forgot them pieces in the papers.

MRS. NATION—Oh yes. You see we was so excited we forgot all about Dr. Winship. To call him up, I mean, and tell him about it. And before he went to bed that night he wrote up the death certificate and dropped it in the mailbox and it come out in the papers she was dead.

MR. NATION—And maybe Eva weren't sore! Cause some of them papers in Dover and Salisbury, they even had it in about the funeral and how many flowers there was. And Eva, she said she hear tell all her life you couldn't believe nothing you seen in the papers, but this time they sure did have a crust.

MR. BARLOW—It beats all how many lies them fellows puts in the papers. Sometimes I wonder how they find time to make up all the stuff what they put in.

MRS. NATION—So then, after a couple of weeks, she commence talking about this dream she had. And me, I don't take no stock in dreams, but one day I ask her what it was. And she said that night, when she was took that way, she dreamed she been to Heaven. And still I

didn't pay no attention to it, until that night, when I happened to think about what she said, and I told Hal about it. And all of a sudden he seen the meaning of it. Or thought he did anyway.

MR. NATION—And you thought so, too. Ain't no reason for you to talk so big all of a sudden.

MRS. NATION—There's a plenty reason. If it hadn't been for you and your—

MR. BARLOW—Now wait a minute, wait a minute! Just what was this meaning, Hal, what you seen? Or thought you seen anyway?

MR. NATION—Well . . . well . . . I kind of figured out . . . that she . . . that maybe she . . . really *had* been to Heaven.

MR. BARLOW—Oh! How come you to figure that out?

MR. NATION—Well, we'll get to that part in a minute. That ain't all of it.

MRS. NATION—So we kind of told a few people about it, and they let on they wanted to hear about it too. So when company come—

MR. NATION—Yeah, when company come! Who was it was all the time a-egging Eva on to tell the company about it? Who was a-saying, "Get out your banjer now, Eva, and let the folks hear it"?—

MR. BARLOW—Her banjer? What the hell did she want with a banjer? Did she bring that back with her from Heaven?

MR. NATION—She can pick a banjer.

MRS. NATION—She picks a banjer to them pieces what she speaks in school. She puts the banjer on her knees and while she picks it she talks.

MR. BARLOW—But this wasn't no piece.

MRS. NATION—Well, I'm a-trying to tell it.

MR. NATION—It was something like a piece. You see, after a while she had kind of learned it by heart. And then she put the banjer in. And then after a while she put in a couple of songs what she knowed. The first one come right after the part where she come to the

pearly gates, and that was a piece called "The Portal Left Ajar." And the second one come right after the Angel of the Lord tooken her by the hand and told her she had to come back to earth, cause all the people down here couldn't bear to see her go. And that was a piece called "He Calleth Me." Or something like that. And believe me, when she got through with it, it took pretty near a hour, and if there was anybody listening what wasn't busting out crying at the end, why he wasn't human, that was all. He just wasn't human.

MR. BARLOW—I see. She kind of put it up fancy. Damn, I never knowed that girl could pick a banjer.

MR. NATION—Oh, she's smart. Ain't nothing that girl can't do.

MR. BARLOW—Well, what next?

MRS. NATION—So then a preacher what was holding a revival over in Greenwood last month, he heard about her.

MR. NATION—Reverend Day.

MR. BARLOW—Day? Sure. I know him.

MRS. NATION—And he come around one afternoon and listened at her. And then nothing wouldn't do him but she had to go over and tell it at his meeting. And then nothing wouldn't do Hal but she had to go.

MR. NATION—Aw Laura, why you tell it like that? You know yourself you was tickled to death she had the chance.

MRS. NATION—I was tickled to death she had the chance for *one* night. But I didn't know she was going over there for the whole revival. You know I didn't. You and her, you kept that from me.

MR. BARLOW—Well, but what then?

MRS. NATION—So then she run off with this Day.

MR. BARLOW—How you mean, run off?

MRS. NATION—I mean run off, that's what I mean.

MR. NATION—And not a thing to show that it's so. Now listen. What happened? He moved to Easton, for to hold a revival there, and she went with him. And he went to Cambridge, and she went

with him there, and that's where she's at now. And for what? To tell about it some more, same as she done in Greenwood. That there is a big card, that is. That there brings in the money, and it saves a whole lot of souls. And she's getting paid for it. And how can you tell she run off with him?

MRS. NATION—I can tell by the cut of her jib.

MR. NATION—You ain't got a thing to show—

MR. BARLOW—And what next?

MR. NATION—Nothing next. That's all. Cepting my life ain't been worth living for the last month, what with Laura a-whooping and a-hollering and a-carrying on—

MRS. NATION—Why, Hal Nation!—

MR. NATION—And it got so bad I sent for you to come up here and see if you could straighten us out.

MRS. NATION—Why, Hal Nation, I never heard no man talk the way you do. Some time I wonder if you got good sense. Don't nothing mean nothing to you? Don't it mean nothing to you what all the people is a-saying? Ain't you got no respect for your own daughter's vircher?

MR. BARLOW—Have you had the law on him?

MR. NATION—Can't get no law on him. Can't prove nothing.

MRS. NATION—My land, Hal! My land! And all on account of you in the first place. You and your figuring out the meaning of it—

MR. NATION—Stop! Stop right there! That's the first thing what we got to have out. And it ain't no use going further till we do. [*He turns earnestly to MR. BARLOW, takes careful thought before he speaks, and then proceeds in a solemn voice.*] Now I ask you, and if you don't see it my way I'm a-perfectly willing to say I was wrong, but if she weren't in Heaven in the time when she was dead, then where the hell was she?

MR. BARLOW—I swear, Hal, now you're coming at me pretty strong. That there

is kind of out of my line. . . . What do you say to that, Laura?

MRS. NATION—I don't say nothing.

MR. NATION—You said a-plenty till Day come along. You couldn't see it no other way. Funny you ain't got nothing to say now.

MR. BARLOW—Have you asked any preachers about it?

MR. NATION—We asked five or six preachers about it, not counting Day. And they all said the same thing. Said there could be no doubt about it at all. Said it had to be so.

MR. BARLOW—Still, you can't go none by preachers. I never seen one of them yet what wouldn't jump up and holler amen for anything they heared, didn't make no difference what it was. Them bums, if they had sense enough to figure anything out, why they wouldn't be preachers. . . . Well now, le's see. Maybe we can figure it out for ourself. How was it now again?

MR. NATION—She died.

MR. BARLOW—You're sure of that, now? Cause look like to me that was pretty important.

MR. NATION—If her heart didn't beat no more, then she died, didn't she? You never seen nobody what was *half* dead, did you? Winship said it didn't beat no more, and so did Travis. And Winship sent the death certificate in to the county clerk's office, and a hell of a time I had getting it out so she could get on the school rolls again, and be alive legal, all like of that.

MR. BARLOW—Well then, looks like she *was* dead. Nobody couldn't hardly be no deader than that.

MR. NATION—That's right. That's all I'm trying to say. She was dead.

MR. BARLOW—All right then, she was dead. We know that much anyway. Now le's see. The next thing to figure out is where she could of been before she come back to life.

MR. NATION—That's right. Now keep right on going.

MR. BARLOW—Well, first off, she could of been in Heaven, where she said she was.

MR. NATION—That's right. Now where else?

MR. BARLOW—Then. . . Well, ain't no sense saying that.

MR. NATION—Go on say it. What I want is to figure this thing out right, oncet and for all. And if a thing has got to be said, then it just as well be said.

MR. BARLOW—What I started to say, she might of been in Hell. But ain't no sense talking like that.

MR. NATION—Might just as well say it. She might of been in Hell. We ain't going to get nowheres pussyfooting.

MR. BARLOW—Well then, she might of been in Hell. Now where else?

MR. NATION—All right. Where else?

MR. BARLOW—Dogged if I know. Where the hell else do they go when they die, anyway?

MR. NATION—Onliest place I can think of is she might of been still on this earth. Now can you think of any other places?

MR. BARLOW—Nope. Damned if I can.

MR. NATION—All right, she might of been in Heaven, she might of been in Hell, and she might of been down here on the earth. Ain't no other place she could of been. Now then, take Hell. What the hell would a girl fifteen year old what had always gone to church regular be doing in Hell? Tell me that once?

MR. BARLOW—Well, I told you already that ain't reasonable. Ain't no use talking about that. Why no. Cause look. You mean to tell me anybody could be in Hell and not know it?

MR. NATION—What I tell you, Laura? Ain't them the very same words I said not more'n two weeks ago?

MRS. NATION—If them is the same words you said two weeks ago, then I know there ain't no sense to it.

MR. BARLOW—Nope. From what I hear, when somebody goes to Hell, they're going to get scorched, and you can bank on that. Go on, Hal.

MR. NATION—All right, then, she ain't

been in Hell. Now that leaves Heaven and this earth. And if she was on this earth, that means she was a ghost. And me, I don't care what people say, I don't believe in no ghosts.

MR. BARLOW—By gosh! that's right. I never thought of that. She would of been a ghost, wouldn't she? That there wouldn't be so good, would it? What do you think about that, Laura? Do you believe in ghosts?

MRS. NATION—Never mind what I believe in. I ain't had my say yet.

MR. BARLOW—Well now, there ain't no use being bull-headed about it. We're a-trying to figure this thing out, and we ain't getting nowhere with you setting there rocking like you had a pain in your big toe and not doing nothing to help. The big thing now is, was she a ghost or not?

MRS. NATION—I ain't never said I believed in ghosts.

MR. BARLOW—Well me, I never believed in them neither. . . . But Hal, I tell you I hear tell of some funny things in my time.

MR. NATION—Me too. Me too.

MR. BARLOW—Did I ever tell you about the time I was driving along the road on the other side of the Maryland line?

MR. NATION—No. What was it?

MR. BARLOW—Well, that beat anything I ever hear tell of in my life. It was about three o'clock in the morning, and I had taken a girl to a dance. I was a young fellow then. And I was driving back, after I dropped her where she lived, and believe me it was lonely. And I come to a piece of road what run through a woods. And the woods was mostly scrub pine, but right alongside the road was a big oak tree. It was a fine-looking tree, and had a big limb what hung out over the road. And I was letting my horse walk, cause it was a sandy piece of road, and I kept looking at the tree, and thinking how fine it looked, and kind of wild, cause the limbs was kind of swaying a lot, and the leaves was rustling, and

every now and then turning gray in the moonlight, when the under sides would show up in the wind. And then I drove right under a big limb, and went on a little ways, and then all of a sudden I turned right cold. Cause, Hal, *there wasn't no wind!* . . . Well, when I got in and turned my plug over to the fellow in the livery stable, I told him about it, and I swear he turned green. And then he told me that was the tree where they had lynched a nigger about ten year before, and it was a windy night, and he swung around like he was drunk before they cut him down to take the souvenirs off him, and sometimes now that tree still shakes in the same wind.

MR. NATION—I'd of dropped dead! I'd of dropped dead!

MR. BARLOW—Some funny things, I tell you.

MR. NATION—Gosh! And no wind a-blowing!

MR. BARLOW—Fellow told me one time you can always tell if there's a ghost in the house by the way the cat acts. Cat won't stay in no house with a ghost. Did you take notice of the cat when all this was going on?

MR. NATION—No, we didn't. No, we didn't. Yes, by gosh, we did! Yes, we did! Laura, remember what you said when you come back from the kitchen with that hot-water bottle? Remember? Remember? You said it sure was funny how that cat was still asleep alongside the stove after all that fuss what we had upstairs. Remember?

MRS. NATION—I don't recollect.

MR. BARLOW—Well now, Laura, try just this onct to see if you can't be some help. You—

MRS. NATION—The cat was asleep, if that's all you want to know.

MR. NATION—Well then, that settles it. She couldn't of been no ghost. And that leaves Heaven.

MR. BARLOW—I swear, Hal, I don't see nothing wrong with that. It kind of went a little funny when you first mentioned it, but now we figured on it a

while, it don't seem like it could of been no other way. Anyhow, not no other way that I can think of.

MR. NATION—All right. All right. Then how about all this here about running off? Does that sound right? Would a girl what had been to Heaven take and run off with the first preacher what come along? Would she, now?

MR. BARLOW—Well. . . .

MRS. NATION—Well nothing! Now I'll have *my* say. All right, she's been to Heaven. Is she ever going back there after she run off with Day? Tell me that.

MR. BARLOW—Well now, maybe she will at that. You know, I was talking not long ago with a fellow what had just put up a kind of a short Bible for Sunday-school classes, or something like that. And he had made a kind of a study of it. And he says to me, he says, "It's a funny thing, but there ain't a word in the Bible agin a little cutting up. Yep," he says, "I know most people think there is, but it's a fact there ain't."

MRS. NATION—Then there ought to be.

MR. BARLOW—Laura, try to act like you was a little bit bright. If we got to write the whole Bible over again to suit you, that's right where I quit.

MR. NATION—Me too. . . . I swear, this here bellering around all the time has got my goat.

MR. BARLOW—And suppose she *is* a-cutting up a little with Day? What of it? There's always got to be some cutting up before people gets married. And she could do a whole lot worse than marry Day.

MRS. NATION—Ain't he married?

MR. BARLOW—He is not. Anyway, not when I seen him last, about six months ago. I think he did have a wife onct, but he ain't got her no more. And I'll say this for Day. He may be a preacher, but he's got enough git-up-and-git to buy hisself a tent and go out and hustle, and that's more'n you can say for most young bucks here in Delaware what want to cut up with a girl.

MR. NATION—Ain't nothing wrong with the fellow. I always said so, right from the beginning.

MR. BARLOW—Look like to me, the thing for you two to do is to invite him over here. Him and Eva together. That would kind of smooth things out a bit, and at the same time git it in his head that you got your eye on him.

MRS. NATION—Well, we could run over and get them in the car, I reckon. And have them here to dinner. And put them back in time for the night meeting.

MR. BARLOW—That's the stuff, Laura. Now you're talking something what has got some sense to it.

MR. NATION—That there sounds pretty good to me. That there is the thing to do.

MRS. NATION—I ain't wanted to believe it of her nohow. . . . Cause I loved it so, about her having been to . . . to Heaven . . . and all. . . . And she told it so sweet. . . . And when she put them

songs in and all. . . . It was so beautiful.

MR. BARLOW—Why sure. I swear, I been setting here tonight, thinking to myself it's just about the beautifulest thing I ever hear tell of in my life. I wish one of my daughters could of done it, and could pick a banjer and all. . . .

MR. NATION—Now Laura, ain't no use crying. What you crying about?

MR. BARLOW—Hal, looks like to me the thing for you to do is to take Laura in and put her to bed. And I don't know but I'm ready to turn in myself if you two think you're all straightened out now. Cause I got to catch that early train down from Greenwood. . . .

They rise, MR. BARLOW stretching and winding his watch, MRS. NATION sniffing, and MR. NATION awkwardly guiding her into the house.

MR. NATION—Come on, now, Laura. . . .

Why, sure she was up in Heaven! . . . Couldn't of been nowheres else. . . . Why sure. . . . Stands to reason. . . .

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Philology

WORD-FORMATION IN THE AMERICAN INDIAN LANGUAGES

BY ROBERT H. LOWIE

ENGLISH is notoriously a borrowing language. A peep into Jespersen's history of its growth shows how at every stage it has incorporated foreign words, from the Norse and the French, from the Latin and the Greek, not even eschewing the Polynesian *tabu* or the Chinese *tea*. German has behaved differently. True enough, the number of loan-words it took over from French during the period of intensive cultural contact was enormous, and even today such words as *tante* (aunt) and *kusine* (female cousin) remain firmly entrenched against the native *muhme* and *base*. But today it is much less hospitable, and many loan-words are being abandoned. Thus *mietkutsche* is being substituted for *fiaker* (cab) and *blättereigpastete* for *vol-au-vent* (patties). The genius of the language makes for the composition of significant stems, and where the uninformed alien gasps with horror at compounds like *tierschutzverein* for Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the initiate experiences an incommunicable thrill of delight at these self-explanatory fabrications. Even if he is bilingual, he will see superior beauty in the German *nadelholz* as against *conifer*, with its meaningless last syllable.

Sapir has pointed out that, in their relations to Sanskrit, Cambodian and Tibetan have reacted much as do English and German, respectively. Cambodian has not scrupled to adopt hundreds of Sanskrit words, for in it long, unanalyzable words constitute an established pattern. The Tibetans, on the other hand, insist on having a transparent vocabulary, and have thus cudgelled their brains to find suitable ver-

naacular renderings of foreign terms. They would have Englished *kindergarten* into *child-garden*.

On the whole, the American Indian languages fall into line with German and Tibetan rather than with English and Cambodian. Sometimes, of course—perhaps more generally in Latin-America—they have taken over European words for things and concepts derived from Europeans. Derivatives from the Spanish *plátano* or Portuguese *banana* are widely in vogue; the common fowl is often designated by some equivalent of the Spanish *gallina*; and the Carib *cabayo*, the Paressi *kavallo*, and the Hopi *kavayo* at once betray their Iberian origin. In the region north of the Amazon, firearms figure as *arcabuzá*, from the Spanish *arcabuz*, while in Brazil the Portuguese *boca de fogo* is shortened and converted into *mboca*, *mukáu*, or something similar.

But these are atypical cases, and even from South America the contrary tendency can be illustrated from Erland Norden-skiöld's instructive "Comparative Ethnographical Studies." Thus, scissors had been entirely unknown in the New World; even the early European shearing type with a curved spring connecting the two blades was lacking. How, then, did the natives designate the novel contraption? Instead of resorting to the lazy man's manner of following the path of least resistance by borrowing both the term and the tool, they manfully wrestled with the problem of verbal definition. It was possible either to emphasize form or function. The Páez of Colombia favored form, so they dubbed the instrument *petenzú*, after a bird with scissors-like tail-feathers. Others chose the alternative: accustomed to cut their hair with the teeth of the *piranha*,

they promptly impressed into service the name for that species of fish. In Montana the Crow achieved a higher synthesis of both points of view by inventing the compound *bi'tsia-rūpe* = knife-double.¹

It is not at all necessary that each element in such a compound should be an independent word. Thus, the Siouan languages abound in instrumental prefixes. In Crow, the most generic of these is *ī*. Thus, one discovers neologisms such as: *ī-wā'kuc-da* = by means of it-upwards-going = aeroplane; *ī-wara-pashkyuo* = by means of it-wood-cutting = a saw; *ī-wa-tari'kyua* = by means of it-something-to pour out-they cause = a threshing-machine; and *ī-wa-r-u'a* = by means of it-climbing = a ladder.

Unlike some other South Americans, the Quichua and Aymara of Peru used native words for fire-arms, calling them *yllapa* and *kakhcha* = thunder and lightning. The implied analogy is also dominant among peoples to the east and south. Elsewhere in the same continent the weapon concept comes to the foreground, and the old word for the aboriginal blow-pipe is made to do service for the new implement as well. This was likewise the idea of the Hidatsa in North Dakota and their fellow-Siouans, the Crow, the latter merely prefixing the word for metal. In similar fashion these Indians dub a glass tumbler *bāt-de'axe*, *bā're* being the ancient word for a bowl, while *dēaxe* may be applied to anything colorless or transparent—to a faded leaf or a lamp chimney.

In the same tongue a convenient suffix, *kishe*, expresses the notion of pretense or of mere resemblance without identity. It proved a veritable godsend for the purpose of novel coinage. Spectacles could be denoted as *ishte-ki'she* = eye-simulators; a match, *birā'kishe* = fire-like. Best of all, the phonograph came to figure as *ī-warāxa-ts-kisūa* = by means of it-to sing-habitually-they pretend.

¹ The transcription used in this article is of the simplest phonetic type: vowels are to be sounded as in Spanish, and *x* represents the German *ch* in *Bach*.

The notion of a regularly recurring rest-day was unfamiliar to the Indians, but the Crow were equal to the occasion. Sunday became *bāpa-ri'nere* = day-one works-not. The festivities of a Fourth of July celebration called for intensification, so an *ise'* = big, was tacked on at the end of the word for Sunday. School was, of course, also something novel, and the Indians singled out arithmetical operations as the truly significant ones. Thus, a pupil became *ak-bā-tsime'* = the one who-something-counts. In like manner the Western fair held one feature of outstanding importance for the equestrian-minded Plains Indian and became *tsitsāxu-wasūa* = in a circle-they run.

Few European gifts proved more vital to the Indian than the domestic animals introduced, for over the greater part of the Western Hemisphere the dog was the only species raised, and even the Peruvians added only the llama and the alpaca, two dwarfish representatives of the camel family. Hence, the aborigines were hard put to it to invent suitable equivalents. However, they did nobly. The Araucanians of Chile, confounding the Spaniards with the more familiar bearers of higher culture from Peru, called horses *bueques ingas* = llamas of the Incas, for *Equus caballus* resembled the Peruvian beast of burden in not being a *wild* species. In quite the same vein was the twofold Dakota way of denoting the new animal: it became either *shunka-wakán* = dog-mysterious, or *shunka-tánka* = dog-large. Again, in Crow the cat was called *ishbī'wicgye* = mountain-lion dog. That is to say, the Indians grasped the essential character of the cat as a feline, and extending the old word for a species into a generic term that could be modified by the equally familiar word for dog. This, too, became generic in consequence, standing no longer for the one species that happened to be in domestication before the arrival of the whites, but for *any* domestic animal.

But this was not the only possible point of departure, and so there was occasionally a ransacking of the local fauna to find a

suitable appellation. Or, more probably, some hit-or-miss comparison was made at the start and stuck by right of priority. The pig figures in Crow as *naxpitsé-ū'uxé* = bear-deer; many South American tribes classed the horse as a tapir; and north as well as south of Panama it was identified with the deer.

These examples of how "savages" coin new words are doubly instructive. On the one hand, we discover an interesting correlation between a people's linguistic response to a new experience and the genius of their language. Secondly, should that foster coinage rather than the borrowing of a new word, the processes involved exemplify highly typical features in the his-

tory of speech. Every phenomenon in nature or culture has more than one side, and it depends on circumstances which of these shall be stressed. There is an incalculable factor involved: no psychologist could have foretold that a railway station was to be called in Crow *ū'wur-an-di'tua* = the metal-where-they-tap; these people simply *happened* to be impressed by the telegraph operator's job. When the word was once chosen, however, it assumed a loftier, that is, a more general function: it became symbolic of a larger whole. This is what occurred in the designation of new animals, and it is a phenomenon quite as noticeable in civilized as in "savage" speech.

Philosophy

CHARLES PEIRCE

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

ON APRIL 14, 1914, unnoticed by the general public and by the greater part of the learned world, there died a man who will some day be one of the glories of this country. He was Charles Santiago Sanders Peirce, unquestionably the most profound philosophical mind that has yet come out of America. William James and Josiah Royce knew his worth and generously acknowledged their indebtedness to him, but to the last of his days he remained unknown to all save his students and colleagues. And so he is today. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* apparently has never heard of him, and the American encyclopedias give him little more than cursory mention. But in the long run he will not be forgotten.

Peirce was not a professional philosopher, and except for a short time at the Johns Hopkins, never taught at any university. His main interest in life was always the natural sciences. It was his boast that he was brought up in a laboratory. He was the son of Benjamin Peirce, the famous mathematician, and was graduated from Harvard in 1859. Four years later he re-

ceived a degree from the Lawrence Scientific School. Shortly thereafter he entered the service of the United States Coast Survey, where he carried on a number of experiments with the pendulum to determine the density and shape of the earth. He also conducted numerous experiments on the wave length of light and on the threshold of sensation. In addition, he was a mathematician of note. The great Sylvester of the Johns Hopkins, in fact, said of him that he was "a far greater mathematician than his father."

While he was pursuing his studies in the sciences he read heavily in philosophy, especially Duns Scotus, whom he ranked next only to Spinoza and Kant. One of the first things that struck him was the mass of idle verbiage in most philosophies on the question of the validity of ideas. Descartes and Leibnitz tried to determine the meaning of an idea by intuition. It was in this way that they came upon the meaning of the idea of God: omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, eternity, and so on. In the case of the idea of immortality they believed that the mere feeling of the clarity of the concept somehow lent weight to its validity. In the same way, these two philosophers tried to

dredge meaning out of the ideas of justice, goodness, etc. This habit of mind has persisted down to the present. Eminent scientists still argue that we may know perfectly well the effects of energy, though we know nothing as to what energy is in itself.

Into this stable of intuitions Peirce sent a fresh stream of straight thinking, and a completely new way of looking at things. To the followers of Descartes and Leibnitz he said, "Nothing new can ever be learned by analyzing definitions." And to the scientists he said, "To say we know the effects of force, and not force itself, is nonsense. . . . There is some vague notion afloat that a question may mean something which the mind cannot conceive; and when some hair-splitting philosophers have been confronted with the absurdity of such a view they have invented an empty distinction between positive and negative conceptions, in the attempt to give their non-idea a form not obviously nonsensical."

His own point of view he called pragmatism, and formulated it elaborately for the first time in his essay, "How to Make our Ideas Clear," published in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January, 1878. He later made slight modifications on what he had said there, his final attitude being expressed thus: "The meaning of a concept is to be found in all the conceivable experimental phenomena which the affirmation or denial of the concept could imply." Note that he was speaking only of the *meaning* of a concept, not of the reality of its object. The real, to Peirce, was "that whose characters are independent of what anybody may think them to be." And then he made this most important addition: "The opinion which is fated to be ultimately agreed to by all who investigate, is what we mean by the truth, and the object represented in this opinion is the real." Experiment was thus the cornerstone of Peirce's metaphysical thinking.

"How to Make our Ideas Clear" remained almost completely unnoticed for

twenty years, until William James came upon it and used it as the foundation of his own better-known pragmatic system. James, as Royce and Santayana have pointed out, was incapable of rigorous theoretical thinking, and therefore did not grasp the full meaning of Peirce's essay. In fact, he garbled Peirce's idea so much that the latter was forced to adopt a new word, *pragmatism*, which, as he himself put it, "seems ugly enough to escape the kidnappers." For James the meaning of an idea became merely its practical consequences. And from this naïve notion he leaped to the puerile doctrine that "the final justification of all ideas, like their meaning, is to be found . . . in the service which they render to the will." Truth, in that case, became "one species of good. . . . The truth is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief."

From all this there sprang naturally James's belief in a number of gods, in immortality, in reward and punishment, and all the rest of it. It is easy to understand how this repelled Peirce: it was the very antithesis of his habit of mind. Scientist that he was, he was forever insisting on experimental verification of all ideas, including the most sacred ones of theology. James, on the other hand, was more of a humanist, and none too scrupulous as to the logical tenacity of the foundations of human belief.

From his early manhood Peirce was a keen student of logic. In his later years, indeed, he preferred to be called a logician rather than a scientist or philosopher. His contributions to logic were momentous, but this is hardly the place to go into them. They were highly technical and complex. Suffice it to say that after Boole and DeMorgan he did the most for the creation of the science of symbolic logic. The importance of this new branch of philosophy has not been sufficiently appreciated, mainly, perhaps, because of the apparently arbitrary character of its methodology. Until the time of Boole the only

known system of logic was the Aristotelian one of classes. This was good enough in the early days, but with the advances in astronomy and mathematics it became of little value, since the materials dealt with in those sciences were relations and not classes. The concepts of infinity and continuity, for example, were quite meaningless when stated in terms of the Aristotelian logic, but when expressed in the language of symbolic logic they became readily intelligible. One of the books which Peirce intended to write but never finished was a "Comprehensive Treatise On Logic." Were it completed it would undoubtedly have been a milestone in the history of philosophy. Regarding this projected book, Royce said that "no greater mind has ever appeared in America in respect of the powers needed for the writing of it."

But Peirce's most colossal contribution to the history of philosophy, the one for which he will be remembered long after Royce and James are relegated to the footnotes, was his idea of the evolution of the laws of nature. He expounded it at length in an essay entitled "The Architecture of Theories," in the *Monist* for January, 1891. Peirce started out with a critical examination of Mill's concept of the uniformity of nature, and raised havoc with it. "That we ever do discover the precise causes of things," he said, "that any induction whatever is absolutely without exception, is what we have no right to assume." But logic or no logic, the best scientific experimentation casts much doubt on the existence of uniformities or laws. No experiment is ever performed but that its results are not in exact accordance with what the theory demands. True enough, much of the blame lies upon the inaccuracy of the laboratory technique. But even with the best experimentation there is a discrepancy. May it not be that the experimenter is not alone to blame, that some of it lies with the laws themselves? May it not be, indeed, that the laws themselves are not static, that they oscillate, as it

were, between two close limits? At any rate, continued Peirce, there is sufficient inductive evidence to lead to this conclusion, and logically it is as tenable as Mill's doctrine.

What intrinsic validity, after all, asked Peirce, has the superstition that there are universal laws? "To suppose universal laws of nature capable of being apprehended by the mind, and yet having no reason for their special forms, but standing inexplicable and irrational, is hardly a justifiable position. Uniformities are precisely the sort of facts that need to be accounted for. . . . Law is *par excellence* the thing that wants a reason." How, then, account for the present regularities?—for we must admit that these do exist, and they are hardly to be explained as the result of pure accident. Here Peirce comes in with his stupendous idea: "The only possible way of accounting for the laws of nature and for uniformity in general is to suppose them results of evolution. This supposes them not to be absolute, not to be obeyed precisely." All things were at first in chaos, and then, by pure chance, they began to work together somehow, and ever since the relationships between them have evolved and evolved into greater regularity.

This idea, of course, led him into immediate conflict with Spencer, who tried to explain the variety of life on the basis of a postulated mass of natural law. Peirce tackled the problem heroically, and in one of the most incisive and compact bits of thinking in the history of modern philosophy—a paragraph in "The Architecture of Theories"—he disposed of it completely. How, he asked, can exact law ever produce heterogeneity out of homogeneity, and how can it explain the arbitrary heterogeneity which is the most manifest and characteristic feature of the universe? Spencer, concluded Peirce pointedly, was "only a half-evolutionist—only a semi-Spencerian."

As Professor Morris R. Cohen, perhaps the ablest mind in the American philosoph-

ical world today and the editor of the only book of collected essays by Peirce, says, this notion of the evolution of natural law may be mythological, but it is certainly not more so than the mythology of absolute, immovable laws. What is more, it at least takes into account the spontaneity and chance of nature, whereas the other hypothesis is hard put to it to explain them.

This, as I have said, was undoubtedly Peirce's greatest contribution to philosophical thought. As he becomes more appreciated it will influence the speculative world more and more. And also, I venture to say, the world at large. It is rather strange that no one, not even James, Royce or Cohen, has ever noted the tremendous effect which an idea such as Peirce's would have on the layman's outlook on life, once it became widely accepted or discussed. It might, indeed, have an effect of the same magnitude as that of the Copernican theory or the Darwinian hypothesis. Before their time the cosmic philosophy of the populace was anthropocentric. With their advent, especially that of the latter, it became what might be called naturacentric. Man was no longer the cynosure of all living things. Nature took his place. It was, of course, not as satisfying to the pride with which man, more or less instinctively, looks down upon the rest of creation, and thus not as gratifying an emotional support, but a support it was just the same. The mind found some sort of relief from the meaninglessness and confusion of life in the belief that there was, after all, something regular, something free from chance in the world, namely, natural laws.

But now comes Peirce and takes away this last solace. Regularity flees from nature, and all becomes chaos. God has been destroyed, man has been placed on the same level with the amoeba, and nature has been turned into little better than a madhouse. Precisely what such an

outlook would have on the culture of the time it is difficult to foretell. Maybe it will give birth to cults far more superstitious than any we have yet had. Pushed to the wall, man shows an amazing genius for the creation of gods.

Peirce never published a book of philosophy in his life. He always meant to, but things seemed to have been too interesting and life too short for him to find time to buckle down to it. He had more ideas than all the other American philosophers put together. Compared to James or Royce, he was a colossus. James, it is now a platitude to say, was no philosopher at all. He was incapable of genuine metaphysical speculation. Despite his tremendous contributions to psychology, his mind was not sufficiently rigorous for it. As for Royce, there was far more wind in him than ideas. His philosophy, in greater part, was a bastard Hegelianism, and even less intelligible than it.

But Peirce possessed that rare thing, a profound and absolutely honest mind. When all his articles and unpublished manuscripts are published, we shall realize the stupendous grasp and penetration of his intellect. His devotion to the truth has been unparalleled. He, in fact, often became brutal in its pursuit. Of the perennial science-religion conflict he said: "The spirit of science is hostile to any religion. . . . Let the consequences of such a belief be as dire as they may, one thing is certain: that the state of the facts, whatever it may be, will surely get found out, and no human prudence can long arrest the triumphal car of truth—no, not if the discovery were such as to drive every individual of our race to suicide!"

He was the modern philosopher *par excellence*: a combination of scientist and logician. The world at large has not yet heard of him, but when it does, it will unquestionably put him down as the first real American philosopher and one of the most profound thinkers of our time.

GAS AND SMOKE

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY

GAS warfare is an omnibus term, sweepingly interpreted by the public to mean any and all kinds of chemical horror which can be perpetrated in modern war. Chemistry, in fact, enters conflict in a large variety of rôles. In the preparation of explosives themselves there are wide ranges of chemical materials necessary. The great efforts made to import nitrates from Chile during the World War, and the projects to secure nitrogen by fixation of the element from the atmosphere conducted by the Germans and at Muscle Shoals bear witness to the importance of chemical industry in modern battle. Von Moltke it was who said that war consists in adapting the means at hand to the end in view, and in this scientific and industrialized age it is not surprising that all the forces of production should be turned to war purposes. But chemical warfare in its strictest application as an effective combat element really includes but few items and its course is by no means difficult to trace.

The ramifications of the subject, and its rather limited scope, can be made plain by quoting from the act of Congress which, in 1920, established a Chemical Warfare Service in the United States Army:

The Chemical Warfare Service shall consist of one Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service with the rank of brigadier-general, one hundred officers in grades from colonel to second lieutenant, inclusive, and one thousand two hundred enlisted men. The Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, under the authority of the Secretary of War, shall be charged with the investigation, development, manufacture, or procurement and supply to the Army of all smoke and gas-defense appliances; the research, design, and experimentation connected with chemical warfare and its material, and chemical projectile-filling plants and proving grounds;

the supervision of the training of the Army in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive, including the necessary schools of instruction; the organization, equipment, training, and operation of special gas troops, and such other duties as the President may from time to time prescribe.

It is popularly believed that gas warfare commenced during the World War, and that, indeed, is perhaps a proper belief. Such examples of the use of obnoxious or poisonous fumes as have been reaped from the older records are at best isolated. Desperate or ingenious measures were devised by commanders in sore straits. Yet never, until the World War, had gas warfare been waged on any systematic, or broad scale. It came upon the belligerents with a rush. It brought forth protective devices with a rapidity and in a quantity that was startling.

It was on April 22, 1915, that the Germans first used gas, letting loose chlorine from cylinders against unprotected troops. By May 3, 100,000 crude pads had been manufactured by patriotic women and issued to British front line troops on the Western Front. This pad was supplanted by a more efficient "veil" respirator by the end of the month. Neither of these respirators protected the eyes. Both were simply breathing machines. In May and June-1915, the Germans sent over large quantities of tear gas, fired in artillery shells, using it in serious proportions. In concentrations only one six-thousandth of the strength of chlorine, it watered the eyes so as to make unprotected men practically helpless. By July 6, all British troops in the field had been furnished the hypo or smoke helmet with eye-pieces.

Through their intelligence service, the

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British then learned that the Germans were planning to use phosgene, and by November, 1915, they had issued the "P" helmet to all their troops. On December 11, 1915, the Germans let their phosgene loose and some protection was ready against it; but that protection was not sufficient and a better means, devised by a Russian chemist, was incorporated in the "P. H." helmet, which was manufactured in very large numbers and issued to all troops by July, 1916.

As the gas was used in greater and greater concentrations, it became necessary to better the masks. It was also desired to make them more comfortable. So a respirator with a large box was devised and issued.

Next the German lit upon chlorpicrin and hurled it over in so-called green cross shells. No provisions had been made to absorb it, but charcoal was promptly introduced into the forthcoming small box respirator, issued to all troops by February, 1917. In July, 1917, the Germans turned to mustard gas, which persisted for days in the localities where it was used. A man whose mask became uncomfortable from long wear or whose clothing was readily permeated by this gas became a casualty. Adequate protection never was devised, and only the fact that the German supply was not very large prevented heavy casualties.

During the same month, the Germans introduced the so-called blue cross shell, containing what was known as toxic smoke, which would penetrate a mask, causing irritation of the nose and throat, forcing the removal of the mask, and making the soldier open to poisoning by other gases. The British had partially foreseen this toxic smoke, and had made additions to their box respirator to meet it. Moreover, the German shells were not so effective as had been hoped. Thus was the race between offense and defense kept on during the World War. The same race has continued since 1918, though in laboratories instead of on battle-fields.

Gas warfare is not so sweeping and devastating as is commonly believed. It is dangerous principally to the unprepared and the untrained. The man without a mask, the man who does not know how to use a mask, and the man who carelessly or through bravado fails to use his mask—these are the ones who suffer. Others are relatively well protected. Training and discipline save lives,—informed training and rigid gas discipline. It was this which led General Pershing to remark in 1919 that "whether or not gas will be employed in future wars is a matter of conjecture, but the effect is so deadly to the unprepared that we can never afford to neglect the question." And Marshal Foch said: "Chemical warfare should be included in our provisions and preparations for the future if we do not wish to encounter some serious surprise."

It was just such a surprise that struck the allies in 1915. In April, in front of Ypres, the Germans released on a favorable breeze large clouds of their chlorine, thick and obscuring like yellow smoke, heavy and clinging near the earth, poisonous and choking. Unready, unequipped with protection, the British troops were overcome in hosts and probably no one will know—the Germans certainly did not know then—how close the war came to being won at that moment. If they had followed their advantage strongly and rapidly enough, or if they had hoarded their new instrument until they could use it on a more extended front, they might have achieved a really decisive result. But the opportunity was lost. The allies rushed to counter-measures, as we have seen. They also rushed to the pen of the propagandist. They accused Germany of violating international law. They broadcast details of this new "atrocious" method of fighting. They aroused national feeling in their own countries and flooded neutral nations with appeals against this latest "outrage." In so doing they made gas warfare appear to

be more horrible than it really was or is.

The report of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army for 1920 says that the casualties in the American forces during the World War show that of 74,779 due to gas only 1,400 or 1.87% resulted in death. Of the remaining 199,438 American casualties, which were due to bullets, shell fire, etc., 44,659 or 23.4% resulted in death. Since the participation in active hostilities by United States troops coincided with a practically full use of gas by all the warring nations, these figures are very significant. From them it appears that gas disables, but does not kill so generally as do the older weapons. It may not be true, then, as the abortive Washington treaty of 1922 stated, that the use of gas had been "justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world." Men recover from it, and it does not make them susceptible to tuberculosis, as public opinion once had it. Indeed, the reverse seems to be true. The proportion of World War wounded from other causes who have developed tuberculosis has been one and a half to one and three quarter times as great as the proportion of those disabled by gas who have developed the same disease. The exciting propaganda of the war seems to have been as fallacious as it was effective. The alleged "inhumane" character of gas appears not to exist.

Here one is led to recall the remarks of Admiral Mahan when he returned from the Hague in 1899. He reported that the American delegation had refused to subscribe to a convention which might bar the use of gas. The old seaman spoke like a trained and experienced fighter, and also like a clear thinker. He said:

Until we know the effects of asphyxiating shells, there is no saying whether they would be more or less merciful than the missiles now permitted, and . . . it is illogical and not demonstrably humane to be tender about asphyxiating men with gas when all are prepared to admit that it is allowable to blow the bottom out of an ironclad at midnight, throwing four or five hundred men into the sea, to be choked by water.

War itself is surely not humane. It is the

application of force and ingenuity to bend the will of one nation to the will of another. Certain particularly atrocious methods of waging it have been banned by international agreement, but other devastating and destructive methods have been introduced from time to time. Gas is one of these.

Twenty-three hundred years ago in 429 B. C., when the city of Platea was beset by Spartans in what was a classic siege, the commander of the attacking troops had enormous pots of pitch, sulphur, and burning charcoal placed against the walls. Clouds of irritating gases arising from these were blown through the defences and over the ramparts to annoy, weaken, and distress the defenders.

Writing with obviously first hand knowledge of warfare as it was waged in the Peloponnesian region at this period, Aeneas the Tactician somewhat less than a century later spoke of using pitch and sulphur, lighted by smaller fagots, against wooden engines brought by a foe to batter down or overtop the protecting walls. He added that an inextinguishable fire may be created by the combined use of pitch, sulphur, tow, granulated frankincense, and pine sawdust in sacks.

In his treatise on war, the Emperor Leo VI spoke of the value of Greek fire and of jars full of quicklime, to be scattered upon the foeman's ships to suffocate him. The medieval chroniclers, Matthew of Paris and Roger of Wendover, in describing the famous fight off Dover in 1217, in the reign of Henry III, between the French and the British, say that the British fleet got to windward, sailed toward the enemy, and hurled such quantities of powdered quicklime on board as to render the Frenchmen helpless.

In the annals of Genoa, concerning a war fought between that city and Pisa in 1284, it is said: "A bitter and hard fight began from both sides. In it so many missiles containing lime and other alkalis were used that it seemed as though none were present,"—that is, that the eyes were so

irritated that none could see. A forerunner of tear gas!

Again, history tells us that when Hunyadi and St. John Capistran relieved Belgrade, beleaguered by the Turks shortly after the fall of Constantinople, and defended it against the energetic attacks of the Moslems, both sides used somewhat similar materials.

Late in the afternoon, July 21, 1456, the Turks hurled themselves against their prey. They filled the moat with straw, rubbish and brushwood, gained a passage and stormed the broken walls. . . . The Moslems set up an attack so terrific that they broke their way into the city as far as the second wall and moat. There the Christians held them fast. The Turks brought up more rubbish and brushwood and filled the second moat. Then they sought to scale the walls. Although the Christians' defence was vigorous, the odds in men and position were in favor of the enemy. But suddenly, at a prearranged signal, the Christians began hurling down upon the massed forces of the enemy bundles of burning sulphur-steeped brushwood. The effect was swift and decisive. The rubbish-filled moat became a pool of raging fire. Caught between the wall and the moat, the Turks perished by thousands in the flames and fumes. The survivors became panic-stricken and fled.

In 1591, discussing gunnery of all sorts, J. Brechtel described methods of poisoning the air by the use of cylinders or bombs containing black powder, sublimate of mercury, arsenic, henbane, aconite, belladonna, or hemlock. But he added that "many well-informed master-gunners regard [them] as of little value." We come thus to the question of practicability. In 1683, a writer named Buchner, discussing the theory and practice of artillery, mentioned such poison bombs and said: "It is not possible to see how great damage could result from their use in the free and open air. Only in a closed space can the poisonous vapors be harmful."

The test is the test of utility. All poison gases are not war gases. Only those can be used that have a certain persistency. A gas that is lightly blown on a four-mile breeze is 352 feet from its target in even so short a space of time as a single minute. They must cling to the ground, not evaporate, or drift upward into the air. An up-

ward floating gas is no longer dangerous after it passes the height of a man's head. They must be readily capable of being handled. They must be easy to manufacture in large quantities.

Chlorine seemed to meet these tests. It was heavier than air. It was a peace-time industrial product, used in hosts of water-purifying and fabric-bleaching establishments. But its disadvantage was that it was too readily detected.

III

In 1899, when the first attempt was made to bar it, gas warfare was scarcely in its infancy. If it had been conceived at all, it was conceived only in isolated minds. It was merely being discussed as a probable result of the great strides taken by chemical industry during the last half of the Nineteenth Century. But as the century drew to a close, and men saw prospects of the actual use of poison gases in war, the problem became more pressing, and so it was brought before the First Hague Conference, and the nations of the world were asked to decide if a prohibition should be agreed upon.

To this conference went an American delegation, bearing instructions from John Hay, Secretary of State. These instructions, which were re-affirmed in 1907, when another delegation went to the Second Hague Conference, spoke concretely and from a distinctly American point of view:

The expediency of restraining the inventive genius of our people in the direction of devising means of defense is by no means clear, and, considering the temptations to which men and nations may be exposed in time of conflict, it is doubtful if an international agreement to this end would prove effective. The delegates are therefore enjoined not to give the weight of their influence to the promotion of projects the realization of which is so uncertain.

At the first conference, the question of gas warfare was thus brought into the full light of day. There almost all of the nations of any consequence in the world, except the United States, subscribed to Declaration IV, 2, which said:

The contracting powers agree to abstain from the use of projectiles the sole object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases. The present declaration is only binding on the contracting powers in the case of a war between two or more of them. It shall cease to be binding from the time when, in a war between the contracting powers, one of the belligerents shall be joined by a non-contracting power.

This remained in the archives for eight years, and was superseded by another convention in 1907. Unluckily, the new convention did not win the wide acceptance of the first one. Fourteen states which signed failed to ratify it. Today practically all the great nations, save only the United States, are committed to gas warfare. France, Italy, and Great Britain are intensely interested in it. It has come to stay. At the Washington Conference, true enough, a resolution was adopted prohibiting the use of "asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases and analogous liquids," but France has failed to ratify, and so the treaty is not binding.

At that time, a sub-committee of military and technical men agreed that it would be practically impossible to frame an effective prohibition against the use of gas in warfare. The committee has been proved right. War gases are too easy to manufacture. Research in this field cannot be checked. The risk of misinterpretation and misunderstanding is too great. Even the words of the unratified treaty are inaccurate. They speak of asphyxiating gases, although such gases have long since been considered obsolete. The burning gases, like mustard, are the more usual type today.

But though France, by refusing to ratify it, destroyed the Washington Convention, the United States not only ratified it on March 29, 1922, but even took immediate steps to put it into effect as far as the United States Army was concerned. The act of Congress which had created a Chemical Warfare Service in 1920 had, as we have seen, charged that service with "the supervision of the training of the Army in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive." The organization was estab-

lished. The instruction was well under way. The First Gas Regiment was in existence, and the Chemical Warfare School had its teaching well advanced. But General Pershing, Chief of Staff of the Army, was convinced that the preamble of the Washington Convention spoke the truth when it said that the use of gas in war had been "justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world," and so we find him, in his official capacity, issuing this order on June 17, 1922:

Investigation, development, procurement, manufacture, or supply of poisonous gases for the present will be limited strictly to the amount necessary for the research and development of gas defense appliances.

Filling of projectiles and containers with poisonous gas will be discontinued, except for the limited number needed in perfecting gas-defense appliances.

The sweeping character of his intent at the time is revealed by an examination side by side of two orders of the War Department which specified in successive years what should be the approved training doctrine:

G. O. 42, W. D., 1921

Under the act of Congress approved June 4, 1920, training and instruction of the Army in chemical warfare will consist of the following:

1. The conduct of a special service school for training and instruction in chemical warfare, both offensive and defensive. . . .

2. Provision for officers of the chemical warfare service as instructors in both offensive and defensive chemical warfare at general schools

G. O. 24, W. D., 1922
Section III, General Orders, No. 42, War Department, 1921, is rescinded and the following substituted therefor:

Under the act of Congress approved June 4, 1920, training and instruction of the army in chemical warfare will be confined to the use of smoke, incendiary materials, nontoxic gas for training, and gas defense appliances, and will consist of the following:

1. The conduct of a special service school for training and instruction in defensive chemical warfare. . . .

2. Provision for chemical warfare personnel as instructors in defensive chemical warfare at general service schools and at certain

service schools and at certain special service schools as directed by the War Department.

4. Provision for the availability of such portions of the first gas regiment as are necessary for demonstration and for instructional purposes at special service schools.

5. Provision for suitable units of special gas troops for departments and corps areas during periods of field training and the operation of such troops during these periods.

special service schools as directed by the War Department.

4. Provision for the availability of such chemical warfare personnel as are necessary for demonstration and instructional purposes in *defensive* chemical warfare measures at special service schools.

5. Provision for suitable chemical warfare personnel for departments and corps areas during periods of field training for training and instructional purposes in *defensive* chemical warfare measures.

The dates of these orders are important. The United States Army committed itself actually, by decisive orders, to the elimination of poison gas, and did this early in June, 1922. At that time, Italy alone among the other nations had ratified the Washington treaty. The War Department did not wait for the other signatory parties, but played the game fairly and squarely and eliminated poison gas from the American Army. Of course it is still continuing research and experimentation, in order to be prepared with suitable protective appliances. New types of gas masks, lately developed and produced, bear witness to its activity in this regard. But this is a merely *defensive* policy.

IV

Of the value of poison gas in war, there can be little doubt. A gas shell diffuses its contents more widely and makes more casualties than a high explosive shell. The fumes linger and continue to disable men. Twenty-seven per cent of the American World War casualties resulted from gas. Mustard gas, which clings to the ground and persists amazingly under favorable conditions, has been called the greatest defense weapon in the world. There is no other weapon devised by man that can be

left to continue its action for two weeks without any control by manpower. Properly laid down, it denies the enemy almost absolutely any access to hollows, defiles, woods, and other covered avenues of approach.

There is another great advantage in the fact that it kills only one out every forty men it reaches. A wounded or gassed man, calculations show, engages five men in the rear to carry him to the hospital, care for him, cure him. In modern war it is thus better to disable than to kill, for by wounding you load your foe down with tremendous rear installations and hosts of line-of-communications personnel.

Great Britain, Italy, France, Japan, Spain, Switzerland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Sweden all have chemical warfare services in one form or another. The British Field Service regulations provide for gas tactics, when responsible authorities have determined the need for them. France has a section of its war ministry studying offensive gas warfare. Russia is active in preparing for it, and has had gas casualties as a result of accidents on maneuvers. A pamphlet emanating from the Fort Leavenworth command and general staff school, in May, 1922, freely discussed the effectiveness of chemical warfare, and said: "It is distinctly preferable in general to employ deadly gas attacks so far as the available means permit." But then came the general orders of June, 1922, and the corresponding Leavenworth document in use today is much more guarded. It discusses chemicals in war in the abstract, prefaces the discussion with a note on the treaty of 1922, and seemingly apologizes for discussing the matter at all by saying:

However, the fact that not all nations are signatories and the possibility of the use of chemical materials by an unscrupulous enemy, make it essential that the manner of meeting gas attacks and of dealing effectively with them should be studied.

Whether or not poison gas will be used in future wars, it is not possible to say. Laocoön was the most famous military

prophet in history, and he was strangled by snakes. Soldiers do not clamor to emulate him. They only know that poison gas may be used and that therefore it should be studied. They know, too, that chemical smoke screens are not banned by any treaty or barred by sentimental opinion, and they feel that such screens are almost certain to be used. Therefore, although the United States Army is living up to the spirit of the yet unratified treaty so far as poisons are concerned, it has not altogether abandoned all idea of chemical warfare. Smoke screens were devised and used before poison gas was considered practicable. Torpedo-boat destroyers have for long been belching tumbling clouds of black smoke to screen the battle-fleet. Planes have learned to drop gleaming white curtains to hide movements from the foe.

Indeed, the use of smoke is historic. When Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the father of modern war, marched on Bavaria in 1631, before he defeated Tilly at Breitenfeld, he found his movements into position hindered by smoke from the burning village of Podelwitz. The following Spring, he again faced Tilly at Rain, on the Lech river near Augsburg. The foe had broken down the bridge and there was none other nearer than twenty miles. Says Hart:

At a spot where the swiftly flowing river made a bend to the west, forming a salient toward the Swedes, Gustavus established seventy-two guns to command the passage. Meanwhile, by a personal reconnaissance, he discovered another possible passage a mile up-stream, where there was a small island in mid-river. At both points he began bridges, the first under cover of a heavy fire, and the second unknown to the enemy. At the first point, by setting fire to wet straw, he created a smoke screen to cloak the crossing—a method of concealment foreshadowing World War developments, when, improved by science, it became a vital factor. Did not Ludendorff declare that tanks and smoke were the two most dangerous enemies the Germans had to face in the final phases of the war?

Gustavus Adolphus's successor on the throne of Sweden, the brilliant Charles XII, the Madman of the North, profited by the example. In that great northern war which he waged from 1699 until he

fell in action in 1718, he found himself on the Dvina river with Saxon troops arrayed opposite him, confronted with a situation similar to that which had confronted Gustavus Adolphus. Charles XII saw his foes across the river, which was very deep. He had boats built with high hinged sides, up for protection while crossing, down for gangways to be used in speedy disembarkation. Let Voltaire tell the story:

Having noticed that the wind blew from the north where he was, to the south where his enemies were encamped, he had great masses of damp straw set afire, from which the thick smoke spreading over the stream, deprived the Saxons of sight of his troops and knowledge of his intentions. Taking advantage of this cloud, he had pushed forward more boats filled with the same burning straw, so that the smoke increased and, driven by the wind into the eyes of his enemies, prevented them from knowing if the King was crossing or not. In a quarter of an hour he was on the other side. He had his guns immediately disembarked and formed line of battle before his enemies, their vision obscured by the smoke, could oppose him.

Small wonder, then, that modern commanders cling to the use of smoke. The Leavenworth pamphlet of 1922 says that it is useful to secure concealment, surprise, or deception. It adds: "Smoke is particularly valuable for screening river crossings." In 1918, in France, it was extensively employed to conceal movements and to neutralize air attacks. It was used as a feint, to draw the enemy's attention to a front on which no attack was to be made. It was employed, according to Sir Douglas Haig, by the Ninth Division on July 19, 1918, as a fake gas attack. For some time previous, gas had been used on a certain front, in conjunction with smoke and high explosives. When the real attack was started, gas was omitted from the barrage and the British infantry went forward to find the foe confusedly masked and expecting gas.

It used to be the idea that a screen of smoke would conceal your own troops and reduce the accuracy of enemy fire, and therefore reduce casualties. I could point out problems and demonstrations given at the Fort Benning Infantry School in

which smoke was employed almost exclusively to hide advancing infantry from machine-gun enfilade. But in 1922, the Chemical Warfare Service began saying that the use of smoke for this purpose was not entirely suitable in a pitched battle, for it would necessarily draw the enemy fire. Then, too, all defensive machine-guns now have what are known as "final protective lines." When a foe advances, the guns are swung back on to these battle lines and kept constantly in action, so as to maintain a steadily streaming band of fire across the front of the position. Into such a band of fire, advancing infantry has to march, obscured by smoke or not. General Dickman tells how it worked at the Marne on July 18, 1918, when the fierce final thrust of the Germans was repulsed by the Third American Division:

After the infantry, crossing in boats at 2:10 A.M., had gained a footing on the south bank, a heavy smoke screen was to be spread over the entire valley to favor the operation of pontoon ferries, the construction of pontoon bridges, and the crossing of masses of infantry in broad daylight so as to occupy the "storm" position.

The General then goes on to say that one battalion of the German 398th Infantry was reduced to the size of a company by our artillery fire. In front of companies G, H, and E of the 38th American Infantry, "the enemy delivered a destructive fire on our front lines and under cover of a smoke screen attempted to cross. All his efforts in front of companies H and E were disastrously defeated."

The newest doctrine of smoke is quite different from that which the Germans followed. The new idea is: Don't try to hide the object. Try to blind the eyes. In Leavenworth's present pamphlet, it is stated that smoke should be used:

(1) To blind hostile observation posts and machine-gun nests; to mask the front and flanks of attacking infantry and tanks, concentrations of guns and tanks, roads, forming places, and the construction of bridges, trenches and other works; to hamper the flashes of artillery in action; to hamper hostile aerial observation, and to screen landings on hostile shores.

(2) As a feint, to draw the enemy's attention to a front on which no attack is to be made.

(3) To simulate a gas attack, forcing the enemy to mask.

(4) To fill valleys with smoke, concealing the infantry advance.

The British Manual on the Use of Smoke, issued in 1923, had a different idea. It stated that smoke made advancing units lose direction. The object was to deny the enemy opportunity for aimed fire. It declared that the ideal method was to have the smoke screen close to the enemy and with a wind blowing it slowly parallel to his lines. The British wished to blind the enemy and keep their own vision. They knew that smoke would draw heavy fire, and so they insisted that the screen should be far in advance of friendly, and as close as possible to hostile, troops. That leads to the latest American doctrine upon the subject. I quote Major-General Robert H. Allen, Chief of Infantry:

A little over a year ago the question came up as to whether we wanted a smoke-producing apparatus with the tank. It was referred to the Tank School and they said that the apparatus had no place on the tank. Then the Infantry School indorsed what the Tank School had said. I thought everybody was out of step but myself. . . . Before the World War, the fundamental principles of war were fire and movement, but since then there are three—fire, movement, and smoke. The use of smoke is primarily to blind the enemy, and the tank is a means of carrying the smoke to the enemy; and I believe, as far as infantry front line units are concerned, that it will be far more effective than smoke by artillery or any other means. . . . When the tank reaches the area from which the machine-gun fire that has held up the infantry is coming, it can turn loose smoke-screens and blind the enemy.

Recent tests have been made of the effect of smoke-screens. First, a unit fired with rifles and machine-guns without any smoke-screen and its fire effect had a certain efficiency, which we will say is 100. Then a smoke-screen was placed in front of the targets and, with the same unit firing, the fire effect was 25 as compared with 100 without the smoke. Then the smoke was put down on the unit that was firing and the fire effect was eight as compared with 100. If you blind the enemy by smoke—not screening our own troops, but blinding the enemy—you have killed the effectiveness of his fire.

Therefore, when you give a tank the equipment to produce an excellent smoke-screen, you give it an excellent weapon. . . . This new tank that we are developing will have an apparatus that will throw an efficient smoke screen for about 30 minutes.

V

It was back in February, 1925, that Major C. R. Alley and Major Leigh F. J. Zerbee, both of the Chemical Warfare Service, first argued out the problem. Since then the Chemical Warfare School has fired many tests, and has induced the Infantry to make others of the same sort. The results have been a complete reversal of doctrine on the only general weapon the American gas soldiers have left. They have proved that in war you must not be an ostrich. The group in the smoke is subject to casualties from bullets fired into the cloud, and it has so completely lost sense of direction that its own fire is almost totally ineffective. The old plan was to put the smoke screens down on yourself! By 1922, the chemical folk in the Army had concluded that it was "invariably desirable" to bring the heaviest concentrations of smoke directly upon the enemy force and blind his observation.

But that was in 1922 and no one listened to them then as they are listened to now. If you are attacking, the enemy wants to shoot you down. Blind him, and he cannot tell where to shoot—that is the new doctrine. If he is attacking, he will probably try at some time or other to establish what is known as fire superiority, without which attacking troops cannot advance. When he tries to do that, lay down your smoke on him and make his shooting wild. Smoke is not merely an annoyance. It is no longer only a device for ambushing or surprising a foe. It has become a weapon.

Surprises and concealments were relatively easy in former days. But of recent years the airplanes with their swiftness of wing and their photographic eyes have peered out the hidden spaces. No longer can an army move widely and unbeknown around the flank, as Stonewall Jackson did at Chancellorsville and at Second Manassas. The aviators would spy him out; the commander would be warned. But now comes smoke, to conceal movements, to make for new feints and stratagems.

In more remote days there used to be bandied about a phrase: "the fog of war." It expressed the ignorance of fact and the confusion of mind among any and all commanders in battle. On maneuvers, you were told that the enemy was thus and so; he was here and he was there. But in war, you knew nothing of him except what your cavalry and your patrols could wring from his outpost line and his actions on the immediate front. Your sources of information might be many and various, but were often of doubtful credibility. That was "the fog of war." Then came the airplane, not completely supplanting all other sources of information and observation, but at least supplementing them very fully and very completely.

Today soldiers cannot be hidden away completely. The "eyes of the army" spot them now and again. So the old fog of war has begun to disappear. But with the development of chemical smoke, with screens and clouds artificially created, a new fog of war has appeared. This new war cloud, this screen of smoke, is in actuality, in appearance, in conduct much like a veritable fog. Chemically created, carried in compressed form, it can be artfully released in such a manner as to spread, in vast billowing folds down an entire countryside, an artificial fog magically brought by man and placed at the spot where he wants it.

Poison gas has its values. It also has its disadvantages. It can return upon its sender as no bullet ever did. It can lurk in hollows and patches of shrubs in the enemy's area and then burn and scorch its creators when the enemy retires. It is—rightly or not—abhorred of men. But smoke, the latest product of modern scientific chemical warfare, has no such horrors, no such aversions. It is more subtle and more artful. It is attractive and intriguing. It makes more for ingenuity and cleverness and thought. It will stimulate tactics, freshen the military art. It is the latest contribution to military science, and upon it the last word has not yet been spoken.

MURPHY

BY ISABEL PATERSON

ON APRIL 28, 1924, during the morning hours, Fifth avenue was given over to a funeral procession. At the head of the honorary pall-bearers walked the Governor of New York and the Mayor of New York City, followed by an ex-Ambassador, a United States Senator, the leaders of the bench and bar, city officials and State legislators, millionaires and other eminent citizens, and a labor union delegation. The President of the United States sent a telegram of condolence.

The coffin was brought to rest before the high altar of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, where requiem mass was celebrated by the auxiliary Bishop, the Archbishop being abroad. Six thousand mourners filled the Cathedral to its utmost capacity. Fifty thousand persons, at least, lined the avenue to pay their last respects to the dead. The flag on the Public Library was lowered to half-mast. At the cemetery the wreaths formed a hedge six feet high, encircling the grave. It was probably the most impressive funeral New York had seen since the obsequies of General Grant.

The dead man was an ex-street car conductor and saloon-keeper, of humble extraction, who had never held any public office except a minor appointment (as Commissioner of Docks) of the sort which goes by favor as part of the political spoils system. During his lifetime, if his name appeared in the newspapers—which was no oftener than he could help—it was invariably as a target for reproach. On many occasions he was caricatured warningly in prison stripes. He was not even a very rich man, as wealth is reckoned in

America. What, then, earned him this majestic farewell? It must be explained as a demonstration of the weight of the imponderables.

Charles Francis Murphy was a purely American phenomenon. The Boss of Tammany Hall! . . . Still, there have been other bosses, who passed without honor. A boss is almost a synonym for all that is most deplorable and corrupt under democracy. Here is an obvious paradox.

Murphy's obituary occupied two or three columns in the newspapers; but no life of him has been or is likely to be written, for lack of the dramatic and intimate material which makes biographies. He will not get even a footnote in history. And yet it is well within the range of probabilities that he made a President. If Smith is elected, though he will be elected on his own record, he will remain a Tammany man, and before Murphy the label would have defeated any presidential candidate. It would have barred him from even the nomination. Somehow or other, Murphy changed all that. But how?

It is not easy to say. He was the political equivalent of the Forgotten Man of William Graham Sumner, who is never taken into account because he cannot be definitely classified, although the social structure pivots on him. Even Murphy's position as Boss can only be understood, not defined. It was not official. At his death, the newspapers said he was treasurer of the Tammany Benevolent Association. He was not. Anyhow, the Tammany Benevolent Association is not technically a political organization. By usage, the

name of Tammany has been extended to the New York County Democratic Committee. There are twenty-three assembly districts in the county; each county committee elects a chairman, and these district leaders in turn name the Leader. During his reign, Boss Croker was treasurer of the finance committee, but the custom of the Boss holding that office ceased with Croker. Murphy was simply the Boss.

He was a New Yorker born and bred, the son of John and Mary Murphy, Irish emigrants. The father was a laborer; there were half a dozen children besides Charles Francis, who was born on June 20, 1858, in an East Side tenement. He was reared in the Gas House district, which embraced streets of poor but decent workingmen's homes and verged on an aristocratic neighborhood, in spite of its evil reputation as the headquarters of a gang.

Whatever education Murphy received he got from the public schools. At fourteen he went to work as a handy boy in a saloon. At eighteen he graduated into the job of driver and conductor of a one-man horse-car on Fourteenth street. Wages were low and hours long; there were no cash registers, and knocking down fares was a common practice; but Murphy quit in four years with a clean record. He had saved enough, however, to open a saloon; about \$500 was all he required. He may have made a little money in a legitimate side-line, for he had organized a semi-professional baseball club, and toured about New York with it. And he must have had friends, and they may have advanced him something.

His first saloon, at Nineteenth street and Avenue A, was of the regulation type catering to workingmen: sawdust floor, brass rail, communal bar-towel, and free lunch of crackers and cheese and bologna. It had only one unusual feature: women were not allowed in the back room. The backrooms of cheap saloons then were mainly ports of call for street-walkers. At Murphy's the women of the neighborhood

might rush the growler to the family entrance, perhaps; but no woman could step inside.

On the testimony of regretful and still surviving patrons, he sold good liquor, though at that time he drank nothing himself except a moderate allowance of beer at closing time, when his friends dropped in for political conferences and a good-night glass. Later in life he indulged a taste for champagne, but always within the bounds of sobriety.

He was his own bartender. Within a couple of years he was able to open another saloon. By this expansion he became a business man rather than a mere saloon-keeper. It was a considerable step upward.

II

All the while, as conductor, baseball captain, and saloon-keeper, he had been active and popular in ward politics. In 1891, at the age of thirty-three, he was elected leader of his own assembly district, the Eighteenth. In 1897, his value was recognized by the Democratic organization in a substantial way. Mayor Van Wyck appointed him Dock Commissioner, one of the good jobs to which district leaders are prescriptively entitled by political usage. Even a Republican district leader in New York gets one out of the Federal patronage.

In 1901, the forced abdication of Richard Croker left Tammany leaderless. Croker had retired nominally three times, but without relinquishing his real power. The Lexow investigation, revealing a hideous tale of commercialized vice—it was brilliantly prosecuted by William Travers Jerome—was probably the determining factor which broke Croker's hold. And possibly it was indirectly weakened by his own domestic difficulties. Tammany contained a strong element of rigidly respectable Irish, who demanded regularity in the private lives of their leaders, while regarding graft as necessary in politics. This cleavage between public and

private morals was a note of the times, and not peculiar to Tammany. And though Tammany bore the obloquy of the red-light districts, that too was a part of the current social system. Trinity Church profited complacently from the rent of squalid slums and brothels—and several of the great New York fortunes of today derive in part from the staggering plunder which Boss Tweed collected and distributed. Time has whitewashed them.

On Croker's final retirement, he thought to hand over the organization to Lewis Nixon. But Tammany, in both its faults and its virtues, is democratic, a self-governing body. The spoils are divided all the way down, to some degree; and the leader must come up from the ranks. Nixon lasted less than six months. After him a triumvirate was named: Louis F. Haffen, Daniel E. McMahon, and Murphy. The Tammany chief of police, the dubiously celebrated William S. Devery, called the turn on them. "McMahon is a two-spot, Haffen is a joke, but Murphy is a sport."

This arrangement was made in April, 1902. In the following September, the Executive Committee declared by resolution that the leadership was vested in Charles F. Murphy. He was the first Leader to be so named unequivocally; and the fourth big Boss of Tammany, not counting short trial terms.

Tweed had exploited the worst possibilities of the organization to the utmost, leaving it a byword for corruption. Honest John Kelly and Richard Croker took things as they found them, especially if they found anything that wasn't nailed down. Croker was more cautious than Tweed, more regardful of expressed public opinion; he had amiable qualities and a shrewd working knowledge of human nature. He basked in the dubious glory of his position. At Tammany Hall he held the center of the stage, accepting homage in an almost feudal manner. He was quite as able and no more illiterate or uncultured than the typical medieval baron; and he ruled by

much the same gift of commanding loyalty. New York was his fief. He might have echoed Sir Pitt Crawley's defense of the rotten borough system: "Rotten be hanged—it brings me a good four hundred pounds a year." Why should he try to improve his city? It was good enough.

But Murphy as district leader had always exerted his influence to clean up his district—that is, to keep out or close houses of ill-fame. To a measurable extent, it is said, he succeeded, though the city in general was wide open. The spectacle of vice must have been familiar to him from childhood, as a part of the life of the streets. But his home environment, though poverty-stricken, was decent and pious. The preservation of the domestic virtues in the families of the respectable poor when the social structure throws all the pressure the other way, necessitates a strictness of discipline and example which amounts to austerity. To judge by his career, Murphy's strongest personal instinct was for propriety in the antique sense; his political talent was for letting things work themselves out, and taking opportunity when it was ripe. At the beginning of his leadership, he had to choose which of the two traits should take the right of way. His first act as leader was so drastic and dramatic that it must have fulfilled a long-cherished wish. At least, it cannot be attributed to hypocrisy; and it was not cautious.

At his inaugural meeting of the district leaders, he declared himself shortly and to the point. There was to be no more graft from the red-light houses, nor police toleration of commercialized vice. He promised to break any district leader whom he could discover to be protecting or profiting from the dives. And there was one man present, he said, of whom he meant to make an example. There was no need to name the man. Everyone knew he was Martin Engel, leader of the Eighth Ward. Within twenty-four hours Murphy sent Big Florry Sullivan down to take over the Eighth Ward clubhouse.

All the Sullivans were fighters; and Florry was the champion of the clan, over six feet tall, and a mighty man with his hands. He obeyed instructions literally. Martin Engel and his crowd were thrown out by main force, and not without damage to the furniture. Eyewitnesses still recall the subsequent moral purification of Eldridge and Allen streets, where the brothels stood in rows. After the entry of Sullivan and his strong-arm squad, and riotous sounds from within, a man, pander or proprietor, would land at the foot of the front steps on his ear, with his shirt ripped down the back, hatless, and otherwise in disrepair. He would pick himself up and disappear around the corner at a run, cheered by an escort of small boys beating on old tin-pans. These proceedings, of course, were extra-legal. But the police looked on without prejudice, keeping order along the sidewalks. The newspapers reported the uproars briefly and guardedly, taking the attitude that it was all a low business, of which the less said the better.

For the time being Murphy let the gambling graft alone, for some of the Sullivans held that as their special prerogative, and the Sullivans were very strong in Tammany. Besides, Murphy considered gambling a far lesser evil than prostitution, on which the Sullivans were with him.

III

His political tactics were more diplomatic and less picturesque. For his first municipal campaign, in 1903, he adopted the stratagem which Disraeli credited to Peel: "He caught the Whigs in bathing and walked off with their clothes." Murphy nominated on the Tammany ticket two of the most important Republican Reform candidates: Edward M. Grout for controller and Charles V. Fornes for president of the Board of Aldermen. The indictment against Tammany, only too well based on the records of Tweed, Croker and Kelly, was that it had become nothing but a graft ring—that

it was no longer a legitimate political organization at all. Any verbal denial or promise of amendment would have provoked derision. So Murphy was offering hostages, the two key offices in the financial management of the city, to be held by men whose integrity the progressives had already certified. Years later, when Governor Nathan L. Miller summarily deposed the Republican Secretary of State and the chairman of the State Republican Committee, to put in men he preferred, Murphy remarked ironically: "They call me a boss, but Governor Miller is a political leader!"

Murphy's first choice of an important candidate was George B. McClellan for Mayor. Though McClellan was a Democrat in politics, he was a silk-stocking, the son of the Civil War general, wealthy and cultured and socially prominent. He lived in Murphy's district, and they had been friends for some years. At the meeting at which Murphy put him over on Tammany, John Scannell objected bitterly. Scannell was one of the toughest of the old crowd, a gang leader, which Murphy never was. He had served a prison term for homicide, having shot a man whom he believed responsible for the death of his (Scannell's) brother, in a gang feud. He stood up to Murphy and said: "If you nominate McClellan, I'll kill you!" Murphy went ahead calmly, without even answering. No more was heard from Scannell. McClellan won by a handsome majority.

When McClellan came up for reelection two years later the contest was much closer. As a result, he either believed or pretended to believe that Murphy had knifed him secretly, or at least failed to give him full support. Perhaps he felt that, having got his political start, he could go ahead faster by cutting loose from the recognized Boss and with him Tammany's bad name, which Murphy, taking the leadership in the direct line, had to accept until the organization lived it down. Self-interest has its own sincerity, and finds strange and subtle justifications. At all

events, McClellan repudiated Murphy, and tried to oust him in favor of John H. O'Brien. He had the patronage of the Mayor's office as a weapon against Murphy's titular authority.

But McClellan lost the battle, lost the next nomination, and later left New York. His political career was closed. Ten years later, in 1918, Murphy said to one of his friends: "Who do you think came to see me today?" An unlikely guess. "George McClellan."

What did he want? Nothing less than Murphy's help toward getting a congressional nomination. Something in Murphy's tone or expression betrayed his inclination.

"You're not going to hand it to him?"

"Well," said Murphy wistfully, watching for a sign of approval, "I'd like to do something for George. You know, I always was fond of him."

The friend was dumbfounded. He did not argue, he slid out and sent the word around. The organization jumped to it. The next day every district leader in the county was on the Boss's neck. Murphy could not overrule the united opinion of Tammany.

An outline of his political campaigns, which extended over twenty-two years, would involve writing a history of New York for the same period. In general, of course, the paramount duty of the Boss is to keep his organization in power. The position requires a continual reconciliation and compromise of conflicting private interests and pressures. It is like using the forces of wind and tide, when they are running contrary to each other, to bring a sailing vessel to still another point of the compass. Steadiness, strength, character, are indispensable to the business; and something more, for the opposed forces shift and fluctuate; the need of adjustment without weakness is constant. The desirability of the point to be gained is another question.

Among Murphy's most debatable expedients were his acceptance of Sulzer for Governor and of Hylan for Mayor. Neither

was of his choosing. He knew Sulzer was incompetent, but outside influences were brought to bear which seemed to him sufficiently urgent. He had to take the blame for Sulzer's fiasco nevertheless; that is the reasonable price of being Boss. So with Hylan. Murphy had worked earnestly for years to bring Brooklyn into a close alliance with Tammany. He had helped McCooley into McCarren's old place, thus ending the feud which had theretofore subsisted between the New York and Brooklyn politicians. Giving Brooklyn another Mayor would help to consolidate the peace. But even more important at that time was Hearst's support of Hylan.

A group of good Tammany men were outspoken and persistent in their efforts to induce Murphy to veto both Sulzer and Hylan. They still believe that these were Murphy's cardinal errors of policy. They felt then that Sulzer and Hylan weren't good enough for Murphy and for Tammany; though such a way of stating it at the time might have sounded wild. But their feeling shows, at least by implication, that Tammany under Murphy's guidance had already traveled a long way from Croker.

IV

Oddly enough, what Murphy refused to do was precisely what he was accused of doing. His friends wished him to take arbitrary action, as Boss, to bar a candidate; and he would not. Yet it is generally charged that Hylan was foisted on the public, which had no voice in the matter. The public has a vote, anyway; and Hylan polled an immense majority. Was this sheer machine work? By no means. It was a half-amused, half-infuriated endorsement of Hylan's invectives against the subway. Most of the voters had to ride in the subway. They didn't expect Hylan actually to do anything for their relief; but they liked to hear him rave. His were their sentiments too. The minute Hylan indicated a willingness to dicker with the

subway officials, he was a gone coon. Murphy simply let nature take her course; he was a born meliorist, not a dictator. But he generally got blamed for rain on the Fourth of July, and such things. Hylan did no special harm while he was in office, except that he let the city become slovenly and dirty, and it has remained so. Other than that, he was absurd, and diverting; and he did serve the purpose of staving off the ten-cent fare.

And through Hylan, Murphy's Fabian campaign wore out Hearst politically. The Hearst newspapers, during the early part of Murphy's leadership, could and did swing an appreciable number of votes. Hearst was an enrolled Democrat, entitled to consideration. But he was likely to bolt any ticket, regardless of previous agreements, and that fact made him, to the regulars, a dangerous man. He might have kept the public convinced that he was disinterested if he had not desired office for himself. Gradually it became plain that he was playing solely for his own hand. A politician is not asked to be an altruist, but he ought to be consistent; otherwise, the public gets tired of being stampeded at the eleventh hour to nobody knows where. After denouncing Murphy in the most violent terms, Hearst would offer to smoke the pipe of peace. Murphy did not like the abuse, naturally; but to refuse Hearst's overtures would have meant confusing personal and political issues. If, however, the party, not just the Boss, should repudiate Hearst, that would be different. So Murphy waited. At last, in the State convention of 1922, Hearst demanded to be put on the ticket as running mate with Al Smith.

Smith refused, in a flaming public statement, to be seen by the electors in Hearst's contaminating company. He would sooner, he declared, withdraw; and he defied Murphy to coerce him. It was one of the neatest bits of vaudeville ever seen in politics—Ajax defying the stage lightning. Smith, of course, was perfectly sincere. He had always refused to have

anything to do with Hearst. But it was while Murphy temporized and held Tammany together that Smith grew up to the political stature which enabled him to disregard and defy Hearst. None of the insiders had the slightest apprehension of a break between Smith and Murphy, since they had already quietly helped Murphy to grease the skids for Hearst before the convention opened. Smith emerged from the incident with all the personal prestige; Murphy took a technical set-back in exchange for a real advance in the direction he had wished to go; Hearst was through, like Hylan; and Tammany as a whole had gained a moral attitude.

Thenceforward Smith stood above his party; he began to grow to the stature of a presidential possibility. He was not one of Murphy's political discoveries. He was Big Tom Foley's protégé. Foley and other leaders urged his name on Murphy as a candidate for important offices; and for a time Murphy hesitated. He believed in Smith's ability, but thought that other considerations might weigh too heavily against him. Edward Staats Luther, then a political reporter and since a Tammany committee man, close to both Smith and Murphy, was especially active and insistent in putting Smith forward. In the midst of a discussion, Murphy called to Tom Smith: "Come here, and listen to a man named Luther trying to convince a man named Murphy that a Catholic can be elected Governor of New York State!" Tom Smith was the permanent secretary of Tammany, an immensely popular and shrewd politician, greatly respected for his honesty. He added his voice to Luther's. Murphy was convinced.

From then on, Murphy backed Smith consistently, but it cannot be said, strictly, that he made Smith; or that he picked Smith on his own initiative. The men to whom Tammany points with pride as Murphy's legacy to public life, whom he chose and in some sense trained, are Senator Robert F. Wagner, Surrogate James Foley, Mayor Jimmy Walker, and

the present Tammany leader, Judge Olvany.

But what he did do, aside from the actual backing in his campaigns, was to build a solid and reputable footing for Smith. Murphy made Tammany respectable. That, his friends say, was what he meant to do, and worked toward steadily from the beginning. They affirm that within the organization he set about first to relegate to innocuous desuetude the Croker crowd, and that he used even defeat at the polls to that end. For example, after the shake-up in the city personnel occasioned by the Mitchel mayoralty, the old-timers who were combed out were not reinstated after Mitchel's term ended. It took a long time to retire the Deverys and others of the out-and-out spoilsman; but in the end they went.

Murphy's champions say that he consistently threw the influence of Tammany in favor of all the reform legislation of his period: factory inspection laws, clean milk bills, child health safeguards, woman suffrage. In this, they say, he acted on his principles more than because he thought such measures good politics—indeed, he made them good politics. The voting record of the Tammany members at Albany generally confirms this theory. Furthermore, it was Murphy's avowed ambition—avowed to his friends, for he must have been aware that such a statement made publicly would have sounded fantastic—to keep the police, the judiciary, and the schools out of politics. Especially he refused to have anything to do with educational appointments or appropriations.

And whatever his opponents may say, his friends believed and still believe in both his good faith and his works. There is no other key to his motives. He never made speeches, nor gave interviews; he thought Croker had talked far too much. Consequently, he never evolved a public personality, but remained in the background, a force rather than an individual. He left no papers nor other memorabilia. His friends are proud of having been his

friends, and yet they are reluctant to speak of him today. What's the use? is their implied question. Nobody else will give him the credit he earned. There is, of course, the partiality of affection to be discounted, but the man they recall was plainly an oddly unexpected person.

V

How much did he profit, financially, by his position? And by inference, how much did he work for some other end? He made his first considerable money as a silent partner in the firm of Gaffney & Murphy, the New York Contracting and Trucking Company, of which his brother, James E. Murphy, was the active member. They got large contracts from the Pennsylvania and the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroads, on terminals and rights of way into the city, where political influence certainly counted. But after Murphy had accumulated half a million dollars or so, he is said to have shown no further interest in making money. At his death, his estate ran to less than a million and a half, which, with judicious investment, would be about the normal increment on his original stake. Croker is said to have taken \$20,000,000 with him on his retirement; that is undoubtedly an exaggeration; but he must have had five or six millions. Murphy had the same opportunities, or rather, much greater opportunities.

He lived quietly and comfortably, well within his means; and had no taste for public functions. Even in small things he was a man of regular habits. For twenty-odd years he always engaged the same dilapidated hack and hackman to drive him to Tammany Hall at a fixed hour in the morning, and except when he was out of the city, he gave audience every morning to all comers, in the order of their arrival, without engagement or introduction. Only the district leaders took precedence; and he was more likely to confer with them in his private room at Delmonico's in the

evening. Unlike Croker, he did not parade his leadership, even at Tammany Hall. That he enjoyed power, in his own way, goes without saying. No one holds it unwillingly.

He was tenacious of friendship, even sentimental, as in the case of McClellan. A similar but less significant attachment exposed him to the charge of social aspirations. It was said, in ridicule, that he took lessons in deportment from J. Sergeant Cram. The idea is rather silly; even a moderately observant man can pick up conventional manners in a negligible time without instruction. But Murphy did cultivate a natural inclination for decorum and the amenities of social life. Toward women he was especially punctilious in courtesy.

His personal dignity was unassertively impressive. Even the men who had known him from boyhood did not call him Charlie. Usually he was addressed as Commissioner, or C. F. As a young man, he was of the good-looking Irish type, with regular features and a robust physique: you can see the like among the Fifth avenue policemen, the pick of the force. Murphy grew stouter, ruddier, and as generally happens with racial characteristics, more Irish-looking as he grew older; he would have been called a solid man in the vernacular.

His demeanor was always singularly impassive. He sat attentive and immobile, and never debated nor gave his reasons for a decision. Though open to advice, and far from incapable of changing his mind,

he could listen without answering for as long as the other man chose, to the most impassioned arguments, and then repeat his first answer. It was "Yes," or "No," or "I'll look into it." Beyond that, he made no promises, and never outlined his ideas. In private, he was on occasion a ready talker, with a pleasant humor. It does not appear that he had any intellectual interests outside of politics and his home, with one important exception.

His private morals were austere. Men who were associated with him over a long term of years say that no rumors involving women were ever connected with his name. He neither told nor liked smoking-room stories. Until he was past forty he remained a bachelor. It is said that his marriage was the delayed culmination of an early courtship; an unverifiable but not implausible romantic legend. His family attachments were strong.

His one pastime was golf. He cared little for the theatre; and his reading was confined to the newspapers. Except—this is the important exception—he read much in works of religious edification. Not theology, but orthodox church history, the lives of the saints, and purely devotional books. He was not only a practising Catholic, but deeply pious.

The unavoidable conclusion is beautifully ironic. Because Murphy was an Irishman, a saloon-keeper, and a Tammany boss, New York never guessed that for twenty years it was run by a Puritan (there are Catholic Puritans), a devotee, and a reformer!

FINALE OF THE WEDDING MARCH

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

MAJOR STEDE BONNET went pirating because he couldn't stand his wife. That is good history, but bad fiction. I put it into a movie scenario once, and the manuscript came back from the movie shop with this constructive criticism:

"Insufficient motivation."

That movie-maker didn't know Mrs. Bonnet! In movies one goes down to the sea in pirate ships only because one's King has abused one, made a slave of one, and deserted one in trouble.

Stede Bonnet's King had used him well. He had given him a life job in the Royal Colonial Army in Barbadoes, and, when Bonnet had reached middle age and the rank of major, His Majesty had been pleased to retire him with honor and half pay.

No, Major Bonnet hadn't anything against his King. But if the King had known the Major's wife, he might have had royal clemency when he needed it sorely.

Major Bonnet, after retiring from the army, became a professional prominent citizen of the city of Bridgetown, Barbadoes. He was rated a wealthy man. Probably he had taken a flyer now and again in colonial shipping enterprises while serving his time in the army. He was a dignified personage; a man of property and education. I can imagine him as vestryman of the quality church of the city, a position which, in that place and at that time, was equivalent in glory to the post of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks in our own epoch.

But Stede Bonnet couldn't stand his

wife. She is set down in the annals of Bridgetown as a harridan most horrible. Poor Bonnet had managed to maintain appearances and uphold his social standing as an army officer and a man of substance as long as he was busy bossing troops. If he heard foul language at home in the morning, he could take it out on the men during the day. He could order extra maneuvers in the hot Barbadoes sunshine, and his temper could thus be kept under.

But when he retired from the army and the affairs of war, he wanted peace and quiet—and he had to go pirating to get them.

We have no detailed record of the domestic battles that so racked his morale, but it is recorded by the historians of those troubled days that his neighbors and associates pitied him, and did not blame him, concluding that his reason must have been unsettled by his wife's appalling nagging.

In the Spring of 1717 he began looking about for a vessel. Having plenty of money and being of unquestioned standing, he found no difficulty in buying a fine sloop and arming her with ten guns. No one questioned his purpose. Nobody in Bridgetown knew Mrs. Bonnet quite so well as her husband knew her, so nobody suspected that he was preparing to sail forth to slay hundreds of surprised Christians, inwardly gloating because each victim of his cutlass was a vicarious sacrifice, standing for the revolting Mrs. Bonnet.

On a dark night that Spring Major Bonnet sailed out of the harbor of Bridgetown as owner and captain of the pirate sloop *Revenge*. Commentators have been puzzled that a clever and well-educated man of

quality should show no more originality in naming his ship. There were more than a dozen *Revenues* sailing the seas under black flags at that time. Every second pirate felt it necessary to pretend that he had a score to settle with the nations of the world. If you were going pirating and had no imagination or originality, you called your ship the *Revenge* to indicate that you had been put upon and were going to get even.

But Stede Bonnet had imagination. He *was* going out for revenge. He could imagine how his querulous wife would feel when all the neighbors crowded about to sympathize with her because her husband hadn't been able to stand her any longer and had gone off to sea under the skull and cross-bones! Oh, the Major had his revenge!

Unluckily, he did not know port from starboard. He had never been to sea, except as a dignified passenger, uncurious about the gear that made the ship proceed from point of departure to destination. Now he found himself captain of a fine sloop, and the only order he knew how to shout to his seventy salty ruffians was "Forward! March!"

When the crew discovered that their captain was ignorant of the uses of a belaying pin and thought that aft was the name of a cabin, mutiny was narrowly averted. The spectacle of the commander, very seasick and altogether at sea, consulting with the first mate as to the best method of getting from south to north when the wind was south-southeast, was one to wring the heart of any respectable mariner. That any man with ambition to become a real pirate should serve docilely under such direction was beyond the scope of the imagination of every cutthroat aboard the *Revenge*.

Major Bonnet won his first and most praiseworthy victory at sea when he demonstrated to his men that he was really captain of the ship and knew how to enforce obedience, even if he didn't know a pennant from a pinnace. He had his men

soundly flogged, flogged again, served with a double ration of rum, and again flogged.

That was language a good sailor could understand. The Major had failed for lack of a firm hand in managing one establishment. But he wasn't married to the crew of the *Revenge*, and he didn't have to be a gentleman any more unless he wanted to be one.

One of the first captures made by him was the ship *Turbet*, from Barbadoes. He put the crew into boats and, after taking out most of the merchandise, set fire to the ship. One may well fancy that this rough conduct was indulged in to give the wife a good scare. When the sailors from the *Turbet* got back to Barbadoes, how they must have regaled Madame Bonnet with tales of the fierce pirate she had nourished unawares! No doubt the good woman's blood ran cold when she remembered how often and how dangerously she had tempted this raging monster, supposing him to be hopelessly domestic and thoroughly harmless.

Stede Bonnet is the patron saint of all henpecked husbands. Suppressed home-lovers should call upon his name before they go forth to roister.

II

Standing off the Virginia capes for a short cruise, he took half a dozen vessels, mostly from Scotch ports. In most cases he detained the prize only long enough to transfer the loot. Then he let her proceed, after taking a few precautions to make her progress slow and uncertain. But occasionally, no doubt to celebrate his freedom from matrimonial bondage, he would stage a party. He gets credit for inventing the game known as walking the plank. In fact, it is the opinion of many learned historians that he was the only pirate who ever actually indulged in it.

According to tales told by survivors, Bonnet did, upon occasion, rig a wide plank sticking straight out to sea at the port gangway. But this was done only

when the captured vessel carried a large passenger list.

When an ordinary crew was to be dispatched to its reward, Bonnet's trusty men, who had learned to obey cheerfully that they might be long-lived upon the earth, waded in with heavy cutlasses, and the job was accomplished as expeditiously as is the laying low of a half-acre of sun-flowers by a Kansas farmer armed with a sharp and heavy corn-knife. But passengers required more delicate attentions. Passengers were apt to be finicky. The ladies, sadly overdressed and under-nourished, used to faint below decks at the sound of hacking cutlasses making contact with sturdy frames. Stede Bonnet's men looked decidedly foolish, lugging unconscious ladies up the ladders to toss them ungracefully overside.

So the plank was rigged, and it proved a blessing. Timid passengers were blindfolded and marched in single file to the plank, and then permitted to continue marching just as far as the limited accommodations would allow. That surprised step into space, followed quickly by a splash into salt water below, furnished unrivalled entertainment for the bully boys of the good ship *Revenge*. Major Bonnet, they swore, was a jolly tar, despite his limited knowledge of the art of navigation.

Favorite survivors of the first cruise off the Virginia capes were taken to New York, whither Bonnet shaped his course so as to dispose of his handsome load of mixed merchandise. All these survivors were men. No women had been spared. Major Bonnet's experience in life had not made him partial to the dainty sex. The happy prisoners were landed quietly at Gardiner's Island, and the word was sent around that a bloody pirate was in port, awaiting customers. New York was then an excellent market for pirated goods, and well-behaved pirates who were not unreasonable in their relations with public officials and public-spirited merchants were made to feel that it was a friendly port of call.

Bonnet sold his cargo and bought provisions, gave his men a bit of shore-leave, and sailed away. He next appeared off the bar at Charleston, where he instituted a sort of benevolent blockade. He took an inbound brigantine from New England, under command of Thomas Porter, and another Barbadoes vessel, a sloop laden with rum and commanded by Joseph Palmer. The sloop was burned after the crew had been set adrift, as in the case of the previous Barbadoes capture. Bonnet was bound to have the good news travel back to the home folk that there had been a real he-man once in charge at the home of Mrs. Bonnet.

III

After cleaning his sloop and taking on water at an inlet on the North Carolina coast, he sailed southward, and dropped anchor in the Bay of Honduras, which was then a favorite meeting place for pirates.

Here the redoubtable Major fell in with Ed Thatch, or Teach, commonly known to a terrified maritime world as Blackbeard. This fearsome scarecrow of the seas had a long black whisker and a yen for shedding Christian blood. He was a bogie-man to all honest mariners, and modest women who had to make sea voyages in those days were wont to burn votive candles at the shrines of Our Lady Star of the Sea, for the special intention of avoiding a meeting, in public or private, with Edward Teach, alias Thatch.

Major Bonnet had acquired a great respect for his own executive ability during the months since he had escaped from his fair commander-in-chief in Bridgetown. He called upon Blackbeard on board the latter's ship, and suggested that the two of them, being the best pirates afloat, should join company and effect a merger. He pointed out that the *Revenge* was an uncommonly graceful sloop, for which he had paid a fancy sum of money.

When Blackbeard heard that Bonnet had paid for his ship, he was desolated by gales

of merriment. Continuing the conversation but a little way, the gay old dog discovered his guest's regrettable ignorance of nautical affairs. Although he had spilled a goodly measure of blood and sailed north and south with his own planks under his feet, Major Bonnet was still a major, and not a captain in very truth. Also, he still called a ship's ladder a stairway.

Blackbeard called his trusted mate, Richards. He ordered him to take command of the *Revenge*, and informed Major Bonnet that he was to act in a clerical capacity aboard Blackbeard's own ship. The two vessels would sail in company, but both must be in command of pirates who knew their salt water. If Bonnet should behave well and make no disturbance, he might live—and learn.

The proud army man made the best of a humiliating situation. He became chief bookkeeper for the piratical enterprise of Ed Thatch. He ranked as a sort of apprentice pirate. And he learned the trade under a master.

Blackbeard had made a name for himself by virtue of a natural talent for showmanship. He went into battle with slow-matches burning in his whiskers, a pistol in either hand, six more in his sash, and enough knives and cutlasses about his person to delight the soul of a collector of arms and armament. And he was a gay fellow with the ladies. On shipboard, while wearing his pirate personality, he used to strangle the women passengers to impress his ruffians with the need of adhering strictly to the rule of no women at sea. But on shore he was known as a gentleman who could enjoy his vacations with the best and spend money in a manner that would soften the proudest feminine heart.

Stede Bonnet learned much from Blackbeard. The two vessels sailed north along the coast, and were joined by others, attracted by the marvelous name of the bewhiskered terror. Soon there was a fleet of three sloops and a full-rigged ship, the

latter carrying forty guns. The fleet was manned by four hundred husky blood-letters. Major Bonnet was studying piracy in no mean academy.

He made several cruises under Blackbeard, and was permitted to take part in the fun whenever he showed any progress in his work. After a few months of this training, he was competent, in the opinion of Professor Blackbeard, to take out a ship under his own command.

Blackbeard disbanded his fleet at Topsail Inlet, in North Carolina, and took a sabbatical year ashore. After all, time was passing, the jolly old throat-slitter was as rich as a king, and there were no ladies to speak of at sea. So the master gave his apprentice permission to take his own sloop, the *Revenge*, and go out on his own account.

Now, George the First, by the grace of God, King, had recently issued a grandiose pardon to all pirates who would surrender to authorized pardoners and obtain a certificate of good character. George was getting into another war, and wanted pirates in his royal navy, or at least in the privateering business. Most pirates were only privateersmen devoid of a good and official war, and they were always eager to sign any sort of document that would add the King's license to their own determination to live by blood-letting.

Bonnet left the *Revenge* at Topsail Inlet and journeyed to Bath. He surrendered to Governor Eden, expressed his unwavering loyalty to the King who had given him his lifetime job in the army, and begged to be permitted to serve His Majesty as a legalized privateer against the Spaniards. This permission was readily given, and Stede Bonnet became once more, for a short time, officially a patriot. He obtained clearance papers for St. Thomas.

He had no crew, but he knew how to get a good one. Blackbeard, just before disbanding his fleet and going in for respectability, had marooned a shipload of men on a barren island, not far from the Inlet, so as to avoid having to pay them

for their services. Bonnet picked up these poor devils and gave them jobs, on condition that they would serve him forever, particularly in punishing their ungrateful master, Blackbeard.

He had determined to go out after Blackbeard, if he could find him afloat, and prove how well he had learned piracy from the master. He had many a score to settle with the baleful old ogre, and he had all of the rescued seamen as stout partisans in his desire. The most able and intelligent of these men was David Herriot, who had had a vessel of his own in honest trade, and had been captured by Blackbeard in the Bay of Honduras. He had become a pirate, and a good one, when there seemed no way out of it. He had served under Blackbeard, but he had become attached to Bonnet, and had secretly commiserated with the latter during his enforced clerkship.

The Major made Herriot sailing master of the *Revenge*, which he now named the *Royal James*, in honor of the current pretender to the English throne. These jolly pirates were pretty good politicians in their way, and several of their captives testified that Bonnet and his men were wont to drink damnation to the King and a health to James, the Pretender, whenever they started out to loot a cargo of rum.

The first cruise of the revived *Royal James* was up the coast to Ocracoke Inlet, where, gossip said, Blackbeard and his favorite henchmen might be found aboard a small vessel, holding council concerning the division of their spoil.

Bonnet declared he could not go to sea as an honorable pirate until he had settled scores with Blackbeard and punished the bewhiskered old fakir for his sins. This got a great hand from the crew, and for weeks the *Royal James* scoured the sea and the inlets in search of the old boss. Had the two forces joined battle, a lot of trouble later on would have been avoided, for undoubtedly they would have wiped each other out. Stede Bonnet, by that time, was a match for any pirate who sailed the seas; even for his devoted instructor.

But weeks were wasted, and Blackbeard, like Evangeline, was always about a day's sail ahead of his pursuer, without knowing that he was being pursued. Bonnet finally gave over the wild goose chase, and went into ordinary commercial pirating.

On this cruise he called himself Captain Thomas, and compelled his men to address him so. He put an antic disposition on in other respects also. Whenever he robbed a ship of her cargo, he insisted upon giving something for the goods taken. He carried a good many barrels of rice, of no great value, and usually he made the captain of the captured boat a present of several of them after transferring his cargo to the *Royal James*. On one occasion Bonnet gave his prize an old rusty cable, and when he took twenty barrels of pork out of a Virginia sloop, he traded two barrels of rice and a hogshead of molasses for the goods, without asking consent. He took another Virginia vessel that had nothing aboard but a few combs and needles and such-like accessories of the toilet. Bonnet gravely transferred some pins and needles to the *Royal James*, and ordered two barrels of bread and a barrel of pork hoisted over the side and transferred to the captured ship, which was then told to go on her way.

Back and forth, between Cape Fear river and St. Thomas, he cruised, taking plenty of vessels and demonstrating to the world that a hen-pecked army officer, given a fair chance, could rehabilitate and assert himself. He became, in the absence of Blackbeard from the sea, the most talked-about pirate afloat.

In August, 1718, he arrived in Cape Fear river aboard the *Royal James*, and accompanied by two sloops recently taken in action. The *James* was leaking badly, and she was careened. The men were set to work at the repairing and cleaning job, and when timbers were needed they stole a shallop and tore it up to supply the necessary materials.

It was very hot weather, and the job lagged. Meantime the report had spread to Charleston that Bonnet was in the river,

preparing for a descent upon the city. Charleston had suffered much at the hands of pirates, and the authorities there were quite generally unfriendly to the rovers, although in New York pirates were able to live in the style to which they had become accustomed and were seldom molested.

Fortunately for Charleston, there were public-spirited rich men in the town. Most noteworthy of these citizens was Colonel William Rhett, receiver-general of the province. Colonel Rhett's descendants are still prominent in Charleston, and they have accumulated a family tradition that is worthy of their pride. They have not forgotten the example set by their ancestor in 1718, when their fine old city was threatened by Bonnet and his pirates.

Colonel Rhett went to Governor Johnson and asked permission to fit out an expedition against Bonnet at his own expense. The Governor was happy to comply, since the province itself was helpless, and there were no warships along the coast. Rhett had learned that Bonnet was ready, or would soon be ready, with his three vessels, well armed. He was given a commission, and presently fitted out and manned with fighting Carolinians two sloops, the *Henry*, of eight guns and seventy men, and the *Sea Nymph*, of eight guns and sixty men. Rhett went aboard the *Henry*, and on September 10 sailed across the harbor to Sullivan's Island, to complete his preparations. Sullivan's Island (mis-called Swillivant's Island by an early pirate historian and his later paraphrasers) plays a further part in Charleston's history, for it was on it that Fort Moultrie was built years later.

Rhett took supplies aboard, and on September 15 crossed the bar of Charleston and set out to capture his pirates. He wasted several days in the pursuit of rumors, but finally arrived at Cape Fear on the evening of September 26.

As soon as he entered the river, he went aground on the sandbar with both his sloops. The Carolinians could see the top-

masts of the pirate fleet, beyond a bend in the river bank. Simultaneously, Bonnet's watchers brought him word of the hostile-looking vessels at the mouth of the river, and the pirates prepared for action.

At dawn Bonnet hoisted his anchors and sailed down the river to meet his enemy, all sails set. Rhett had got off the sandbars, and weighing anchor, went to meet the pirates. Their two sloops took positions upon either quarter of the *Royal James*, and forced her aground. The Carolina sloops themselves grounded only a few minutes later. The *Sea Nymph* was out of range, but the *Henry* was within pistol shot.

At the outset of this extraordinary struggle it appeared that the god of battles was with the pirates. Both the pirate ship and the *Henry* careened on their sandy beds, both leaning in the same direction, and in such manner that the deck of the Carolinian was wholly exposed to the point-blank fire of the pirate, while the latter's deck was sheltered from the fire of Rhett's guns by the tipped-up hull.

Nevertheless, Rhett began pounding away with all the guns he could bring to bear on the pirate.

For five hours the combatants awaited the tide that would float them, meantime using both large and small arms as well as they could. Rhett's deck was swept by merciless musket fire, and his men had to be satisfied with inflicting what damage they could on the pirate's hull.

Whoever got first afloat would win the battle. That was understood by everybody on both sides. So Bonnet and Rhett watched the tide flow in for five hours, and never has a tide meant more to men than did that tide in the Cape Fear river to all those gallant lads, pirates and pirate-chasers, on that September day in 1718.

There was a good deal of droll mockery back and forth between the two ships. The pirates waved a red flag at the Carolinians, and kept asking Rhett to come aboard. This the stout Colonel from Charleston was fully resolved to do, if he could get afloat before being destroyed.

The *Henry* began to float first! The pirates were sorely alarmed, and some of them demanded that their chief surrender at once. But Bonnet wasn't that kind of a pirate. He had surrendered too often in the great house at Bridgetown. He told his men that he would fire the magazine himself if any man attempted to surrender.

But the debate continued among the pirates, although Bonnet took his stand on the deck, two pistols in his hands, and tried to shoot all the defeatists.

The *Henry*, now altogether afloat, made for the *Royal James*, and Rhett gave the order to board.

Bonnet was beaten. His men prevailed. They ran up a white flag in spite of their chief, and the defeated freebooter received Colonel Rhett on board the *James* and gave up his sword like a genuine Major of His Majesty's forces in distress.

Rhett lost twelve men killed and eighteen badly wounded. The pirates suffered rather fewer casualties.

IV

Colonel Rhett sailed into Charleston harbor amid public excitement comparable to that of Armistice Day. He brought with him not only his own two sloops, but also the *Royal James*, and the two Bonnet sloops that had remained out of the fight. He also brought Stede Bonnet, the most redoubtable pirate afloat, and thirty of his men.

Bonnet and his pirates were delivered to Provost-Marshall Nathaniel Partridge, who was obliged to turn the rank and file of the men over to the military for safekeeping in an army guardhouse, since there was no adequate prison. Major Bonnet at once made an impression upon his captors. It was evident that he was a fellow of quality, and the South Carolinians could never be guilty of confining such a personage along with the rag-tag of the piratical world. So Major Bonnet was invited to be the guest of the marshal at his home, but with the formality of two guards at his door.

David Herriot, loyal sailing master for Bonnet, also managed to get himself transferred to the marshal's home, and Ignatius Pell, one of the pirates who had agreed to turn King's evidence, was lodged there to keep him from being killed by the other pirates. Thus the marshal had a full house.

Major Bonnet had behaved himself in such magnificent fashion that he quite captured the imagination of many good residents of Charleston. He was a good-looking man, dignified and gracious, and it was known that he was not understood at home. What wonder that the town was soon divided into pro-Bonnets and anti-Bonnets! There were some major disturbances in the city while preparations for the trial were under way, and there was a considerable demand that this gentleman pirate be permitted to go his way in such peace as he could muster.

The pro-Bonnet movement finally settled down to a plot for the pirate's delivery, and this was effected, apparently, by bribing the guards. Herriot the faithful went along, and a party of Bonnetites was waiting with a boat. This was on October 25, three days before the trial of the pirates was scheduled to begin.

Governor Johnson immediately offered a reward of £700 for the recapture of Bonnet and Herriot. He sent out the hue and cry, replaced the provost-marshal with a person who was thought to be less susceptible to the blandishments of gentle manners, and called Colonel Rhett into conference.

Rhett was never found wanting in time of need. He set out at once with a small party, and trailed the fugitives to Sullivan's Island, where they had been forced by rough weather and shortage of supplies to land.

Bonnet and his little band of faithful followers were hiding in the brush among the sandhills. They were surrounded and fired upon, but made an effort to defend themselves. When Herriot fell beside his master, Bonnet seemed to lose all his fighting ardor. He surrendered and was

taken back to Charleston. This time he was put in close confinement.

Meantime, the trial of the other pirates was under way before a special admiralty court, presided over by the notable Nicholas Trott, one of the most picturesque tyrants who ever graced the bench.

The pirates had a grand trial, with an imposing bench crowded with twelve prominent citizens who acted as judges under the presidency of Trott. The defendants were not allowed counsel. Trott frequently interrupted the proceedings to denounce them, and he spoke to the prisoners as one might to so many very naughty dogs. All but four of them were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

Bonnet was captured before the trial of his men was completed, but he was not brought to trial until two days after his old companions in arms had been hanged at White Point, near Charleston. The bodies of the pirates were buried between high and low water, in a marsh.

The hanging of his men transformed poor Bonnet. Once the most swaggering and daring of the sea rogues, he now became a shaking, shuddering coward, abjectly pleading for his life. Facing death in a bloody fight at sea, he had been invincible. Bullying his crew of brawling brutes, he had shone as a master whom the worst of men feared to cross. But now, as his merry men swung lightly in the soft November breezes, and he himself faced judgment, he became even more craven than the Major Bonnet who had suffered quietly so long under the lash of a shrewish wife.

The same court that had tried his men tried Bonnet, and Tyrant Trott again presided. He was not so rough with the chief as he had been with the common seamen; not for a moment, indeed, did anybody forget that Bonnet was a rich man and a gentleman.

But the pirate chief was not allowed counsel. Occasionally he ventured to speak in his own defence, and when he did so he spoke humbly and as a broken reed.

"May it please Your Honours," he said, "and the rest of the gentlemen, though I must confess myself a sinner, and the greatest of sinners, yet I am not guilty of what I am charged with."

Trott interrupted to ask him what he had to say in answer to the witnesses who had testified to having been captured by him.

Bonnet, with the straightest face in the world, replied that he had never taken any part in the seizure of a vessel, except when he was acting as Blackbeard's clerk. He explained that when piracies were committed by the men under his charge, when he was sailing in his own ship, it happened because he was asleep in his cabin, and had no knowledge of what the men were doing.

Trott's charge to the jury was a much better speech for the prosecution than either of the prosecuting attorneys had made. He wound it up with this cynical play:

"So I think the evidence have proved the fact upon him: but I shall leave this to your consideration."

The verdict was guilty, and the sentence was that Bonnet be hanged.

Trott, in passing sentence, read a long document in which he quoted Holy Scripture for more than an hour to prove that the prisoner would go direct from the scaffold to Hell, to take his "part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

V

December 10 was named for the execution of the sentence. Bonnet spent the time until then pleading for his life and planning for a reprieve. He sent a message to Colonel Rhett, who had twice captured him, begging the gallant Colonel to do something for him.

Rhett admired and pitied the fallen pirate. He admired him as a gallant fighter and a pleasant gentleman, and he pitied him in his present plight, because he had heard the story of the scolding wife in

Barbadoes who had driven this estimable fellow to destruction.

Rhett comes very near being the hero of the story. He actually came forward and tried to persuade Governor Johnson to permit him to take Bonnet to England for another trial. He offered to be surety for the prisoner (and this after Bonnet had once escaped!) and likewise offered to furnish the ship to take him to the other side.

Rhett worked for nothing and always turned up when needed, but he is one hero whose city hasn't forgotten. In one of the old churchyards in Charleston, within a few feet of one of the principal streets of the town, I found his grave, covered by a great granite block on which is carved:

In hopes of a joyful resurrection
Here rests the body of
COL. WILLIAM RHETT,
late of this parish,

Principall officer of His Majesties Customs in
this Province.

He was a person that on all occasions prompted the Publick good of this Colony and severall times generously and successfully ventured his life in defence of the same

He was a kind Husband, a tender Father, a faithful Friend, a Charitable Neighbour, a religious and constant worshipper of God

He was borne in London 4th Sept. 1666

Arrived and settled in this country

19th Novemr. 1694

And dyed suddenly but not unprepared

12th Janry. 1722

in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Good old Rhett! He would have taken Bonnet for a ride to the motherland in the hope of saving a fine pirate and a noble swasher of bucklers, of whom he knew the world had all too few! But Governor Johnson would have none of it. Someone produced an insulting letter to the Governor, which, it was claimed, Bonnet had written the night before the battle on the sandbars at Cape Fear. In this bit of bravado, Bonnet boasted that if he should win the fight he would take up his station off Charleston and burn every vessel coming in or going out. Bonnet must hang, declared Johnson.

Now Bonnet reached the depths. He wrote to Governor Johnson an abject letter, in which he humiliated himself far below the level to which a brave man commonly is supposed to descend, even in the gravest emergencies. He said, among other things:

I intreat you not to let me fall a Sacrifice to the Envy and ungodly Rage of some few Men, who, not being yet satisfied with Blood, feign to believe that if I had the Happiness of a longer life in this world, I should still employ it in a wicked Manner, which to remove that, and all other Doubts with your Honour, I heartily beseech you'll permit me to live, and I'll voluntarily put it ever out of my Power by separating all my Limbs from my Body, only reserving the use of my Tongue to call continually on, and pray to the Lord my God, and mourn all my days in Sackcloth and Ashes to work out confident Hopes of my Salvation, at that great and dreadful Day when all righteous Souls shall receive their just rewards.

This crawling in ashes went even further. The fearsome pirate begged that he might be permitted, after severing his arms and legs from his body, to go far inland, out of sight of the sea, and there serve the Governor in some menial capacity for the rest of his life. His parting benediction to the Governor was:

Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the Sheep, thro the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his Will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his Sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be Glory forever and ever, is the hearty prayer of

Your Honour's
Most Miserable, and
Afflicted Servant,
STEDE BONNET.

But the Governor was not impressed. Perhaps he suspected that the jolly free-booter did but jest, and that respite would but increase his chances for escape and further depredations.

So on the appointed day Stede Bonnet was hanged at White Point, and buried in the sand, between the rising and falling of the tide. When he was brought to the gallows he was but semi-conscious. Fear had practically killed him before the noose was about his neck.

SAINT ANDY

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

MARK TWAIN, with his customary obtuseness in such matters, called Andrew Carnegie Saint Andrew, and few have seen fit since to dissent publicly from that judgment. No other American captain of industry has been so gently handled by posterity. All of the rest have been written down for the hardy old pirates that they were, and their anti-social conduct has been subjected to open and severe comment for years. But Carnegie has managed to escape the assault. He has been treated, indeed, in quite the opposite fashion. Fundamentally, however, he was no better than the rest of his contemporaries, and his escape from the shower of mud they received is to be accounted for by three facts: first, he was lucky; second, he liked to put his thoughts on paper, and, since he had the gift for persuasive utterance, they seemed to place his conduct above reproach; and third, he openly and ostentatiously gave away during his lifetime most of the money he had cadged. Plainly enough, none of these facts was sufficient to raise him to sainthood, not even the third. But if he was no better than the other brigands of his generation, he was certainly no worse, as will appear from an examination of his career. He was simply one of the gang. That gang included the Rockefellers, Flagler, Frick, Morgan, Vanderbilt, Gould, Oliver, Thaw, Thompson, Harriman—the whole noisome crowd to which, as the egregious Divine-Right Baer put it, "God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to give control of the property interests of the country."

All of these men were far less individuals than personal embodiments of the forces

collectively known as the Industrial Revolution. Carnegie's father was ruined in Scotland by the application of power to weaving: it destroyed the putting-out system. Once in America, Andy, as he delighted in being called, was fortunate or canny enough to be caught up and carried to success by the very forces that had ruined his father. He progressed from the steam cotton-mill to the telegraph business, and then to railroading. He made his first substantial bit of money in an adjunct of railroading, the Woodruff sleeping-car business, later abandoned to Pullman. He dabbled successfully in oil, but abandoned it to Rockefeller. Returning to his first success, railroading, he saw money in iron bridges, then being substituted for wooden ones. From that it was an easy step to owning foundries and mines, and the necessary transport facilities to tie up the two. In 1868 he was instrumental in introducing into the United States the Bessemer process of steel manufacturing. From that point on his career was simply a progress from one triumph of organization to another, culminating in the Carnegie Steel Company of 1899, which was absorbed into the United States Steel Corporation in 1901. Between 1850, when he got his first real start, and 1901, he had accumulated properties valued at \$500,000,000.

According to the *Encyclopedia Americana* this colossal accumulation was the product of "steady labor, sagacity and self-culture, the natural working of the highest powers on opportunities open to all and less to him than to most." All this is highly dubious. His original accumula-

tions, as we have seen, had a direct relationship to railroading, an occupation in those days closely akin to buccaneering. A Senate investigation committee in 1885 found that the "effect of the prevailing policy of railroad management is, by an elaborate system of secret special rates, rebates, drawbacks and concessions, to foster monopoly, to enrich favorite shippers, to prevent free competition in many lines of trade in which the item of transportation is an important factor." That sufficiently indicates the atmosphere of the time, and it must be emphasized that Carnegie never claimed to be morally superior to his associates and rivals. He passed no adverse comments on the railroad morals then prevailing, and he undoubtedly had no qualms about profiting by another practice of the railroad men—the practice of playing favorites among the purveyors of supplies. As he candidly confessed in his autobiography, he accepted a substantial reward from Woodruff for engineering the sale of the inventor's first sleeping-cars. And it is not casting the slightest aspersion on him to presume that his success in getting bridge contracts was not entirely divorced from this practice.

Once started, all was well. Money breeds money. The drift of American life fairly forced it into his hands. Alderson, his biographer, says: "He appeared with his magnificent manufacturing facilities just at the period when the prosperity of America was in its infancy. . . . He had reduced the cost of production to a minimum. By means of his railway and steamboat services he had brought his mineral resources within easy access of his foundries, and had acquired every tool and process necessary to manipulate with his own materials, and, by his own workmen, the rough ore into the finished product." Carnegie was a man of his time, and in those days captains of industry were surely not saints.

John D. Rockefeller, who has put his money to very good use on occasion, has never been called a saint. Yet Mark

Sullivan, surely no Bolshevik, suggests gently in "Our Times" that Rockefeller's business methods in dealing with competitors were more humane than Carnegie's. Rockefeller's programme was to endeavor to absorb his rivals, and, only if that was not possible, to smash them. Carnegie rarely tried peaceful absorption (he made only two additions to his steel business in that way), but preferred to smash from the word go. He was for ruthless competition. "Carnegie," says Sullivan, "generally paid no attention to his rivals except to gloat when his methods made them squirm or succumb."

Though his theory, nine times out of ten, was milder than his practice, in this instance they pretty well harmonized. He stuck closely to the doctrine that whatever is, is right. He believed that individualism, private property (in its extremest interpretation), the law of the accumulation of wealth (in the manner peculiar to the period 1850-1900), and the law of competition (vicious and unregulated) were not temporary adjustments peculiar to a phase of human history, but the laws of civilization itself. "We accept," he wrote, "and welcome, therefore, as conditions to which we must accommodate ourselves, great inequality of environment; the concentration of business, industrial and commercial, in the hands of a few; and the law of competition between these, as being not only beneficial, but essential to the future progress of the race."

II

Since he drew his philosophy from his own experience, no one can say that it was not a workable philosophy of success. One can only observe that it had no universal significance. It was the product of an unusual experience. Individualism is a doctrine of peculiar appeal to all independent mentalities, but it easily runs into destructive excess. As allied to the extreme notions about private property and competition that Carnegie entertained, it be-

came downright vicious. When he undertook to market his steel company in 1901, his greatest weapon was to threaten the Morgan interests with his competition in pipe-making and railroading. This competition was too much for even Morgan to face.

Since Carnegie did not feel morally superior to his age, he felt no obligations to his workmen beyond those assumed by his class generally. From his earliest days he felt an admiration for his successful superiors, as one can deduce from his autobiography, that quite overshadowed his professed sympathy with the working class. As early as 1856 he was instrumental in breaking a strike in the following manner. A blacksmith for whom he had done a favor revealed to him that a group of workmen had signed a round-robin agreeing to strike if certain demands were not accepted. Carnegie notified his superior, who posted a notice discharging all the signers of the round-robin, a copy of which he had obtained. Afterward he observed of this business complacently: "Slight attentions or a kind word to the humble often bring back reward as great as it is unlooked for."

Much nearer the heart of his real attitude toward labor than his theoretical acceptance of trade unionism and his delight in being called Andy by his employes, is this passage: "Those who insure steady employment to thousands *at wages not lower than others pay, need not be ashamed of their record.*" Competition then determined conditions in the Carnegie mills, and those conditions were horrible. With peculiar obtuseness Carnegie wrote in his autobiography: "I remember after Vandy and I had gone around the world, and were walking the streets of Pittsburgh, we decided that the Americans were the saddest-looking race we had ever seen." That is not astonishing if the conditions then prevailing at the Homestead works are brought to mind.

It is not necessary to discuss at length the great Homestead strike of 1892, but

three observations are very pertinent in dealing with it. First, whatever one may think of the case presented by the workmen, it is unanimously agreed that Carnegie's associate, Henry C. Frick, was the primary cause of all the trouble, and particularly of the armed conflict between the strikers and the Pinkertons. Historians of the labor movement, economic historians, and the congressional committee of investigation all agree on that point. Second, the idea that if Carnegie had been in charge, there would have been no trouble seems to be a mistaken one. Samuel Gompers, in "Seventy Years of Life and Labor," says that it was proved after the event, but I do not know how. It is undoubtedly proved, however, that Carnegie refused to interfere with Frick, notoriously a labor baiter, on the technical ground that his lieutenants had unrestrainable jurisdiction in their departments. And in his autobiography he unequivocally said that the demands of the men were "outrageously wrong" and that "had I been at home, nothing would have induced me to yield to this unfair attempt to extort." Third, whatever Carnegie may have written on labor's rights, his attitude in this crucial affair clearly proves that he put his own advantage above any consideration for the men and their unions, for, as Common's "History of Labor" says, "The defeat meant not only the loss by the union of the Homestead plant but the elimination of unionism in most of the mills in the Pittsburgh region. Where the great Carnegie Company led, the others had to follow." Thus his pose as a friend of labor seems absurd.

It becomes even more absurd when the conditions under which the men at Homestead lived are brought to mind. Alderson observed (1901) that "nowhere has the drive and strain been more intense, and the discipline more rigorous and unbending than in the works of the Carnegie Company." That drive and strain, under a twelve-hour day—twelve hours to work, ten hours to sleep and eat, two hours to

go to and from work and obtain recreation—at wages dictated by competition, made Homestead. Theodore Dreiser was in Pittsburgh in 1893 and visited the town. In "A Book About Myself" he says:

Along the river sprawled for a quarter of a mile or more the huge length of the furnaces, great black bottle-like affairs with rows of stacks and long low sheds or buildings paralleling them, sheds from which came a continuous hammering and sputtering and the glow of red fire. The whole was shrouded by a pall of gray smoke, even in the bright sunshine. Above the plant, on a slope which rose steeply behind it, were a few moderately attractive dwellings grouped about two small parks, the trees of which were languishing for want of air. Behind and to the sides of these were the spires of several churches, those soporifics against failure and despair. Turning up side streets one found, invariably, uniform frame houses, closely built and dulled by smoke and grime, and below, on the flats behind the mill, were cluttered alleys so unsightly and unsanitary as to shock me into the belief that I was once more witnessing the lowest phases of Chicago slum-life, the worst I had ever seen. The streets were mere mudtracks. Where there were trees (and there were few) they were dwarfed and their foliage withered by a metallic fume which was over all. Though the sun was bright at the top of the hill, down here it was gray, almost cloudy, at best a filtered dull gold haze.

If a more genial opinion is preferred, there is that of Hamlin Garland:

The streets were horrible; the buildings poor; the sidewalks were sunken and full of holes; and the crossings were formed of sharp-edged stones like rocks in a river bed. Everywhere the yellow mud of the streets lay kneaded into sticky masses, through which groups of pale, lean men slouched in faded garments, grimy with the soot and dirt of the mills. The town was as squalid as could well be imagined, and the people were mainly of the discouraged type to be found everywhere where labor passes into the brutalizing stage of severity.

It was out of such places that Andy made his money. The creation of them was not exactly saintly conduct.

III

Carnegie's mental compensations for the brutality of his business methods, necessitated by the conditions of his time, were three. First, he had an aggressive belief in democracy which took the form of uncritical pæans of praise for American con-

ditions and unrestrained ridicule for the aristocratic pretensions of Europe. Second, he took an extreme anti-war and, by extension, anti-imperialist stand. And lastly, there were his notions about the distribution of his wealth.

His belief in democracy was a reflex of his own success in America and found its best expression in his book, "Triumphant Democracy," of which Mathew Arnold caustically observed: "You should read Carnegie's book. He and most Americans are simply unaware that nothing in it touches the capital defect of life over there: namely, that compared to life in England it is so uninteresting, so without savor and without depth." Carnegie's belief in democracy did not prevent him from holding a philosophy that aggressively favored the growth of a plutocracy.

His second enthusiasm resulted in the foundation of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and in the violence of his writings at the time of the Spanish War. The latter phase of his activity is adequately disposed of in a letter that John Hay wrote to Whitelaw Reid on November 29, 1898: "Carnegie really seems to be off his head. He writes me frantic letters, signing them 'Your Bitterest Opponent.' He threatens the President not only with the vengeance of the voters, but with practical punishment at the hands of the mob. He says that henceforth the entire labor vote of America will be cast against us and that he will see that it is done. He says that the administration will fall into irretrievable ruin the moment it shoots down one insurgent Filipino. He does not seem to reflect that the government is in a somewhat robust condition after shooting down several American citizens in his interest at Homestead."

Carnegie's notions about the disposal of his wealth assumed the proportions of a justification of his whole career. "No one," says the admiring *Encyclopedia Americana*, "ever so royally returned to the public what he had (to its own benefit) drawn from the public." This is quite in

harmony with Carnegie's own views. He, too, believed that he had extracted his money from the public for its own good. He believed that the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few was of benefit to all. "So far from it being a fact," he once said, "that 'millionaires at one end of the scale means paupers at the other,' the reverse is obviously true. In a country where millionaires exist there is very little excuse for pauperism. . . . I know . . . that my progress has inevitably carried with it not the 'growing poverty' but the growing riches of my fellow countrymen. . . . The condition of the masses is satisfactory just in proportion as a country is blessed with millionaires."

Such were Carnegie's deductions from his observations at a period when "the process of polarization into the little groups of fabulously rich and the large group of embarrassingly poor" was most active. Contradicting his own vociferous adherence to individualism and democracy, he said, speaking of the Cooper fortune, that "much of this sum, if distributed in small quantities among the people, would have been wasted in the indulgence of appetite, some of it in excess, and it may be doubted whether even the part put to the best use would have yielded results for the race, as a race, at all comparable to those which are flowing and are to flow from the Cooper Institute from generation to generation."

This is in curious contradiction to his own root idea of individualism, and a direct aspersion on his beloved Democratic Man. Carnegie believed that it was desirable to pile up fortunes, to be given away later, by making slaves of men, as he did at Homestead, and depriving them of wages that would allow them any latitude of conduct. Their hardships were for the good of the race. But since when have the working people been counted out of the human race? Why not allow them a little fun and freedom while they are still on earth? Carnegie's notions, indeed, were perilously near the I. W. W. caricature:

Work and pray,
Live on hay,
You'll get pie
In the sky
When you die
Bye and bye.

Not believing, then, that his methods of accumulating wealth were in any way subject to criticism, he felt at ease to devote his attention to giving his money away. It seems to me a confession of the total futility and aimlessness of money-accumulation that he could find no better justification for his hoard than to return it to the people. The creation of vast industrial works is certainly not an ignoble life-work. In building up the Carnegie Steel Company, Carnegie raised a monument to himself. Criticize his methods as we may, the technical achievement remains. But that achievement must have seemed futile to him, for he spent years trying to get rid of its rewards. Out of the effort came his many trusts and foundations. One may note that none of them seems to have made any visible improvement in the condition of the race. Carnegie's whole career, indeed, was rendered vain by his failure to see that the race (for which he has so much concern) would have been better served had he devoted himself to improving the living conditions of his own employes, and to more equitably distributing the profits that accrued to him. Making the capitalist system measurably more humane would have been a far more laudable activity, obviously, than merely redistributing money extorted in a piratical fashion.

With the lack of sympathy typical of a man who himself rose from the ranks Carnegie cared little for the downtrodden and disinherited. He preferred to help what he called the "swimming tenth." It was impossible for him to imagine that men could be defeated by forces beyond their control. His libraries were designed to help those already on the upgrade. Most of his funds and foundations were planned so that they assisted those already freed from the effects of grinding poverty. His most spec-

tacular endowments—those connected with the peace movement—have chiefly been of use only to established and respectable scholars. The peace propaganda paid for by his money has never been directed against the causes of wars. For this reason it has done little to save the common man from being butchered and having to butcher. On the other hand, it has provided international lawyers and professional historians with good, well-paid positions. At the moment, his money is being used to publish an elaborate series of volumes that tell in detail the political and economic shifts to which the warring governments were put during the late conflict. But none of it has gone directly to help the revisionist historians!

Yet the very prodigality which marked the redistribution of his money has made the world forget the conditions under which the money was accumulated. It has forgotten that Carnegie was one of the gang from 1850 to 1900. It was in the last nineteen years of his life that he acquired his saintliness.

The society of which he was so typical a product marked the triumph of the industrial bourgeoisie. It had him as its most sophisticated man of action, William Dean Howells as its poet, John Fisk as its historian, and Mark Hanna as its politician. Everybody was supposed to be happy and all was supposed to be well. But only supposed to be, for during the period from 1850 to 1900, history records nothing more frequently than fraud and corruption. Don Seitz has tried to popularize the designation, "dreadful," for one of its decades. Yet in that decade Carnegie was serenely sure that the standard of commercial morality was very high. Apparently he never saw very much beyond the end of his nose. He never at any time pretended to be, or expressed a desire to be, superior to his fellow buccaneers.

After he had given away his money, the public fell on his neck and called him a saint. But to do so it was necessary to make considerable use of that excellent mental mechanism known as selective forgetting.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Manners of Our Presidents.—John Adams, disgruntled over his failure to be reëlected, refused to attend the inauguration of his successor and further flung an insult at the latter by noisily leaving the scene of the inauguration a few hours before the ceremony. Andrew Johnson, similarly bitter over his failure to be re-nominated, snubbed his successor by publicly declining to ride with him to his inaugural celebration. James Madison, miffed by his charming wife's admirers, periodically took to making *sotto voce* cracks about them behind their backs in his drawing-room and would on occasion get so sore over an unduly prolonged hand-kiss that he would bustle querulously out of the room. James Monroe used tooth-picks in the presence of his guests, and Andrew Jackson relished smelly cheeses so greatly—he served them regularly at his White House dinners—that the ladies sitting near him at table had to use extra-large fans. John Quincy Adams perspired copiously and, after wiping the beads from his face, would dangle his wet handkerchief to and fro, spreading moisture over everybody about him. Martin Van Buren invariably drank coffee out of the saucer and was restrained from doing so when important visitors were enjoying his hospitality only by the preliminary entreaties of his son's wife, who was mistress of the White House during most of his term. William Henry Harrison, who died of pneumonia, was subject to heavy colds and was a prodigious and fortissimo nose-blower. John Tyler was a victim of liver trouble and had a habit of discussing his more intimate symptoms with the ladies. James K. Polk, in turn, suffered from a certain complaint peculiar to most babies,

which led him, unfortunately, into predicaments embarrassing to his White House guests. It was to this fact that observers of the period attributed his considerate wife's abolition of dancing at White House receptions.

Zachary Taylor was a victim of chronic indigestion, from which he eventually died, and was a Gargantuan belcher. Millard Fillmore, his successor to the throne, would frequently doze off and snore gently in the presence of his guests and had to be covertly poked in the ribs by his daughter, Mary Abigail, who acted as mistress of the White House. Franklin Pierce, a veritable movie actor in looks and carriage, had a habit of scratching his head in a peculiar manner. Like Taylor, he also suffered from indigestion and middle trouble, which led him to indulge in periodic loud throat splutters. James Buchanan, during whose reign the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, was a White House guest, greatly embarrassed his royal visitor by inadvertently making a *mot* on avoirdupois, and Abraham Lincoln, God rest his noble soul, on several occasions appeared in public, to the dismay of the general, with his pantaloons unbuttoned. Andrew Johnson, already alluded to, who as a youngster had worked as a journeyman tailor, was wont to comment on the cut and fit of his guests's clothes, much after the manner of present-day movie ex-cloak and suit magnificoes. Grant, like the good Methodist he was, used often to hit the bottle in private and to show up nicely enameled. A smoker of strong cigars, he liked to blow rings at persons with whom he was talking and almost suffocated them with his Pittsburghian exhalations. Rutherford B. Hayes, also a Methodist and

married to a Methodist wife, refused to serve wine to his White House guests and on one occasion permitted his wife peremptorily so to inform the French ambassador when the latter, doubtless aching for a drink, politely and silently indicated his discomfort.

Garfield carried an ivory ear-pick and his successor, Chester A. Arthur, had a habit of clearing his throat like an auctioneer. Grover Cleveland, peace be to his august ashes, for all his heft liked to cock his feet up on the table, and Benjamin Harrison, according to persons who had watched him in action, never learned that one used the soup spoon in a thitherward rather than an approaching direction. McKinley, though a Methodist, was a gentlemanly host and allowed his White House guests the appropriate tipples but could never rid himself of the habit of eyeing them with critical disapproval when they reached the third glass. Roosevelt had no tact in mixing his guests and would thus often bring great embarrassment to his dinner table. In addition, he was given to an abrupt turning of his back upon anyone who momentarily displeased him and to a periodic curtness of speech toward his helpless inferiors. Taft, whose estimable sister-in-law acted as mistress of the White House during his wife's illness and who inaugurated the custom of five o'clock teas in the executive mansion, always was ill at ease with a tea cup and had a terrible time keeping the contents from spilling onto his lap, and the eminent Woodrow was given to taking off his glasses while chatting with a lady and, during her share of the colloquy, distractingly polishing them with his handkerchief. Harding, a snappy dresser, was extremely self-conscious of his clothes and, try as he would, could never hide the fact. Nor could he take his eyes off the clothes of men conversing with him, as if silently appraising their relative inferiority to his own.

The Hon. Calvin Coolidge not long ago received into the house of the First Lady

in the Land the quondam Mrs. Charlie Chaplin.

No. 3.—Pursuing my series of suggestions to the Creator by way of aiding Him to make a more satisfactory job of things, I take the liberty of bringing to His attention today the matter of the human eye. In the initial fabrication of this eye, it seems to me that He overlooked an important point and, in the overlooking, contributed further to the unhappiness of His creatures. It is the current misfortune of mortals that their eyes remain relatively young while their bodies grow old. That is, in a psychological, not a biological, sense. The eye of a man of fifty remains youthful in its appraisal of feminine charms, plays the constant Iago to his corporeal self, and so tortures him. The eye of a woman of forty remains similarly girlish in its view of the boys, plays in turn constantly the derisory critic to her own waning charms, and so tortures her. Something should be done about it to bring peace and contentment to the hapless children of earth. I shall exert my influence with a negligent Almighty the day I arrive in Heaven.

Criticism as a Profession.—The day when critics were looked upon as those who had failed at other professions and, a starved lot, were simply taking out their grudge against men who had succeeded where they couldn't, is pretty well gone. Criticism is at present one of the most lucrative of the artistic pursuits, and not only its more conspicuous practitioners but many of its lesser ones as well number themselves among the well-heeled of the world, ride around in Spanish-Swiss automobiles, have two pairs of pants to each suit and eat six or seven regular meals a day, with wine. In America, the financial rewards of critics are in many instances not only equal to those of novelists and playwrights but are often considerably greater. And few musicians of the higher order, not more than two or three librettists and certainly no

painters or sculptors can match income tax returns with at least a dozen of the fault-finding brotherhood.

When I started out in newspaper work in the early nineteen hundreds, the salaries paid to music, literary and dramatic critics were about on a level with what a good Chinese laundryman earns today. At the present time, the big newspapers not only pay these critics well, but often pay them more than any other men on their rolls, save only those in the high chair jobs and perhaps a star sports or feature writer here and there. Some newspapers, indeed, pay certain of their critics salaries hitherto unheard of in journalism: two have paid as many of their critics \$25,000 each a year, another pays one of its professors a like amount, and the income of several Solomons on still other papers, what with a share of syndicated and magazine revenue, runs almost as high. One New York journal has offered a certain critic \$50,000 a year, to which offer the critic in question, due to more enriching concerns, has turned a cold ear. Among the critics of the arts who write for the periodicals and who enjoy book royalties, there are records of much more opulent figures. One critic of politics averages an income of more than \$125,000 a year. Others, exercising their talents in other fields of criticism, have incomes from their writings, syndicated and otherwise, and from investments from their writings, ranging from \$40,000 yearly to \$100,000.

Criticism is enjoying a bull market. It is at last giving people the show that they longed for and that took it years to master, and the people are rushing to its tent to watch the animals dancing to the whip.

Postscript to the Above.—Departing from a consideration of such vulgar concerns and scrutinizing the body of critical practice in America, one wen in particular takes on a painful conspicuity. The outstanding flaw in this critical body is not, as is often maintained by critics of criticism, a cheap level of artistic judgment but rather a

cheap level of personal chemistry. Among our critics we have men whose opinions are honest, sound and convincing, but we also have many more whose opinions, while perhaps equally honest and sound so far as they go, lack complete conviction because of an infiltration, which they cannot conceal, of the essentially snide men they themselves are. A snide man may write intelligent criticism, but he can't write criticism that persuades others save intelligent men who are similarly snide. Out of some of the most interesting criticism being written in America today there steam traces of this snideness, and the impression that one consequently gets of it is of a deodorant applied not so much to the art and persons it criticizes as to the authentic, half-sensed and sweatingly concealed shabbiness of the critic himself.

Postscript II.—The word *vulgar*, appearing promiscuously in American criticism, is the emptiest word in the critical vocabulary. Indiscriminately and with a supercilious snoot visited upon the writings of some of our best artists, its users betray simply their own shanty fastidiousness, to say nothing of their ignorance of the platitudinous fact that some of the grantedly greatest art that the world has known has been as vulgar as pigs' feet. What, may one ask, would these critics say today of an artist whose characters expectorated all over the place, talked of whores and intimate biological functions and discoursed on human sex indulgence in terms of animals; who treated of incest, named certain of his women characters after the social diseases and their consequences and descended to the lowest form of gutter speech; whose characters were christened after the more esoteric portions of the human anatomy and after the act of copulation, drank themselves into a state of stomach sickness, indulged in a prodigious belching, never failed to speak of disgusting odors, and swore like bohunks? That is, conceiving a second coming, of an artist like Shakespeare?

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Distrust of Criticism

MUCH of the layman's distrust of criticism is to be accounted for by the distrust of criticism by critics themselves, so often frankly and substantiatingly voiced. Even the more intelligent and meritorious critics at times produce criticism so hollow and absurd that the least intelligent and least meritorious have no difficulty in detecting its nonsense and, one fears somewhat cockily, announcing it for all to hear. Under the circumstances it is not strange that the layman should grow skeptical of all criticism, just as he grows skeptical of all oysters if he happens to catch a single bad one.

II

More

The extent to which laymen expect criticism to be infallible, thus raising the ante on the Lord Almighty Himself, is clearly perceived by critics when they happen occasionally to fall into blunder. Let a critic be exact in his facts for three hundred and sixty-four days and on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, due perhaps to a dose of defective wassail, slip ever so mildly and at once he is beset by bushels of letters, countless sidewalk encounters and a terrific telephone din deriding and denouncing him for his break. In hardly another line of human activity is dead certainty expected of a man as it is in the field of critical enterprise. A tailor may periodically confect a pair of pants with a waistline that massages one's ears, a musician may now and then hit a note so sour that it gives the ear cholera morbus, a judge may at times hand down a decision that would disgrace a bush-league baseball

umpire, and all that happens is a stray groan or a cuss word. But let a critic inadvertently so much as assign an artist to the 1730's when he belongs in the 1740's and a gigantic heehawing and oburgation descend upon him. In this, of course, one detects a species of revenge on the part of the layman. Regarding even the most shy, modest and unassuming critic as a pompous know-it-all, the layman lies patiently in wait month upon month and year upon year for a chance to get a crack at him. And when that chance comes, as come it must soon or late in the direction of any mortal whose profession is controversy, he lets fly at the momentarily aberrant critic with an unmistakable and toothsome rejoicing.

III

Still More

It is an uncommon critic of literature or drama who does not, whatever the quality of an author's work, find himself ever so slightly drawn to and predisposed toward the author if the latter chances to select a theme and a viewpoint personally sympathetic to the critic. It thus comes about that many an inferior work is hospitably treated by an otherwise sound critic who has not been able altogether to pull himself away from the author's coinciding point of view and to regard the work singly from an artistic level.

IV

The Lid

At a theatrical censorship hearing in London some years ago, various eminent in the world of British drama, literature and criticism were called upon to air their

views. One and all they delivered themselves of the ritualistic indignations on the subject: freedom of thought, untrammelled art, independence of expression, etc., etc. One and all, that is to say, with the exception of the late lamented Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley. Summoned into the box while the very atmosphere was jelling with his colleagues' dudgeon, Walkley was bidden to tell what he thought. A sudden stillness fell upon the chamber, for here was a wise and sane little fellow and what he would say would have weight. "What, Mr. Walkley," rang out the question, "is *your* opinion of censorship?"

Walkley cleared his throat.

Then he politely hid a suspicion of a yawn.

Then he said, placidly,

"It seems to me, gentlemen, that it doesn't matter a damn one way or another."

Although a punctilious gentleman whose use of the unparliamentary malison may be in some doubt, that is otherwise exactly what he did say, as the published records of the hearing, available to all and sundry, duly attest. And it strikes me, all things considered, that my old friend was right. Censorship, since the beginning of time, has amounted to little more in the final summing up of things than an irritating mosquito bite on the amplitudinous body of art. It has been annoying while it lasted, true enough, but it has never lasted very long in any one place or in any one important direction and no one has suffered from it save for a relatively short and negligible period. At the moment, indeed, I can think of no modern work of art, high or low, that official censorship has contrived to keep from the eye and ear of any one generation: sooner or later during the life of that generation the censorship has collapsed sufficiently to release the work in point. If it has been a play that has been suppressed, the printed version of the play has become available. If it has been a book, translators have come to the rescue with editions in other languages. But even these subterfuges and evasions have seldom been necessary.

The opponents of censorship, that is, those who make the loudest noise against it, are generally found to be professional firecrackers who have never calmly studied the question and who consequently imagine that because some official jackass claps the lid on a single book or play the entire art of literature and of drama are threatened forevermore. In the last fifty years, censorship in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, England and America has not retarded literature or drama one iota. Not a single reputable book or play has been successfully and completely lodged under the ban for more than a short time and, even if it had been, common-sense persuades us that it wouldn't have mattered so awfully much at that.

The chief howlers against censorship are usually of the same fraternity that gets itself magnificently worked up over theoretical atrocities in the other channels of life. You will find them, when there is no artistic censorship to inflame them, yelling against the anti-birth-controllers, as if birth control were not already in sufficiently practicable operation, against the Ku Klux, as if half-wits were transmuted into Machiavellis by the simple process of concealing their flat-heads in diapers, against the philosophy of Tennessee yokels, as if what Tennessee hill-billies believed this way or that mattered a hoot (which a couple of short years have proved very humorously that it doesn't), against a hundred and one such hypothetical catastrophes and dangers. The phrase, "the principle of the thing," is one of the emptiest in the language. The principle of a thing may occasionally be wrong, but the thing itself, after the hullabaloo is over, is usually discovered to take care of itself pretty well. Look back over the indignations of the last century and you will find that time has shown them to be more or less foolish. For a while they may have seemed justifiable and sound, but a few ticks of the big clock and all has become automatically tranquil again. I am against censorship of any kind in any direction

at any time, but if it comes now and then I do not permit myself to get steamed up over the fact any more than I do over any other human blunder. It will all come out in the wash, experience proves, in no time.

Reverting to Walkley's reflection, consider the matter of theatrical censorship in England and America in the last twenty years. In England a few good plays, among them one of Wedekind's and Shaw's "Androcles," have been denied a public hearing. What of it? "Androcles" may be purchased at any book shop in England and the Wedekind play, if I am not mistaken, together with several other proscribed lesser plays, has been shown by the professional play-society Sunday night groups. Certainly neither Wedekind nor Shaw has suffered in the least from such censorship. Nor has the English public at large, which, if I know anything about it, would doubtless have kept resolutely away from the Wedekind play, as the American public did when it was freely presented here, and which would in all likelihood have exhausted its patronage of the Shaw exhibit in very short order. As for the rest of British censorship, just what has it censored? Some sexy drivel by Noël Coward, a few lines reflecting upon the Queen's hats and the Prince's horsemanship in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and in an American song and dance show, a situation or so in several trivial farces, a few pieces of pseudo-religious claptrap, a bit of dialogue here and there in plays of more or less dubious quality and a play or two that have gone in for propaganda at the expense of sound drama. A few good plays, as I have noted, have been placed on the index, but just where has the art of drama or the British public been brought profoundly to suffer because of the fact? The art of drama hasn't suffered in the least; there isn't a reputable English author who isn't still writing exactly what he wants to write; and as for the abused British public, it is still spending its money on the same cheap music shows, detective plays

and tea-cart mush that it spent it on twenty years ago.

Take the Republic. In order to get a quick view of the situation, let us confine ourselves to the last few years. What has official theatrical censorship accomplished here? In New York, it has suppressed "Sex," "The Virgin Man," "The Drag," "The Captive," "Maya" and some naked chorus girls, and has brought about the deletion of a few lines in "Women Go On Forever" and "The Command To Love." "Sex" was pornographic garbage; "The Virgin Man" was pornographic rubbish; "The Drag" was even worse, according to report; "The Captive" was a dignified piece of work that dealt with the physical alarms of a Lesbian; "Maya," considerably beneath the quality of "The Captive," was a sentimental tale of prostitution; the naked chorus girls looked something terrible without silk and chiffon to hide their blemishes; "Women Go On Forever" was a box-office attempt at sex sensationalism; and "The Command To Love" was a farce that, as I have previously indicated, was actually naughtier after the censors edited it than it was before. In other words, freedom of speech and artistic independence were interfered with by censorship exactly to this extent: three pieces of out-and-out junk, saying nothing worth hearing, were shut down, some chorus girls were made to put on brassières, a fair play about harlots was closed, a few lines were altered in a couple of showshop pieces that didn't in the least matter artistically or in any other way, and one well-written play about a perverted woman's anatomical agonies was taken off the boards. Dismissing all save the last named as being unworthy of anyone's indignation, may one ask just how this last named play's suppression, after it had been displayed for several months, interfered greatly with freedom of expression and, if it did interfere, just what was the important nature of the expression? The printed version of "The Captive" remained available after the play's closing; the play was shown

subsequently without interference in several other cities, Cleveland and Baltimore among them; the newspapers and periodicals discussed its theme in detail and without hindrance.

As for censorship outside of New York, it has amounted to very little in the period under discussion. Several song and dance shows have been forced to cover up the nudity of their girls; the woman in O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" has had to put on a dress instead of a nightgown; "The Captive" has been shooed off the stage in Los Angeles, that very moral town; some lines have been deleted here and there from divers boob-bumpers. Where the reason for excitement? Where the reason for alarm? If the police will not let us see "Reigen," we can readily read "Reigen" in book form and find it to be simply a highly amusing and dirty little play. If we can't see "The Rubicon" unpurgated, what does it matter? And just how will the suppression of any play like "The Captive" retard the art of drama, freedom of expression on the part of artists, or the culture of the public?

V

The Movies

Every once in a while, though at sufficiently handsome intervals, I escort myself to a movie salon to observe the tremendous strides that the movies have made in the meantime, according to the pieces in the papers. Lately, in pursuit of the necessary education, I attended the showing of a film called "The Trail of '98," announced to be one of the screen's latest and most extraordinary gems. One of the big scenes showed a character caught in a Klondike storm and slowly freezing to death. Up to the very last moment of his complete congelment, with his feet, legs, arms, hands, torso, neck and ears already so much ice-cream, the actor retained a perfect and elaborate pantomimic control of his face. Now I can take another long holiday.

VI

Enjoying Themselves

Whenever a colored musical show is produced, one hears the old one about the show's being so refreshing because the players seem to be enjoying themselves. That our colored brothers and sisters actually do seem to be enjoying themselves is surely not to be argued. Where the Caucasian song and dance artists usually go through their monkeyshines as bored as an oil-well, the Afroharlemians invariably go through theirs with a ginny abandon, beaming Montezuma grins, gobbling every line as if it were a delicious pork chop and shaking themselves with a tropical passion. The cause isn't so hard to make out. Our colored brethren have a good time for the simple reason that appearing in a white theatre before white audiences seems a big event in their lives and, in their elation, they want to make the most of it. Compare a colored show in a colored theatre before a colored audience with the same show moved downtown into the paler theatrical district and you will quickly note the difference. In the colored house, the players are often as lackadaisical as white performers, but once they enter a white house all is changed. There they feel that they are challenged and, knowing full well their superiority as music show performers, that challenge gives them a heap of fun. It is so easy that they can smile confidently and the confidence makes them happy and gay.

It is the same, in another direction, with white players when they come into the theatre, as do the colored ones, for the first time, or at least in the early stages of their careers. Although they then have relatively little assurance, the challenge and the novelty are there to spur them on and they go at their jobs with excited eagerness, set upon making a hit and giving every ounce of themselves toward that end. One can feel their intensity, their fever. It is an occasion for them, and the audience senses their appreciation of the fact. The

older actors, on the other hand, to whom the whole thing is an old business, impress the audience as being just as stale as do the drowsy play-reviewers watching their lifeless performances.

VII

Manners

The phrase, polite comedy, due to one's protracted experience with it, invariably summons up a single picture. That picture consists of a fashionable drawing-room, evening clothes, mannerly servants, a few allusions to the Riviera and an epigram or so—or a picture largely of a piece. The picture is a sharp critic of the form of drama in question. Why should the latter be made to adhere so undeviatingly to formula? Are good manners the sole possession of fashionable drawing-room habitués? Why doesn't someone give us a polite comedy laid in humbler surroundings, say in the Harlem flat of well-bred, dignified, yet unfortunately impoverished folk? A true gentleman hasn't always a valet, a lady hasn't always a butler, and charm and warm grace aren't always the portion alone of country houses. I take the liberty, therefore, of calling for a polite comedy laid in the Flatbush or New Rochelle sitting-room of a quiet, cultivated and amusing, if not fashionable or opulent, family. There must be such sitting-rooms and such people.

VIII

Shoemaker's Last

With one or two recognizable exceptions, the American playwright of today, whatever his share of talent, is to be commended for sticking so uniformly to subjects and characters that he knows best and most intimately. There was a time when he sought to give an air to his wares by apeing the English and the French, whether in the way of themes or alien characters, with the result that he made a monkey of himself as a man ever does when he tries to do

something that is not in his ken to do. A writer with no knowledge of French, say, should never so much as employ a single French phrase, however stereotyped, for he fools no one as to his linguistic parts. He may use the phrase with complete accuracy, yet there remains something, just what it is hard to define, that betrays a certain lack of ease and makes him seem affected. So with a playwright. An American may put the character of an English lord, let us say, into his play and make a superficially convincing spectacle of him, but something about the character will cause him to fail of entire conviction and make the playwright appear just a trifle out of his element. The Americans that Frenchmen or Englishmen put into their plays are quite as curiously defective; even the American-experienced W. S. Maugham has, in "Our Betters," fumbled such a character in minor detail. Satisfactorily to handle a theme and a character, a playwright must have been born in the same house with them. Or at least next door.

IX

The Cerebral Mime

Not so very long ago, Mrs. Minnie Madern Fiske performed for us her idea of Ibsen's "Ghosts," to the derisory hoots of the New York first-night audience if apparently to the somewhat greater persuasion of her tank-town customers. Unable to comprehend the reason for the aforementioned hoots, more or less mortified by them and by way of defending what she called her "gently ironic" interpretation of Mrs. Alving, she gave issue to the following statement:

"At the most the audience might be expected to give her (Mrs. Alving) an equally gentle and sympathetic smile of understanding. The first of the lines on that night was greeted with a shout of laughter that fairly shook the building. Never on the many occasions when I have been concerned with an effort to amuse an audience have I been able to elicit such a

response of uncontrollable laughter. I wondered what was wrong. All the hundreds of ridiculous accidental things that might occur rushed through my mind. Had something happened to the scenery of which we had been blandly unaware? Had a stray kitten wandered onto the stage? Had a careless scene-hand strolled up the fiord and peeked through the window? The other actors seemed as dumfounded as I. We went on with the play. Then at the second line of gentle irony the audience again laughed uproariously; tears of merriment coursed down their cheeks and their mirth was excessive. . . . Fortunately we had played a long time and we were able to speak the lines mechanically through our dazed condition. I remember that I kept surreptitiously glancing at my wrist-watch and longing for eleven o'clock. And that was how I came to receive the unique but doubtful distinction of having turned the magnificent and austere play of dark moods into a cheerful comedy."

Having figged out Mrs. Alving with a wrist-watch, Mrs. Fiske will doubtless be similarly puzzled and dumfounded when, in the future, the same ironic guffaws greet her Ellida Wangel with an anklet-watch and her Rebecca West with a cuckoo clock.

The so-called intelligence of actors, as I fear I have mentioned once or twice in the past, is one of the most difficult hurdles in the way of the drama. I say so-called, because the intelligence in point is actually very little of the sort but simply rather an assertive repudiation of the general mummer ignorance which, while sufficiently and convincingly repudiatory, substitutes nothing for the ignorance save an arbitrary and freakish mental posturing. The really intelligent actor, assuming that he exists, is merely one who has sense and discretion enough not to interpose his own mind between the dramatist and the audience and who reads his lines as the dramatist plainly

meant them to be read. Interpretations may, of course, vary, but in the main they may vary only in detail, usually negligible, and they must inevitably converge, one and all, in the dramatic work as conceived in the playwright's mind and as written. There never was a play of any worth whatsoever, not excepting even such a drama as, say, Strindberg's "Spook Sonata," that called for any real cerebral assistance from its actors. All that the actors are summoned to do is to be strictly obedient to the text, as a child is summoned to be obedient to his schoolmaster, and to play that text with the technical, vocal and emotional resources at their command.

This is not to say, obviously, that an actor may be so dumb that he cannot comprehend the nature of the materials he is hired to merchant. It is to say that he must simply have enough brains to appreciate what a play is about—hardly a gigantic task, considering the general nature of even the profoundest drama—and enough tact not to make the play a Roman holiday for his own pretensions and vainglory. Coquelin, perhaps the most intelligent actor of modern times, had this actor-intelligence to such a degree that he mercilessly ridiculed any actor who tried to lift it to a higher metaphysical plane. But in his common-sense few present-day actors and actresses share. Unable to make an impression by good, plain, obedient, hard work, without fuss and feathers, they endeavor to achieve *kudos* for themselves by insulting their dramatists through attributing to the latter interpretative shenanigans that they never had in mind and that make their work ridiculous. We thus are annually entertained by a droll procession of Hedda Gablers in knee-length skirts puffing Lucky Strikes, Falstaffs who seem to be honorary members of the W. C. T. U., and Daddy Hamlets with an almost pathological heat for Peaches Ophelia.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Case of Hearst

HEARST: *An American Phenomenon*, by John K. Winkler. \$4. 5¾ x 7¾; 368 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster.

MR. WINKLER is obviously too light a psychological grappler to get anywhere with Hearst. The man is simply beyond him, as George Washington was beyond Woodrow Wilson. Confronted, for example, by Hearst's recent astounding *volte-face*, whereby Dr. Coolidge has curiously acquired brains and old Andy Mellon has become a sort of Santa Claus, he can only observe humorlessly that "all this would indicate a growing conservatism of thought in an aging man who has vast properties to leave to his sons." The theory, unluckily, is so banal that it fails to satisfy even its author, so he adds, "But I believe these quirks are just evidences of Hearst's bland inconsistency." It would be hard to imagine a schoolboy, or even a school-master, doing worse.

Nor is Mr. Winkler much better when he tackles the other problems presented by the Hearstian psyche. He gives a workmanlike objective account of the man, but it never gets beneath the surface. The young Hearst who was expelled from Harvard for a too great exuberance of spirits seems to be quite as mysterious to him as the disintegrating Hearst who snoozes voluptuously beneath his California vine and fig-tree, diverted by the Rotarian platitudes of Polonius Brisbane and the soft gurgle of movie queens. Hearst is sixty-five. It is not, intrinsically, a great age. Men have done good work, and even immortal work, far later in life. But not journalists. Not newspaper men. The roaring Hoe presses grind the life out of even the sturdiest long before his kid-

neys give out. Hearst, professionally, has been moribund for years. What remains of him today is only a caricature of the man who, in the McKinley epoch, made journalistic history.

What he thinks of himself no one will ever know, for he is singularly reticent and even secretive, and men who have worked with him for a quarter of a century seem to be as completely baffled by him as Mr. Winkler. The two men who might have written satisfactory lives of him were Brisbane and Ambrose Bierce. Both have now joined the immortal dead, Bierce biologically and Brisbane spiritually. Bierce, in his last years, professed to hate Hearst powerfully, but all the while it was plain that he also admired him—a capital combination in a biographer. Brisbane, for the sake of posterity, should have quarreled with him ten or fifteen years ago; the result would have been a thrilling book, combining all the virtues of Boswell's "Johnson" and the Bryce report of atrocities in Belgium. But now it is too late, for Brisbane appears to be growing forgetful—so forgetful, in fact, that he has forgotten all the lofty economic and socio-economic principles of his own youth and prime. I observe him applying a vaseline mop to such grotesque heroes as Andy Mellon and the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, and am filled thereby with a vast sadness. For I am growing old myself, and so I can remember when he operated upon fellows of that kind with very different weapons. It was a gaudy era, and, for one, I greatly enjoyed living in it.

The central fact about Hearst, I venture to suggest, is that there has always been far more innocence in him than guile—that he remains at sixty-five, as he was when he singed the whiskers of Pulitzer,

a goatish and unsubtle college boy, eager only to have a hell of a time. Whoever tries to read any rationality into his journalistic theory will end with a dizzy ringing in the ears. There was no sense in his support of Bryan in 1896: it was simply a device to inflame Moustarian Man and give Pulitzer to sweat. Bryan himself, though designed by God to be fooled always, quickly got the measure of it and departed from the Hearstian embrace, his Bible clutched to his breast. Nor was there any sense in Hearst's riotous brewing of war medicine in 1898—that is, journalisticly—, for the war cost him a great deal more than he got out of it, both in money and in prestige. He whooped it up simply because he was full of malicious animal magnetism, and eager for a bawdy show. Mr. Winkler tells how vastly he enjoyed his own modest share in the carnage. The only Spaniards he actually encountered were disarmed and half scared to death, but he leaped upon them with fearful hosannas and took them prisoner in the best manner of his own special commissioners.

His political career, now unhappily closed, was one long record of surprises and imbecilities. He got into politics by a sort of accident, and continued in a purely sportive spirit. It was often hard to determine which side he was on, and what he advocated. His cabinet of advisers consisted mainly of newspaper reporters trained in his own city-rooms: no doubt it amused him to observe how easy it was for these amateurs to alarm the professionals. Al Smith, who takes politics seriously, distrusted him from the start, and finally declared war to the death upon him. The history of his Independence League deserves to be written: I herewith commend the job to Frank R. Kent. This so-called party was simply a gigantic bladder attached to a string, and with it Hearst battered the heads of all the professional politicians. Life must have been extremely pleasant for him in those days: if he did not laugh himself to sleep every

night, then I overestimate his intelligence. At St. Louis, in 1904, he actually came within reach of the Democratic Presidential nomination. If the bluff of Alton B. Parker had been called, the convention might very well have turned to him. It would have been a colossal campaign: Hearst vs. Roosevelt. The two men had many things in common, but what they mainly had in common was their boyish delight in uproar, their naïve lust to make sensations. Naturally enough, they became bitter enemies, and Roosevelt spent his last years denouncing Hearst. But he learnt more from Hearst, first and last, than he learnt from any other man save P. T. Barnum. At one time in his career at least a half of his policies were borrowed from the chromatic headlines of the *New York Evening Journal*.

I suspect that Hearst's taste for violent rough-house survives to this day, but of late he has shown a lamentable falling-off in his old high ingenuity and enterprise. He really passed from the scene when the new tabloids began to break up his monopoly on dime-novel news. He should have invented the tabloid himself; it is a wonder, indeed, that he didn't do it twenty-five years ago. As it was, the onslaught of the *Daily News* and the *Graphic* caught him at a bad time. He was trying to reorganize his business and cut down his losses, and the Huns were within his citadel before he knew it. By the time he came into action it was too late; his imitation tabloids were failures, and some time ago he sold them to the Hon. Alexander P. Moore, LL.D., Ambassador to Peru and relict of Lillian Russell. The transaction was mysterious, and is still the subject of suspicion in newspaper offices. The episode of the forged Mexican documents brought Hearst out of his California retirement, but only transiently, and, I am bound to add, ridiculously. The old steam was simply not there. The business was handled clumsily, and its net issue only called painful attention to the rustiness of the Hearst machine. Evidently there are no more Sam Chamber-

lains, Karl Deckers or James Creelmans in the *Evening Journal* office. A genuine Hearst paper cannot be run by bookkeepers; it demands men of action, with lush and florid imaginations.

Hearst deserves more and better of his country than he will ever get. It is the fashion to speak of him contemptuously, with dark references to matters that are nobody's business. I think there is a great deal of envy in all this: not many Americans, even among millionaires, have ever been accused so beautifully. The dislike of the man that prevails in newspaper circles is only a smarting of old wounds. He shook journalism to its foundations, and exposed the incompetence of more than one highly smug newspaper proprietor. They were all imitating him by 1900, and they all show the marks of his teeth to this day. American journalism before his time was extremely ponderous and platitudinous. Even Pulitzer greatly fancied himself as a publicist, and showed plain traces of the messianic delusion. Even the old *Sun* labored under a sense of responsibility to the Flag and the Truth. Hearst upset all that by parodying it. He made a burlesque of the whole God-save-us scheme of things. He proved that what the populace really wanted was simply a roaring show—and he brought to the business of giving it that show a resourcefulness that was unparalleled and a daring that was stupendous. It was quite impossible for the old-fashioned papers to stand up to him; they had to follow him or perish. Thus he set them all to whooping and bawling, and the net result was a rapid decline in their old authority. The proletariat, taken to a palpable circus, became cynical, and it remains so to this day. Nothing remains sacred to it. It is still exploited, to be sure, but it no longer worships its exploiters. In 1895 the Sunday-school scholars of the land were yet being taught to venerate such heroes as Commodore Vanderbilt. Today that adoration is confined to a small caste of humorless fanatics—bishops, Washington correspondents, Rotarians.

Hearst is probably the only rich man ever heard of in America who has really had a good time. Harvard tried hard to tame him, but failed dismally. The blood of adventurers ran in him, and he had a restless and iconoclastic soul. Instead of wasting his money upon hospitals and libraries and going in for social climbing, he poured his millions into yellow journals, and was presently enjoying all the thrills of a mad King. The populace swarmed after him; the politicians began to fawn over him; the money barons trembled at his name. Wasn't that better than playing golf? Wasn't it better than becoming an overseer of Harvard? Wasn't it better than acting as banker to Elder Hays? I think it was. I believe that Hearst got his money's worth, and that he doesn't regret the cost today. That he was deceived, now and then, by his own buncombe, is probable: it is the human way. But he was not deceived very often. It was the show that kept him going, not any brummagem sense of duty. He reduced all solemn and highfalutin things, including especially patriotism, to a common level of clowning. In other words, he reduced them to their actual content of truth. I believe his career has been a very useful one, despite his obvious deficiencies. Cant is still the curse of America, but it is not quite the curse that it used to be. Today even Hearst himself cannot pump any dignity into Andy Mellon.

Pseudo-Science

THE NEW CRIMINOLOGY: *A Consideration of the Chemical Causation of Abnormal Behavior*, by Max G. Schlapp and Edward H. Smith. \$4. 8¼ x 5½; 325 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright.

THE theory here is simple enough—simple, indeed, to the point of austerity. A criminal is not a criminal, but only a sick man. He kidnaps a child, holds up a Thom McAn shoe-shop or bumps off a policeman, not because he is a scoundrel, but because there is something the matter with his ductless glands: either they are not functioning enough or they are functioning

too much. The thing to do with him, once his guilt of the lamentable acts laid against him is formally established, is to lodge him in hospital and set a posse of experts upon him. They will first determine precisely which of his glands is misbehaving, and then they will proceed to cure him. Cured, he will be turned loose. The jury which tries him will settle only the question of his guilt. The judge presiding will simply keep order in the courtroom. The whole business of disposing of the culprit will be left to the experts. Criminals will "be rated, not according to their crimes, but according to their defects, diseases, deficiencies and the like."

The only trouble with this theory is that it is nonsense. There is absolutely no reason to believe that any considerable proportion of criminals are afflicted with disorders of the ductless glands—that is, to any extent beyond the rest of us. And there is no evidence whatever that medicine can cure any considerable proportion of those who are. To turn the whole gang over to so-called experts—in the department of endocrinology, in fact, no such experts yet exist: there are only guessers and quacks—would be to reduce the administration of the criminal law to a Gilbert and Sullivan level, and put a high premium on crime. All of the cleverer criminals would fool the experts, and get away. All of the dumb ones would be converted into helpless laboratory animals, and exposed to all sorts of dubious and dangerous experiments.

The argument of the authors—one of them was a medical man and the other a writer of books of mysteries: both are now dead—is full of thumping *non sequiturs*. Because children with deficient thyroid glands commonly show a defective moral sense they conclude glibly that adults who show a defective moral sense are afflicted in some more or less similar manner. And because such children may be restored to normalcy by giving them thyroid extract they conclude that doses of the same or of some analogous medicament will restore

gunmen, Prohibition agents and pickpockets to decency. Here logic is beaten with clubs and thrown out to die. There is nothing worse in the literature of chiropactic. The amazing thing is that such nonsense should be taken seriously. But taken seriously it is, at least in certain quarters. In more than one State active efforts are being made to set up such hospitals of self-appointed "experts," and soon or late, no doubt, they will be in full blast. Even in New York certain high officers of state are reported to be believers in the new magic.

That criminals are sometimes defectives is well known, but that all of them are, or even a majority of them, is certainly not true. Every time any large number of them has been examined they have turned out to be quite as intelligent as the average of the populace from which they come. Not a few tests, indeed, have shown them to be decidedly more intelligent than their jailers. If they differ from the normal it is only in the accentuation of qualities that, in crowded societies, tend to be dangerous—an excess of daring, a lack of respect for property, a distaste for honest labor, *i.e.*, for slavery. Most of these qualities, in themselves, are not signs of inferiority: there are circumstances under which they bear a high value, as in times of war. The difference between a good soldier and a good criminal, in truth, is but little greater than the difference between a movie actor and a bird of paradise. The trouble with the criminal is that society has invented no way to utilize his propensities—that it tries absurdly to obliterate them by torturing him. As well try to cure a dry Congressman of his thirst by feeding him on pretzels.

A really rational criminology remains to be devised. The fact that it is still lacking is a lovely proof of the intelligence of the human race. It must be a criminology devoid of ready and hollow theorizing. It must not fall into the Lombrosan error of assuming that all criminals are alike, and it must not try to dispose of them by con-

verting them into something that they are not, and can never be. No policeman of any experience believes in the reform of genuine criminals, whether by persuasion or by force. He knows that the most the present system of punishments can accomplish is to make a given criminal harmless temporarily. My private belief, reached after years of powerful meditation, is that the only punishment worth anything at all is the capital variety. It begs the question, but it at least gets rid of the concrete criminal. His qualities, properly utilized, might be of immense value to society. But society is too stupid to utilize them, and so the only way to dispose of the menace that he presents is to convert him into a gaseous vertebrate, with wings of ether. In that character he can do no wrong.

Chronicles of Sin

TAMMANY HALL, by M. R. Werner. \$5. 9¾ x 6¾; 586 pp. Garden City, L. I.: Doubleday, Doran & Company.

THE GANGS OF NEW YORK: *An Informal History of the Underworld*, by Herbert Asbury. \$4. 8¾ x 5¾; 382 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE transactions described in these volumes were nearly all in contempt of the law of the land, and many of them were also subversive of God's holy ordinances; nevertheless, I confess frankly, though a baptized man, that I have greatly enjoyed reading of them. Both authors show an unashamed delight in them, and especially Mr. Asbury. In the past his historical researches have been in the field of Methodist theology, but here he turns without batting an eye to the dreadful doings of such sinister New Yorkers as Marm Mandelbaum, Kid Glove Rosie, Baboon Connolly, Monk Eastman, Paul Kelly, Lefty Louie and Gyp the Blood. The result is a chronicle of fascinating interest, and, it seems to me, of sober historical value. For the history of the gangs of New York is largely the history of Tammany Hall, and

the history of Tammany is the history of the city. The Hall is now almost as virtuous as Bishop Manning or Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, but in its day it was full of sin, and out of that sin flowed a great deal of thrilling melodrama. The story that Mr. Asbury tells is worth a dozen novels of blood and thunder. He writes simply, clearly and with immense effectiveness. There is a pawky humor in him that makes even horrors charming. He has not devoted years of study to the Wesleyan demonology for nothing.

Mr. Werner's volume is the best history of Tammany ever written, and by far. There are moments when the villainies he describes arouse him to something resembling indignation, but they are not many. In the main he keeps to an admirable historical calm, piling up his appalling facts scientifically, always with names and dates. The research behind his book must have been enormous; he has apparently examined and weighed all of the controversies that have roared around Tammany for a hundred years. Very sagaciously, he divides his chronicle into a series of elaborate character sketches of concrete men—Tweed, Croker, Honest John Kelly, A. Oakey Hall, Big Tim Sullivan, Peter B. Sweeny and Charlie Murphy. The thing never becomes a mere political diatribe; it is kept on the human plane, and the temptations of men are set forth as well as their crimes. The last chapters, dealing with the rise of Murphy, the Hearst and Hylan episodes, the impeachment of Sulzer, and the gradual "reform" of Tammany, are of special interest. Much of the matter in them is available in no other accessible form.

Both books are well illustrated. Mr. Asbury's has a brief bibliography and a glossary of early gangster slang, but no index. Mr. Werner's has a longer bibliography, and a good index.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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Editorial NOTES

Charles B. Driscoll, whose article, "Final of the Wedding March," appears in this issue, has been a life-long student of pirates, and has collected books and pamphlets by and about them for years. He has one of the best pirate libraries in this country, and has hunted treasure from Halifax to Port au Prince and back. He was born near Wichita, Kansas, and received his A. B. from Friends University of the same place, and did special work at the Universities of Kansas and Minnesota. Shortly thereafter he went into newspaper work and has been in it ever since.



Charles B. Driscoll

His journalistic experience includes reporter and editorial work for the *Omaha Daily News*, *St. Paul Daily News*, and *Cleveland Press*. He was editor of the *Wichita Eagle* for five years, and during the war was in the New York bureau of the *United Press*.

He has written masses of syndicated features, ranging from daily verse to editorial articles. At present he is editor of the *McNaught Syndicate*, writing a weekly pirate tale and a daily editorial feature called "The World and All." Beside his journalistic work, Mr. Driscoll also contributes frequently to the reviews. The other articles he has contributed to THE

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxvi

AMERICAN MERCURY were: "The Country Banker," September, 1924; "Why Men Leave Kansas," October, 1924; "Major Prophets of Holy Kansas," May, 1926; and "Pastorale," November, 1926.

Louis Adamic, author of "The Bohunks" in this issue, was born in 1899 in Carniola, then a part of Austria, now of Yugoslavia. His father sent him to the city schools in the fond hope that he would become a priest, and later perhaps a bishop. But things turned out differently. Young Louis disliked teachers and school-desks, and in the third year of Gymnasium flunked in his studies. "The family," he says,



Louis Adamic

were disgraced and decided to turn me over to a Jesuit outfit, but I ran away, and at fourteen became a hobo. I hiked all over Lower Carniola, which is a beautiful place (and the peasants there are kind to hungry boys), and finally wound up in a remote parish, where a third cousin of my mother's was pastor. In his study I found a book entitled "Do Not Go to America!", and upon reading it decided immediately to go there. A week or so later I returned home and my parents consented to my going to America. They figured that I might as go, since I would never make a priest. They wept, and I wept.

In New York I became assistant editor of a Bohunk newspaper. Then Mr. Wilson decided to make the world safe for democracy and I, eager to help him, joined the Army. After enlisting I had to be operated on for an ingrowing toe-nail.

Would I care for a local anæsthetic? My Eng-

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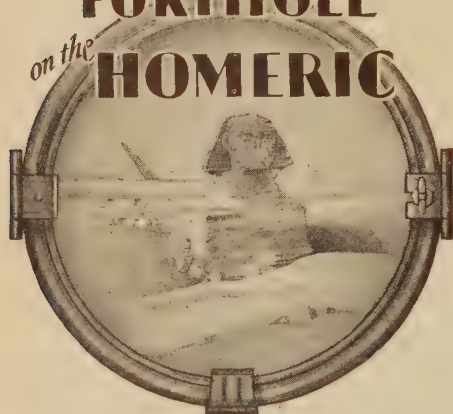
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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxviii

lish was too meager for me to know what the surgeon was talking about and, not wishing to betray my ignorance, I took a chance and said no. It was an extremely painful operation, so I decided to learn the English language immediately. In the war I served without distinction, had the citizenship of the United States thrust upon me, and was released from the service with the high rank of battalion sergeant-major.

After the Armistice I worked as a laborer in several States, as a newspaper man in Honolulu, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and then as a longshoreman in San Pedro harbor. Three years ago I began to translate from the Yugoslav. The *Living Age* and other magazines have printed about twenty Slovene and Croat short stories which I had translated. In 1926 the Vanguard Press published my English version of Ivan Cankar's novel, "Yerney's Justice." Since then I have been writing articles and fiction of my own.

In this place, in the June issue, it was announced that THE AMERICAN MERCURY was prepared to pay a salary of \$1,000,000 a year to an infallible proof-reader. Since then more than 800 applications for the post have been received, many of them accompanied by letters of recommendation from the learned. But all of them have been rejected, and for a sound reason: not one of the applicants detected the fact that, in the very paragraph they responded to, there was a typographical error of a gross and revolting character. It converted Friedrich Silcher, the celebrated editor and author of German folk-songs, into Friedrich Silcer—a thing as palpable and as absurd as converting Goethe into Goete or Coolidge into Collidge. It would be pleasant to add that this error was put into the paragraph deliberately, to catch the candidates. But it would be untrue. Like all the others that get into THE AMERICAN MERCURY, it was inadvertent, and it slipped past six readers in the proof-room and the office, and no less than thirty-eight readings. Such is human fallibility under Prohibition.

Tea Expert Explains Mystery of Phrase "Orange Pekoe"

"It is astonishing how few people really know what the words 'Orange Pekoe' mean," one of New York's leading tea blenders said in an interview recently.

"A great many people seem to believe that 'Orange Pekoe' is some special growth entirely distinct from Ceylon or India tea. This is not so."

As a matter of fact, Orange Pekoe tea comes from nearly any country where black tea is produced—Ceylon, India, Java, Sumatra or Nyassaland.

After the tea has been picked and treated so as to convert the green leaves into black tea it is graded. This is done by sifting it through a series of sieves, each varying slightly from the others in the fineness of its mesh.

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Turn to page XXIII to find THE LITERARY BAZAAR

A market place for collectors



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page
xxii

FOLK-LORE

FRONTIER BALLADS.

By Charles J. Finger. Doubleday, Page & Company
\$3.50 9 x 6 3/4; 181 pp. Garden City, L. I.

A random collection of songs, some familiar and some strange, heard by Mr. Finger in various parts of the world, and set down by him, words and music, on the spot. The songs, with one exception, are not harmonized. There are capital wood-cut illustrations by Paul Honoré.

AMERICAN MOUNTAIN SONGS.

Compiled by Ethel Park Richardson. Greenberg
\$3.50 10 1/4 x 7; 120 pp. New York

These songs are mainly of American origin, and many of them have not appeared in any other collection. Perhaps the most interesting group is what Mrs. Richardson calls spirituals. They resemble the familiar Negro spirituals, and suggest the thought that the latter may have come from prototypes sung by the poor whites. But it must be said that the Negro spirituals, in the main, are far superior to these mountain songs. There is greater rhythmic ingenuity and variety in their music, and their words have more dignity. Here, as in many other ways, the Negroes show their superiority to the low-down Southern crackers. All of the songs in the present collection have been fitted with piano accompaniments by Dr. Sigmund Spaeth.

BALLADS AND SEA-SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

Collected by W. Roy Mackenzie. The Harvard University Press
\$5 9 3/8 x 6 3/4; 421 pp. Cambridge

Mr. Mackenzie reproduces 162 ballads and songs, and in an appendix gives the tunes of forty-two of them. There are an index of titles and an index of first lines.

ANTHOLOGIES

DEEP WATERS: An Anthology of Stories of the Sea.

Edited by Charles Wright Gay. Henry Holt & Company
\$2.50 7 1/4 x 5 1/4; 397 pp. New York

There are seventeen stories in this collection, and among the authors represented are Morgan Robertson, William McFee, Jack London, Frank Norris, James B. Connolly, John Masefield and Joseph Conrad. The stories vary greatly in merit.

Continued on page xxxiv



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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxii

GREAT STORIES OF ALL NATIONS.

Edited by Maxim Lieber & Blanche Colton Williams.

Brentano's

\$5 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 1121 pp.

New York

This formidable collection embraces no less than 160 stories. The first is an Egyptian tale of the Thirteenth Century B.C.; the last is a Rumanian tale by Michael Sadoveanu, who died in 1926. The living Americans represented are Sherwood Anderson, Edith Wharton, Hamlin Garland, Mary Austin, Booth Tarkington, Wilbur Daniel Steele, and Melville Davisson Post.

GREAT FRENCH SHORT STORIES.

Edited by Lewis Melville & Reginald Hargreaves.

Boni & Liveright

\$3 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 1066 pp.

New York

There are sixty stories in this collection, which begins with "Aucassin and Nicolette" and ends with pieces by Paul Morand and Pierre Hamp. Zola is represented by "The Attack on the Mill," Anatole France by "The Procurator of Judæa," Huysman by "Knapsacks," the elder Dumas by "The Bird of Fate," Mme. de Staël by "Mirza," Guy de Maupassant by three stories, Flaubert by three, Balzac by three, Daudet by two and Paul Bourget by one. The translations are by various hands.

REPRINTS

CELIBATE LIVES.

By George Moore.

Boni & Liveright

\$2.50 8 x 5 1/4; 237 pp.

New York

A new edition of a work originally published under the title "In Single Strictness," and available only in a limited edition. It contains all the stories that appeared in the first volume with the exception of "Hugh Monfert." For this Mr. Moore has substituted "Albert Nobbs" from "A Story-teller's Holiday."

THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS.

Translated by W. Adlington.

Boni & Liveright

\$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 271 pp.

New York

This reprint of "The Golden Ass" is the ninth volume in the excellently printed Black and Gold Library. The Adlington version has been used in the main, amplified by passages from the fuller translation by Thomas Taylor. The volume contains an essay on Apuleius by Charles Whibley, originally published in "Studies in Frankness," in 1898, and a select bibliography of editions and translations of the original text.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Translated by J. G. Pilkington.

Boni & Liveright

\$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/4; 415 pp.

New York

This edition leaves little to be desired: it is beautiful.

Continued on page xxxvii

THE LIVING BIBLE

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the Tabernacle and of Solomon's Temple are repeated, with detail piled upon detail to the extent of some 10,000 words; and yet no ordinary reader can have succeeded in visualizing either structure. Mr. Hall, in a few hundred words taken out of the mass, turns both buildings into graphic pictures in the mind.

Editorship of at once the most scholarly and the most reverent sort has removed the duplications, the genealogies of unknown kings, and the masses of irrelevant details. The result is not a selection: every book of both Testaments is incorporated. It is not an abridgment in the ordinary sense: no essential matter is omitted. Everything is kept which is essential to the meaning, the majesty, and even the most minute doctrinal implications. Through complete avoidance of all that has made the English Bible hard and arid reading to many, there is given to us at last the distilled significance of the great book of our language—the Living Bible.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

fully printed; the translation by J. G. Pilkington, originally made in 1876, closely follows the Benedictine edition, and is carefully annotated; and there are an excellent index and bibliography.

EXAMPLES OF SAN BERNARDINO.

Edited by Ada Harrison. The Oxford University Press
\$4 8 3/4 x 5 3/8; 150 pp. New York

Bernardino of Siena was born in 1388 and died in 1444. He was a Franciscan monk and preacher, who was much loved by the populace among whom he was in the habit of delivering homely sermons on the everyday virtues. A number of these sermons are here presented, and they are prefaced by an excellent biographical sketch by the editor.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE AUDIENCE ON SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMA.

By Robert Bridges. The Oxford University Press
\$1 7 3/4 x 5; 29 pp. New York

The Poet Laureate, who is nothing if not a reformer, publishes this pamphlet (it is to be the first of a series) in order to introduce certain new forms of letters, and to support his well-known advocacy of simplified spelling. He does not go the whole way at once, but contents himself with a few innovations. One is a new letter, an *i* with a tail hooked to its right side, to represent the long *i*-sound, as in *tie*, *fly*, *dye*, *sign*, *buy*, *aisle*, *ay* and *eye*. Another is an *a* borrowed from the script *a* to represent the long sound of the vowel, as in *father*. A third is a script *g* for the hard form of the letter, leaving the ordinary letter for the soft form. Finally, there is a new letter, an *n* with a tail, to represent the *ng*-sound, as in *sing*. The new letters, it must be said, are not offensive, and do not greatly impede reading. Dr. Bridges' new spellings include *hav*, *liv* and *examin*, and are mainly confined to the omission of mute final *e*'s.

THE ADVENTURES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON SNOGRASS.

By Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). Pascal Covici
\$5 9 3/4 x 6 1/2; 59 pp. Chicago

Republishing such dreadful stuff as this is not a service to literature; it is simply literary grave-robbing. Clemens wrote the three banal pieces that constitute the book in 1856 and 1857, while he was preparing for that journey to the Amazon which he never made. The first, written in St. Louis, was published in the Keokuk (Iowa) *Post* of November 1, 1856. The next, written in Cincinnati, was published in the same paper on November 29, and the third, also written there, on April 10, 1857. They are in the form of letters purporting to recite the adventures of a yokel named Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass. "It may

Continued on page xxxviii

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Translated by C. A. MACARTNEY

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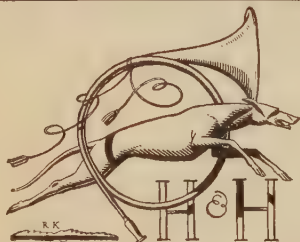
by Fred Lewis Pattee

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxvi

be admitted," says Vincent Starrett, in a foreword to the collection, "that they are not funny. They illustrate the sense of humor that, to this day, finds the utmost hilarity in a picture of a man falling off a wagon and saying 'Wow!'" It is surely to be hoped that literary resurrection men will not be induced to print any more such specimens of old Mark's juvenilia. He wrote a great deal in his early days that was puerile and idiotic. The editor of the present volume is Charles Honce. It is printed, fortunately enough, in a limited edition of but 375 copies.

FICTION

BUT—GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES.

By Anira Loos.

Boni & Liveright

\$2.

7 3/4 x 4 7/8; 248 pp.

New York

It seemed highly unlikely that Miss Loos would ever be able to concoct another piece of buffoonery as searching and exhilarating as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but here she has come very near doing it. The story, indeed, is quite as well planned as its predecessor, and if it lacks freshness, it is at least full of a vast comic ingenuity. Chapter III, describing the heroine's life with a traveling carnival, is superb humor, and so is Chapter XI, describing her luckless marriage and the heroic efforts of her lawyer to prevent her getting a divorce. Moreover, there are many minor episodes that strike the same high level—for example, the adventure of Mr. Goldmark, the movie magnate, in Paris. The weakest part of the book is that which deals with Dorothy's encounters with the dignitaries of the Algonquin Round-Table: here the note is false, and a hint of malice corrupts the jocosity. But the rest is excellent stuff, with curiously accurate observation in it and absurdity piled upon absurdity. The illustrations by Ralph Barton give capital support to the text.

RESPECTABILITY.

By Bohan Lynch.

Little, Brown & Company

\$2.50

7 3/4 x 5 1/2; 328 pp.

Boston

Esther Wade, of estimable country people, marries Ralph Wilson, but leaves her rich drunkard husband and runs off to Italy with Dick Orgrave, younger brother of Lord Orgrave, a religious hypocrite. The lovers return to England and the pious members of both families try to reconcile the husband and wife. But Esther dies and her illegitimate child is adopted by her mother's sister, the all-too-respectable Millicent Franklyn. Dick goes off to India. The remainder of the story deals with the second Esther's endeavors to live down the fact that she was born in sin. The author's handling of the narrative is often heavy-handed, but his picture of Millicent, who never permits the younger Esther to forget her indebtedness to her aunt, is an excellent one.

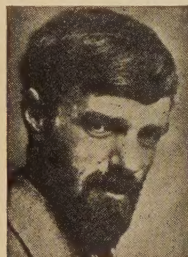
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THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY

IN D. H. Lawrence more than in any other English writer we find an understanding of the relationships between men and women. Sex has for him an almost mystic meaning. He can delve beneath its obvious aspects and find



D. H. Lawrence

significances, subtle nuances, missed by less inspired writers. "There was a woman who loved her husband, but she could not live with him," is the sentence with which his new book of short stories opens. It is an attitude which typifies most of his women, for their author has discovered the essential paradox that even when they seem most firmly anchored to the hearth they are for ever riding away.

However, the woman in the story which gives its title to the collection does actually ride away in a more concrete sense than this. And at the end of her trail into the wilds of the Sierra Madre she finds a human sacrifice, herself the victim. This story, with its strange understanding of the psychology behind barbaric rites, and also of the exultant complacency of the victim, is itself an extraordinary tour de force. It stands out even among these other tales, with their varied scenes and their strange passionate lovers.

THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY.

By D. H. LAWRENCE, author of "David," "The Plumed Serpent," "Mornings in Mexico," etc. \$2.50 net.

MEN IN THE LIMELIGHT

HERE is a book which might with advantage be placed in the hands of every enfranchised person in America; for it forms the most complete guide available to the personalities and records of those who are likely to be engaged in the coming presidential struggle. Its publication is likely to cause no little controversy and some bitterness. Mr. Villard does not mince his words. On the other hand, he is scrupulously fair. Witness the following summary of the capabilities of the most likely Republican nominee:

"Super-decisiveness, super-industriousness, super-business power—these are the qualities generally and rightly attributed to Mr. Hoover. To my mind they combine, with others, to make him a glorified engineer and a superb supersalesman to the American people. Those who wish a man of this type in the White House will need no urging to vote for Mr. Hoover. He will fulfill their highest expectations. There will be no drones in the White House or in the departments if he is President. He will be Chief Executive in deed as well as in name, in complete control of his subordinates, and carrying on a uniform policy, to which he will brook no opposition."

PROPHETS TRUE AND FALSE.

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, author of "Some Newspapers and Newspaper-men." \$3.90 net.

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Elinor Wylie

INNOCENT LANDSCAPE

HERE is no peace, although the air has faded,
And footfalls die and are buried in deep grass,
And reverential trees are softly painted
Like saints upon an oriel of glass.

The pattern of the atmosphere is spherical,
A bubble in the silence of the sun,
Blown thinner by the very breath of miracle
Around a core of loud confusion.

Here is no virtue; here is nothing blessed
Save this foredoomed suspension of the end;
Faith is the blossom, but the fruit is cursed;
Go hence, for it is useless to pretend.

From TRIVIAL BREATH. By ELINOR WYLIE, author of "The Orphan Angel," "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," etc. \$2.50 net.

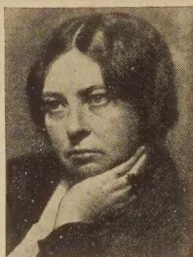
Retrospect: A Shop-talk

(Concluded from last month)

THIS is perhaps as good a place and moment as any for a statement of the underlying logic of our many recent translations from the post-War literature of Germany. We have added to them, in the Spring season just closed, no fewer than five important titles in fiction and drama, besides two works of the first importance in other fields—René Fülöp-Müller's dissection of contemporary Russia, *THE MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHIEVISM*, and Count Corti's dual biography and history, *MAXIMILIAN AND CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO*, which we are convinced is one of the great indestructible books. And the season now opening is to see several major additions to our work in this same province.

It is entirely natural to assume that what prompts so consistent an attention to the works of one foreign country is a disproportionate *a priori* interest in that country. But such an assumption is, in this instance, as completely erroneous as it is natural. The fact is that the German books translated and published have won their place in open competition with American, British, French, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian, Polish, and other books, and they have done it by dint of clear individual superiority. Germany is today submitting to us a greater volume of creative work of the first order than reaches us from all the rest of Europe combined. The selection is on the basis of merit alone, and it involves many rejections to each acceptance. We start with a determination, not to represent Germany by a certain number of her best contributions, but to publish the best books we can obtain, judging them by standards that are world-wide. Show us in any other country a group of writers of the sheer international significance of Thomas Mann, Ricarda Huch, Bruno Frank, Frank Thiess, René Schickele, Max Brod, Oskar Maria Graf, and Alfred Neumann, and we shall publish the writers of that country on the same scale if we can obtain the right to. If, of the ten best works offered us by Americans or Frenchmen, only three can compete successfully against the ten best offered by Germans, and we are able to publish only ten all told, it is a foregone conclusion that seven of the ten will be of German origin. We are engaged in the task of representing, not national boundaries, but a generation of literature.

And, after all, the importance of Berlin and Munich in our recent lists



Sigred Undset

does not signify any diminution in the importance of London. At this moment it looks as if *Miss G. B. Stern's DEBONAIR* means to outsell every earlier book of hers; indeed, it may outsell all of them put together. *Mr. Francis Brett Young's* new novel, *THE KEY OF LIFE*, sold almost as many copies before publication as its very successful predecessor, *LOVE IS ENOUGH*, has sold in a year; and it, too, is under full momentum as these paragraphs go to the printer. *CUPS, WANDS & SWORDS* has done more for *Miss Helen Simpson* in America than was done by *ACQUITTAL* and *THE BASELESS FABRIC* put together, unusual as they are; and a new English reputation came very reas-



Thomas Mann

surprisingly into the reckoning of the judicious with the publication of *Rhapsody*, *Miss Dorothy Edwards's* group of quiet stories.

But, as was said at the beginning of this survey, The Borzoi is not forgetting that his kennel is on this side of the Atlantic, and he is deeply and irrevocably committed in many an

American quarter. *THE GANGS OF NEW YORK*, by *Herbert Asbury*, is in its second month of being the talk of the town; and by the time these words are read it is pretty certain to be the talk of the country. *Mr. Clarence Day's* pictured *THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS* will go farther than even *THIS SIMIAN WORLD*—and perhaps it will go faster because of the amusing prize contest based on the missing line in the book, for the reason that many a person who comes to compete remains to read and enjoy. We have published, too, cisatlantic contributions to science (*William Morton Wheeler*, *Raymond Pearl*), to poetry (*John V. A. Weaver*, *Clinch Calkins*), and to history and criticism and travel and music; and an author new to our list, *Agnes Danforth Hewes*, has been represented by a glowingly beautiful historical tale of adventure and heroism, *SWORDS ON THE SEA*.

And, finally, there are three works which must be thought of as having, in a very preëminent and special way, crowned the season of their appearance in the literature of America: in the order of publication, *Elinor Wylie's* *MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD*, *THE ROAD TO HEAVEN*, by *Thomas Beer*, and *Joseph Hergesheimer's* *QUIET CITIES*. Each of these cuts straight across the prevailing current in fiction; and each of them creates for itself, in so doing, a success that makes the prevailing current look absurdly misdirected. Here are three great imaginative writers representing themselves in one season by a sort of book that no reader on earth could possibly expect short of actually getting it. It is a three-fold defiance of standardization that gives one to think anew about that tremendous question, What the Public Wants. Does anyone know? Is the public so calculable as statisticians and publicity experts avow? Let us thank heaven for artists. They give the public, every now and then, its chance to rise up and shout that its real demand has no recognizable connection with nine-tenths of the machine-made article which is offered to it in such quantity. A clever pot-boiler appears and sells its thousands, and the unimaginative and cynical publisher says "I told you so." Then a *ROAD TO HEAVEN* or a *HODGE AND HAZARD* or a *QUIET CITIES* comes into existence and sells its tens of thousands—
—and where is the cynic then?

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



Nice people recognize *the risk - and avoid it*

Listerine, because of its marked power as a deodorant, ends halitosis.

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Simply rinse the mouth with it. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. It immediately ends halitosis. The breath becomes sweet and inoffensive. And how important that is in social, home and business life!

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